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JOHN MORLEY.

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CONTENTS.

AUTHOR.	PAGE
ARNOLD, Arthur	Political Enfranchisement of Women 204
BAGEHOT, W.	Physics and Politics (<i>Conclusion</i>) 46
CAIRNES, J. E.	New Theories in Political Economy 71
CASTELAR, Emilio	Estanislao Figueras 303
	Republican Movement in Europe, I. 668
COLVIN, Sidney	Critical Notices 605, 732
CULLINAN, Max.	Virgilius the Enchanter 642
DOWDEN, Edward	Victor de Laprade 653
EDITOR	Rousseau's Influence on European Thought 494
	Irish Policy in the Eighteenth Century 196
ELTON, Charles	Historical Aspect of the Land Question 288
- HARRISON, Frederic	The Monarchy 613
HILLEBRAND, K.	Caroline Schegel, I. 408
	" " II. 549
HOBART, Lord	The International and the Manchester School 191
HOUGHTON, Lord	Position and Practice of the House of Lords 1
HÜFFER, Franz	Richard Wagner 265
LAWRENNY, H.	Custom and Sex 310
LEROUX, L. P.	Pierre Leroux's Doctrine of Humanity 324
LEWES, G. H.	Dickens in relation to Criticism 141
LYALL, A. C.	Religion of an Indian Province 121
	Our Religious Policy in India 387
MACDONELL, J.	New Aspects of the Land Question 533
MORISON, J. C.	St. Bernard of Clairvaux 77
MORLEY, Henry	Pictures at the Royal Academy 692
MORRIS, W. O'C.	Home Rule 16
PATTERSON, A. J.	From Agram to Zara, I. 359
	" " II. 509
PATTISON, E. F. S.	Nicolas Poussin 472
- POTTER, George	Church of England and the People 176
PROBYN, J. W.	Sicily 483
REGNARD, A.	Chaumette 30
ROSSETTI, D. G.	The Cloud Confines 14
SMITH, Goldwin	The Aim of Reform 243
STACK, J. H.	Forster's Life of Dickens 117
STEPHEN, Leslie	Warburton 155
SULLY, James	Basis of Musical Sensation 428
TROLLOPE, Anthony	The Eustace Diamonds. Chapters XXV. to XLVIII. 90, 215, 332, 444, 577, 705

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. LXI. NEW SERIES.—JANUARY 1, 1872.

THE POSITION AND PRACTICE OF THE HOUSE OF
LORDS.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT, in his article in the *Fortnightly Review* for October last, does not conceal his surprise at finding himself discussing the abolition of the present House of Lords, though he acknowledges that he has long been astonished at any politician calling himself a Liberal supporting such an anomaly as an Hereditary Legislature.

His right to argue the question in his temperate and gentleman-like way has since been amply vindicated by its introduction at several public meetings, and by a solemn Conference held in one of the principal towns of the kingdom. But I must demur to his assumption that this agitation is due to the legislative action of the House of Lords during the session of 1871. With the exception of one measure, which deeply affected a considerable number of individuals in the community, and to which Mr. Fawcett makes no allusion, I cannot see that there has been any exercise of the suspensive veto which has seriously touched either the interests or the imagination of the people. The abolition of the University Tests was agreed to after the rejection by the House of Commons of amendments mainly of a theological character, and which Nonconformists were just as likely to approve as Churchmen. The demand for further information on the new Organization of the Army was natural in men who had not an absolute confidence in the military genius of the present administration; and the reception of Lord Shaftesbury at Glasgow a few weeks after his motion to reject the Ballot Bill, showed that the country perfectly understood that the House of Lords simply declined to pronounce any opinion on the subject, with no opportunity to discuss it fairly, and with no pressure of a general election at hand.

I trace this and other present political agitations to far deeper and more general causes. It is only due to Mr. Gladstone to acknow-

ledge that he continually represented the destruction of the Irish Church as an exceptional act of historic justice; and that he only admitted the supercession of the natural right of contract between landlord and tenant to be applicable to a form of society so peculiarly susceptible of abuse and injury to the weak as had long subsisted in Ireland. But inferences were drawn by others, of which he could not be wholly unconscious. There were Nonconformist members of Parliament who openly avowed that they only valued the Irish Church Act in so far as it gave them a point of advantage from which to attack the English Establishment. And soon Mr. Miall and his hundred knights appeared armed *cap-à-pie* and ready for the fray. The old walls of mutual confidence between owner and occupier, built up of the best materials of ancient English faith, and cemented by the mutual beneficences of centuries, though likely to sustain for a long time to come many a more serious assault than Communism can now level at them, were now no longer regarded as invulnerable, and the Irish anomaly was hailed in many centres of superficial and angry discussion on subjects of public economy rather as a welcome precedent than as an unhappy necessity. When the depths of our social and political existence were once laid bare, who could resist the temptation of scrutinising the foundations of the House of Lords and of the Monarchy itself?

The inquisition into the construction of the House of Lords has presented nothing curious or interesting. We knew perfectly well before that the representative principle was something quite different from the hereditary; and it was the old boast of the English constitution that they worked well together, each in its proper sphere. The Reform Bill of 1832 affected the House of Lords very nearly as much as the House of Commons, and the transference of the proprietary boroughs from the peers to the people was a legitimate change which has worked well on both sides. Any influence which Peers now possess is the fair result of their property and position, and can only fall with the order itself. The speakers in the Conference at Birmingham were hampered with the same contradiction which troubles the present assailants of the Crown; they could not make up their minds as to whether they wished to strengthen or weaken the obnoxious institution—whether they wanted it cleverer or stupider, just as whether in the other case they desired more or less parade. The advocates for total destruction had the least difficulty to encounter; but they were not agreed as to the process of annihilation—whether it was to be accomplished by popular energy or by “the happy despatch.” There was also a fundamental difference of opinion as to the use of a Second Chamber at all, and the feeling on the whole seemed to preponderate against it. Indeed, the whole tone of the meeting was that of men not attempting to remedy any practical grievances, or to give new blood to old historic forms, but of

revolutionists desirous to break down any immediate barrier between themselves and the political Unknown.

No serious observer of the progress of nations can regard the Republican spirit as alien to the English mind. In years that now lie far behind, at the time when the *Démocratie en Amérique* of Alexis de Tocqueville had made an epoch in the political literature of the time, it was my privilege to discuss the application of the subject-matter of the book to the immediate circumstances of Europe with that delightful writer and friend in the deep shady lanes that meet the sea-sands along the varied coast of La Manche. I remember frequently expressing my belief that, as the patient political good sense, and the habit of daily compromise of opinion, had enabled my countrymen to deal with the ages of personal and constitutional government more peacefully and successfully than any other people, so I did not doubt that, when the influences of Democracy grew strong, and the successful example of our great political Agnate beyond the Atlantic had gradually weaned our people from monarchical forms and associations by the processes he had so finely analysed, we should lapse into the new state of things by some movements of social machinery which now we did not even contemplate, and through phases of moral action which now might appear visionary and impossible. I am compelled to confess that my patriotic confidence is considerably shaken, and I cannot now regret that the progress of Free-Trade, the passage from a restricted constituency to Household Suffrage with no further confusion than the usual dramatic effects and domestic excitements of party differences, the disappearance of religious distinctions—though not, alas! of theological acrimony—and the homely peace and virtues of the Court, followed by a sympathetic sense of domestic disaster almost out of proportion to the loss of an individual man, have checked and suspended for a considerable period those influences from which we cannot expect the mind and heart of this nation to be entirely exempt, but which we have here no more right to condemn and arrest than any other current of public opinion, provided the course be moderate and the water clear.

For, without demanding from the Republican spirit of our time the terrible austerity of Cromwell's Ironsides, it cannot be forgotten that its superiority over the Monarchical sentiment has ever been founded on its higher ideal of political duties and responsibilities, without reference to the material interests of individuals or of classes. Nothing, indeed, could be imagined less cognate to the old reverent, or later philosophical, Republicanism of this country than a preference of one form of government to another, because it extended or transferred the luxuries of life, or diminished the fair proportions of well-requited labour. In the same sense it would surely never have occurred to a follower either of Sir Harry Vane or Algernon Sidney to have based an attack on the Throne on an extravagance of house-

hold expenditure. For though it is a platitude to assert that every Court must, from its very nature, carry with it much that is repugnant to the dignity of man, and that a factitious reverence is only a less evil than a sincere servility, still no one has yet devised a combination of the advantages of a continuous Headship of the State with an entire absence of pageantry, and even Republics are always on the brink of official ostentation.¹ The simplicity of the Presidency at Versailles has never been exceeded, and yet M. Thiers has an Aide-de-camp.

But this is not the worst symptom of our Republican demonstrations: there is so little in them of that sense of a real injury which is the sound justification of English discontent, and there is so strong a taint of that foreign disaffection which is a mingled outgrowth of old misgovernment and disorganised passions. The Greek poet Pindar wrote of Delos as of—

“ A sacred Island, set apart by Fate,
The sea its frontier, and the Coast its gate;
Where every stranger with free foot may stand,
May God long guard the pillars of that land ! ”

and assuredly it is not for us to limit or disallow this great hospitality, even though it does bring our national sympathies into contact with the impotent rage of the conquered and the horrible insanities of despair. Still more infectious, perhaps, are the generous illusions of those who will not be disabused by the most cruel collision with stern reality, and who claim credit for all their hopes and desires just as if they had been accomplished facts or heroic deeds. All these foreign elements have found their way into modern English Republicanism, and though not likely seriously to affect its actions, go far to corrupt its morality and degrade its objects.

That the feeling which exists against the House of Lords should have been less affected by this ignoble envy than might have been expected, is due to two causes, both deserving remark. The first consists in the curious and undefinable liking of the mass of the British and Irish people for the titled classes; and the second in the nature of the superiority that is claimed. However unwilling Democracy may be to acknowledge the inference, the fact stands that in the case of two men, one titled, and the other not, competing by fair popular election for any office of honour or emolument, with a general impression of their equal fitness and equal desert, the title tells. Still more strongly is the advantage discernible where the intellectual or moral competence is not so clearly defined, and where the merit has to be taken for granted; here, too, the probability of success is in favour of the aristocrat. This must mean that there is a conviction—

(1) I remember M. de Lamartine in 1848, during the happy weeks when he felt sure of being elected to the Presidency, saying to me, “ We are going to have a magnificent Republic, more splendid than ever the Empire imagined. No Sparta here ! ”

and who in the present state of physiological investigation will treat the theory with contempt?—that there is a transmission of hereditary qualities which excite admiration and respect.¹

It may, then, be assumed that in our present social institution there is believed to be something in the difference of class which promotes, if it does not ensure, higher education, finer manners, and wiser self-management, and that the order and condition of society especially affected to politics is likely to possess certain qualities adapted to the governance of mankind. I state this last point with a qualification, because I cannot take upon myself to determine how far the respect given to rank among ourselves is due to any legislative function attached to it. The Scotch or Irish peer, who has nothing to do with the House of Lords, has probably, in his own local circle, as much regard and deference as if he were a busy peer of Parliament, but he no doubt receives some reflected dignity from the real political position of the mass of his titled fellows. The difficulty of obliterating titles in the history of modern European political life is absolutely inexplicable. No earnestness of democracy, no fervour of patriotic sacrifice, no energy of revolution, no confiscation of property, no legal disqualification, are of avail; the quiet force of old association seems to bear down both passion and principle; and, at this very moment, in the midst of a people with whom civic equality is the very soul of social existence, in the very town where, near a hundred years ago, the nobility laid at the feet of the nation all privileges, titles, and distinctions, there is gathered together an Assembly elected by universal suffrage, of which a distinguished member, the Duc de Broglie, French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, remarked that he had "never sat in the same room with so many Dukes in his life." Does it really much matter whether these traditionary influences exhibit themselves in the rotations of fortune and the catastrophes of history, or are in some slight degree recognised and evolved in the regular construction of a Constitution?

In what sense, and to what extent, the House of Lords is influenced by this hereditary principle, and what is the practical operation of that branch of the Legislature in the daily work of the Constitution, are considerations which may seem obvious and common-place, but which appear to me to be often lost in vague declamation and uncertain generalities. It may, therefore, be not superfluous to present in a few lines its actual working in the State, and to examine its practical defects and their possible remedies.

The House of Lords consists of some four hundred and fifty peers available for purposes of legislation. Of these not above two hundred

(1) "The greatest blessing a man can receive from Heaven is to be well born, and there are many well born among the poor and needy."—*W. S. Landor*.

take any part in the transaction of its business. Of the rest some have never taken their seats, and the greater part profess little or no interest in politics. Thus a kind of unconscious elimination takes place without jealousy, ill-will, or personal offence, in the body itself, accomplishing, by a process of natural selection, the effects which Sir Thomas Bazley and others have proposed to bring about by a competition among the peers themselves. Some few, indeed, who inherit their titles early in life, show an inclination for politics; but little encouragement is given them to force their way into public attention, and unless they obtain office, they represent a very feeble force of that hereditary power which strikes Mr. Fawcett with dismay, and they are placed at a very serious disadvantage in the political race. There is for them no training-ground from eight to half-past nine o'clock, such as the House of Commons affords for several nights in every week. The great majority of the working members of the House of Lords are of two classes; those who come up from the House of Commons in mature life in consequence of the decease of their fathers, and of persons raised to the Peerage on some ground of individual distinction.

There is one characteristic which strikes the latter portion very forcibly on their admission to the Upper House; it is the complete parity among the Peers. However paramount the distinctions of rank in society, they are quite imperceptible in the Legislature. The peer of yesterday is completely on a level with the premier Duke of England; and though the Lords, like every other public body, show most interest in the reputations of their own creation, and are somewhat jealous of specialities that come suddenly amongst them, they cannot be accused of partiality or injustice in the presence of any decided superiority.

The Assembly exhibits a very different aspect on different occasions. On a great night,—that is, when the House of Lords are about to accept unwillingly, to reject for that Session, or to suggest serious amendments to, some important measure that has come up from the Commons, when some three or four hundred peers are collected in that lofty hall, and, in the presence of all the members of present and late Governments, and the notabilities of the Lower House, with an attentive audience of diplomatists, distinguished ladies, and a quiet but interested public, the well-considered and stately debate is continued through the midnight hours, and far into the summer's dawn, —there are few spectators who will not bear away the impression of the noblest political Council among civilised men. For the discussions themselves I do not entertain the accustomed admiration. It is the fashion to say they are better than anything in the House of Commons. This can hardly be the case, when they are nothing more than *résumés* of the best that has been spoken there, delivered by familiar voices, and with no pretence to originality. Sometimes, indeed, a fount of

oratory bursts forth almost native to the locality, when you might ask, who would wish to destroy the House of Lords with the eloquence of Lord Ellenborough in his ears? ¹

From such a scene to the Legislative body of which a constant record runs for weeks together—"the House of Lords met at five o'clock, did so-and-so; their Lordships adjourned at twenty minutes to six"—there is no doubt a considerable and unwelcome contrast.

But between these two forms of meeting and discussion there is another on which I should be very glad to fix the public attention, rather than on either of the fore-mentioned representations of the Upper House. That is when, in the latter half of the Session, about a hundred peers come down to consider an unpolitical Bill of grave social importance. Be the question connected with the administration of the Criminal Law, with the repression of vicious habits, with the Public Health, with the supervision of dangerous trades, processes, or occupations, with intellectual interests bearing on the deficiencies of the poor, or the possible improvement of the more educated, with this or cognate subjects before them, who that knows the value of sound and impartial parliamentary debate must not be content that there is still a House of Lords?

It is here that their independence of local politics and private interests, their long familiarity with country life, their intimate knowledge of what the labouring classes really like or dislike, fear or hope, their habits of magisterial practice, their own long experience of the obligations of Members of Parliament, combined with their present freedom of judgment and irresponsibility of action, and many other reasons which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful observer, afford them a special aptitude for the work that is before them. To this may be added the constant presence of the men most learned in the Law, ready to detect fallacies, eager to criticise vague generalities, and glad to exercise their knowledge for the public good, without any of that stint of their time which barristers in the House of Commons must in a great degree regard as stolen from their professional practice, and as an interference with their duties to their families and themselves. There is another component of this body on which I cannot look with the same unqualified approval. I allude to the parliamentary, diplomatic, and official veterans, who, but for this opportunity of prolonging their public existence under conditions of less physical labour, would be enjoying the repose of private life; and who by bringing the old authority of their names to bear on novel questions, frequently increase the difficulties of the present by combinations with the problems of the past. There seems no doubt that the last years of the Duke of Wellington were most disastrous to the organization of the British army.

Nevertheless, this tribunal so constituted is an admirable instru-

(1) Even as I write, the voice of that greatest of English orators has passed away.

ment for the functions of legislation that do not require the stimulus of immediate popular excitement. There seems indeed to have been an instinct of this fact in that curious revival of the Young England of thirty years ago—the New Social Movement. The story of this attempted league has not been told with sufficient distinctness to authorise any censure of its motives, though we may smile at its disproportion of means to ends; but it has left clear evidence that a considerable proportion of the worthiest and most earnest of the skilled artisans of this country believe both in the good-will and in the power of leading members in the House of Lords to analyse and, more or less, to remedy some of the more painful conditions of their social existence. They have certainly two palpable advantages over the philanthropists in the House of Commons. They have more time and more freedom from the personal entanglements which damage so much charitable effort; to this must be added—*pace* Mr. Miall—the comparative toleration for religious differences in matters of public duty and beneficence, of which the rejection of the Prison Ministers Bill of last session was so painful an example.

But it may very fairly be asked, If the House of Lords presents all this admirable legislative machinery, why let it rust in chronic inactivity, only interrupted by the spasmodic action of party differences? Now this is the very question I desire to put to Her Majesty's Government. Of course they may reply, that though the House of Lords is good, the House of Commons is better, and that it has all the leisure and opportunities required for the purpose. But, unfortunately, the members of the Government have exhausted themselves in apologies for leaving so much undone, and have pleaded that there were obstacles of time and space that even their abilities could not surmount, and which prevented them from making three nations happy. Mr. Bruce's constituents may call out to him from the depths of the earth, and protest against the continuance of colliery accidents; Mr. Bass and Sir W. Lawson may complain, each from his point of view, that just enough has been done by the production of the Licensing Bill to worry everybody and settle nothing; Mr. Goschen may lament that he has started a great scheme of local taxation without the opportunity of expounding its principles or of testing its applicability; Mr. Stansfeld may promise us all sorts of sanatory ameliorations, with the chance that every one of them may be stifled in the slough of Irish Education. Even the Scotch members, who generally manage to carry everything that they care about by their good-sense and spirit of compromise, even they may speak of themselves as being reduced to a condition of Hibernian helplessness. And yet the House of Lords, which asks nothing better than to give its ample time and recognised talents to these clamorous public exigencies, is compelled to remain an im-

patient and helpless spectator, and submit to be told that it ought to be absorbed or abolished because it has got nothing to do.

It might indeed seem not impracticable for some independent peers of weight and position to take some such matters in hand without reference to the Government of the day; and this was evidently the hope and intention of the parties who originated the New Social Movement. There is, however, very great difficulty in any such individual action, from the command which the Public Offices possess over the latest statistics and sources of information. Yet I do not say that such an enterprise might not succeed, and I should be very willing to see my political friends subjected to the experiment. If Lord Kinnaird, for instance, were prepared with a *Metalliferous Mines Bill* at the opening of Parliament, and could secure for himself such a support from both sides of the House as would outnumber the pledged official Government supporters, he would either carry his Bill or compel her Majesty's Ministers to substitute one of their own.

There are other deep benefits to the House of Lords and the public service, that would follow the regular supply to the Upper House of interesting and important business. It would disabuse the popular mind of the pernicious notion that its functions were simply obstructive, and that it prevented the will of the House of Commons from becoming law for some mysterious object of its own. The custom of daily and thorough work would diminish, if not remedy, the only practical defect of the House of Lords in the conduct of debate. I allude to a certain habit of hurry, and a feeling that, if a particular clique of men of business are satisfied with the progress of a measure, the interference of other peers, although known to be familiar with the subject, is considered obtrusive and unnecessary. The tone of conversation in the House of Lords is essentially that of good society; and as every English gentleman is naturally reticent, it is difficult to get him to contribute his share where the atmosphere is one of discouragement or even of impatience. Not admitting Goethe's apothegm¹ that a man has a right to be obtrusive if he only thoroughly understands his subject, English society admits no amount of knowledge as an excuse for dulness and garrulity, and in fact never looks on a man as an entire bore so much as when he is thoroughly well-informed. A more close and habitual contact with the common interests of the people on the part of the House of Lords may, too, have some indirect effect upon what we all feel

(1) Which I have somewhere seen thus versified—

“As in this world's eternal chorus
Some voices must be high, some low,—
Let those who like it bawl and bore us,
But in the things they really know.”

to be the only serious dangers that threaten it—namely, either some act of hindrance and hostility, which personally affects, it may be, a small body of the people, but which enables any individual to point to a particular peer, and say, “That man, to whom I have done no injury, inflicts, as far as in him lies, a serious wound on the legitimate happiness of my daily life;”—or the still more perilous collective action which should refuse to confirm the strongly expressed desire, not only of a majority of the House of Commons, but of the sober second-thought of the people. The treatment of the Bill for the Marriage of a Deceased Wife’s Sister is an example of the first; the rejection of a well-considered measure to secure a more free, real, and moral representation of the people, would be an illustration of the last.

In the first case the individual peer would be giving to his own judgment of right and wrong a weight which the Constitution never intended him to possess. He is not invested with his vote to determine whether I, in my free opinion, should do or abstain from doing any act socially wise or unwise, prudent or imprudent, in relation to the domestic circle in which I live. Lord Penzance stated this order of objection as strongly as the late Mr. Henry Drummond could have done, who reproached a member with “not going in like a man and marrying his grandmother;” but,—added the experienced judge,—“Is this a basis for legislation?” Assuredly not; and if this opposition to the repeated decision of the House of Commons be allowed to continue, the agitation will increase to an extent quite out of proportion to the number of persons primarily interested, each of whom will become, whether he likes it or no, a focus of democratic excitement against a branch of the Legislature which is using its corporate power for the maintenance of individual crotchets and personal prejudices.

As to the obstinate resistance of the House of Lords on any question of the arrangement or balance of the powers of the Constitution, or any extension of the liberties of the people, I entertain no serious fear; but at the same time I cannot help casting forward my mind to the possible condition of things which may, at some not distant date, impose upon them certain duties of risk and defence which involve their very existence as a constituent power. The line of conduct for them to pursue under such circumstances seems to be traced out with the utmost clearness, it must lead either to substantive victory or to honourable dissolution. The simple precept to keep in mind is for them never to come into conflict with a casual majority of the House of Commons, except where it is clear that there is in the nation an earnest passive power and strong will of resistance on the same side as themselves. Hitherto the greater political self-control, which we, as a people, have exhibited, has been rewarded by a freedom from revolutionary extravagance which no other European nation has enjoyed. But there are indications

of coming trouble which it would be unwise to neglect, even while we may find legitimate sources of comfort in our opponents' inconsistencies and difficulties of action. The Church of England is the object of simultaneous attack from three different quarters—from Ultramontane Catholicism, from Communistic Atheism, and from jealous Nonconformity. The Irish outworks are as good as given up to the first; the second have philosophical allies in many quarters who conceal their co-operations; and if the third avail themselves of any good opportunity to join their forces with those somewhat heterogeneous allies, the temperate and tolerant spirit of the Christianity of the Church of England may find itself in considerable straits. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" may seem a strange ally for the muskets that ended in shooting down the Archbishop of Paris; but in such a cause as the destruction of the Church of England, and the House of Lords into the bargain, we may live to see Mr. Miall and Mr. Bradlaugh directing the aggressive forces under the benediction of Archbishop Manning. If there remain in the heart of the people of this country sufficient love of free thought to resist fanaticism, from whatever side it may come, the conquest may not be easy. What may come from disruption within the Church of England itself is quite another question.

If, again, the collision were to occur on the subject of any right of property, especially in land, it is satisfactory to perceive no monopoly or privilege that attaches itself to the House of Lords, and which is not common to the whole proprietary of the kingdom. The slight distinction which exists in the devolution of realty and personalty must soon be abolished, and landed property continually loses more and more of its peculiarity as an investment. The wealth, too, of the body is every day more and more dispersed in divers channels, and the disqualification of a peer for bankruptcy implies something more than a point of honour. Should, therefore, anything so disastrous as a revolutionary conflict between Poverty and Wealth loom in the distance, the House of Lords will only enter into it as a portion of the propertied classes, and in no way as an object of special envy, obloquy, or aversion.

Now these, and all other advantages which accrue from the commixture and infusion of the peerage with other orders of society in this country, are derived from its hereditary character. With us aristocracy has never been a caste; there has never been a notion of any loss of right or dignity by *mésalliance*; the nobleman raises the woman of his choice to his own rank, whatever be her antecedents and their offspring, without regard to her previous position. Inter-marriages are frequent not only with the gentry, but with the professional and commercial classes. All barriers against any honest employment are broken down; a cadet of the loftiest lineage is too thankful to get into fair City business; and if there be any preten-

tious vulgarity connected with the order, it will not be found in the elder branches. I am not sure that the occasional poverty of the peerage has not its good side as well as the wealth; it at once lessens the distinction and increases the interest. There is no longer anything more expected of a lord than of any one else in the intercommunication of daily life, at least if he has the courage to assert an independent position, and, if anything, he can maintain the demeanour of a gentleman ("for honour peereth in the meanest habit") more easily than others under disadvantageous circumstances.

These facts should be kept in mind when the promotion of men of great desert or special ability to the peerage is in question.¹ It is difficult fully to explain the small amount of authority over public opinion which a Second Chamber, composed almost exclusively of notabilities and men of experience, has ever acquired. Whether there is something repugnant to the public vanity in an assemblage of men, each presenting himself as an important unit and therefore demanding submission as a collective authority, or whether the worth of the individual is more severely scrutinised and his abilities more closely tested, or whether his independence of opinion is more difficult to secure, it is certain that all Second Chambers in Europe so constituted have failed to command public respect. But this is no reason why a hereditary Chamber should not be from time to time recruited with every form of social and intellectual eminence. Not, indeed, that much is to be always expected from the individual thus elevated; he rarely feels himself completely at home, though he impregnates the general assembly with something of his own faculty and distinction: Lord Lytton has not spoken in the House of Lords since his appearance there, and, as far as I know, has taken no part in its business. Mr. Dodson, Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, has expressed in print his surprise that so many eminent lawyers being there met together should have done so little for the digest or codification of the Law. It is the fact that, whether from inability to unite their intellectual forces, or to subordinate their diversity of judgments to one special view, there is very little hope of anything valuable being effected in that direction. But all this is no reason why men of great ability, information, or experience, should not, from time to time, be added to the House of Lords, though not in such numbers as to prejudice its constitution. At the present moment, when, owing to the direction of the public mind, aided by the pressure of certain distressing events, sanitary subjects are likely to be prominent, the accession of one or two eminent medical practitioners or men versed in the application of physical science would assuredly not be unwelcome.

(1) That is to say, there is no longer the same necessity for limiting new Peerages to men of wealth, and what Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lord North's clever daughter, called "the new order not of 'Barons' but of 'Barrens.'"

It must not be supposed that the House of Lords has not been conscious of its own defects in matters of procedure. A committee on the subject of a Revision of the Standing Orders was lately moved for by Lord Stanhope (who somehow or other always manages to accomplish some object about which other people are talking),¹ but with little other result than the virtual abolition of Proxies, by throwing so many formalities in their way as to make the practice henceforth almost impossible. The very desirable object of meeting at four instead of at five o'clock, which would have given three good hours of debate before dinner, was thwarted by the judicial arrangements of the Court of Appeal, which so often detain the Lord Chancellor till late in the afternoon. It may assuredly be a question whether the permanent business of a branch of the Legislature should necessarily be subordinated to the convenience of a court of justice, and it might be suggested that there exists in the Chairman of Committees an officer perfectly competent to take the seat on the woolsack on all occasions of ordinary business. If any such Revision comes again under discussion, the question of the number of peers necessary to constitute a House can hardly be avoided; for it is surely an encouragement to absence, even of official personages, that three should represent something like five hundred; at the same time there would be no use in putting gentlemen to the trouble of going down to Westminster for the transaction of formal business, if the main evil of permanent inactivity is to continue.

I have now only to apologise to the editor and readers of this highly Liberal Periodical for the intrusion of an Article so eminently Conservative. But there may be some excuse in its very extravagance. I admit of no possible organic Reform of the House of Lords. I fully acknowledge the Jesuit precept, *Sint ut sunt aut non sint*—if they are to be dealt with at all, it can only be by Revolution.

At the same time I cast a serious responsibility on the Government, if they persist in refusing to the House of Lords its legitimate share in the transaction of public business, and believe that they can keep up its character by occasionally foisting into it a clever man who finds himself there with nothing to do. If neither the Licensing Bill, nor the Truck Bill, nor the Mines Bill, nor any of the sanitary measures emanating from the Poor Law Board, are referred to them at the beginning of the coming Session, a grave suspicion will inevitably arise that it is the studied intent of our present rulers to damage and depreciate an Institution which I earnestly believe the mass of the people regard with traditional affection, not less for the intrinsic worth than for the inherent limitations of its powers.

HUGHTON.

(1) *E.g.*, his abolition of the Occasional Services in the Prayer-Book, and his establishment of the National Portrait Gallery.]

THE CLOUD CONFINES.

THE day is dark and the night
To him that would search their heart ;
No lips of cloud that will part,
Nor morning song in the light :
Only, gazing alone,
To him wild shadows are shown,
Deep under deep unknown
And height above unknown height.
Still we say as we go,—
“Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day.”

The Past is over and fled ;
Named new, we name it the old ;
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead ;
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free,
Or whether they too were we,
Or by what spell they have sped.
Still we say as we go,—
“Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day.”

What of the heart of hate
That beats in thy breast, O Time ?—
Red strife from the furthest prime,
And anguish of fierce debate ;
War that shatters her slain,
And peace that grinds them as grain,
And eyes fixed ever in vain
On the pitiless eyes of Fate.
Still we say as we go,—
“Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day.”

What of the heart of love
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?—
Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban
Of fangs that mock them above;
Thy bells prolonged unto knells,
Thy hope that a breath dispels,
Thy bitter forlorn farewells
And the empty echoes thereof?
Still we say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

The sky leans dumb on the sea,
Aweary with all its wings;
And oh! the song the sea sings
Is dark everlastingly.
Our past is clean forgot,
Our present is and is not,
Our future's a sealed seedplot,
And what betwixt them are we?
What word's to say as we go?
What thought's to think by the way?
What truth may there be to know,
And shall we know it one day?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

HOME RULE.

FOUR years ago one of the most thoughtful and calm-minded of English statesmen said, at an important public meeting, that "Ireland was the question of the day," and professed himself unable to see his way to a remedy for the ills of that country. At that period the Fenian movement, confined previously within its accustomed limits, had violently made its way into England; and owing in part to apprehensions caused by such events as the design on Chester, the crime of Manchester, and the Clerkenwell explosion, but principally, as we sincerely believe, to an earnest desire to see justice done, English opinion, which during several years had been quiescent upon Irish subjects, awoke suddenly, and loudly declared that large measures of reform for Ireland were necessary. This honourable and truly national impulse led to the fall of Mr. Disraeli's government; the constituencies gave a willing assent to the language ascribed to the Liberal chief, and never hitherto heard in England, that "Ireland was to be ruled by Irish ideas;" and the general election of 1868 brought Mr. Gladstone into power in triumph, at the head of an overwhelming majority, pledged to deal boldly with the Irish difficulty. The promises made at that conjuncture have, up to this time, been amply fulfilled, and, doubtless, will be wholly redeemed. The State Church of Ireland, which had survived the great movement of 1832, and which appeared so secure that an attack on it was pronounced hopeless in 1866, was abolished with little real opposition; the system of Irish land tenure, any change in which had been condemned as revolutionary by Lord Palmerston, was absolutely transformed in the interest of the occupier; and time only has as yet been wanting to settle the question of Irish education on principles which, it may be assumed, will differ widely from those hitherto deemed applicable to it by British politicians. By these great measures, past or prospective, all that was worst in the rule of England in Ireland, will have been completely and for ever removed; Protestant ascendancy will have been finally overthrown; the Irish peasant will no longer live under a law that blighted and ruined his industry, and practically reduced him to an alien serf; and the State, we may hope, will carry out a scheme of public instruction in Ireland, which will be at once impartial and just, and will commend itself to the national sympathies. And yet, while these noble reforms were being rapidly matured in Parliament with the cordial and evident assent of the country, the attitude of large portions of Irishmen, which, it might have been thought, would have been changed, has

remained apparently as hostile as ever ; and while it cannot be said that Irish opinion has taken a favourable turn towards England, or to the Government which has achieved so much, an agitation has sprung up in Ireland which avowedly aims at repealing the Union, and seeks under the guise of restoring its legislative independence to the island, to weaken essentially, if not altogether to put an end to, the British connection. The years 1869 and 1870, those which witnessed the Church and the Land Acts, were seasons of such disturbance in Ireland that measures of extraordinary severity were considered necessary in the public interests ; the seditious press in Dublin and elsewhere has continued in its passionate extravagance ; disaffection still confronts the executive, and has nullified the administration of justice in more than one remarkable case ; and, above all, the Home Rule Association has come suddenly into being, and proclaims that Ireland can no longer submit to an Imperial Legislature, that self-government is her right, and that she will be satisfied with nothing else, whatever may be the results to the Empire. The movement has already succeeded in winning three out of the few seats vacated in Ireland since 1868 ; it is supposed to be exceedingly strong ; and it is said that it will be all powerful on the Irish hustings at the next election.

This state of things is to be regretted, the rather that it may not impossibly provoke a sharp reaction against the policy of conciliation and justice which alone can, in the long run, make Ireland really contented and tranquil. The House of Commons, liable to be swayed by the crude opinion of the middle classes, may be induced to misinterpret symptoms easily understood by political thinkers, and to believe that Ireland is incorrigible, because the measures of the last two years have not fulfilled the hopes of all sanguine persons, and have apparently led to increased disorders. Yet a slight acquaintance with history should teach us, that the policy of Mr. Gladstone's government not only could not be expected to work a miracle in Ireland in a few months, but would almost certainly be associated with more or less confusion and trouble before its good consequences could be fully developed. In the first place, the Church and the Land Acts and the agitation necessarily incidental to them, stirred the passions of Irishmen to their depths ; they aroused the indignation of the aristocracy of creed which hitherto had been the British garrison, and which conceived that it had been betrayed ; they evoked memories of ancient wrong, of violence, confiscation, and conquest, among the nation and its leaders, and excited false and impossible hopes ; and this condition of feeling naturally tended to disturb still further elements prepared unhappily at all times for disturbance. This is no new or strange phenomenon, for unfortunately—and this has generally been one of the saddest penalties of her misgovern-

ment,—every era of great concession to Ireland has almost always been at first marked by a seeming quickening of disaffection; and as in 1779 the earliest relaxation of the Penal Code was followed by the League of the Volunteers; as in 1793 the restoring his vote to the Catholic peasant coincided with the plots of the United Irishmen; as Catholic emancipation was a signal for a vehement cry for dissolving the Union; so in 1869-70 measures necessary for the wellbeing of Ireland have apparently exasperated national dislike, and made it more active for the moment. In the second place, it must not be forgotten that if Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy has been in the main inspired by a resolute effort on the part of England to accomplish an act of tardy justice, it has not unreasonably appeared to the mass of the Irish people as a boon extorted from weakness and even national fear; and this sentiment, which, it must be allowed, on a calm review of Irish history, was one that would almost certainly arise, has not only deprived that policy of much that was gracious in its character, but has had a direct tendency to provoke in Ireland a policy of scorn and contempt for England, to encourage disobedience to the law, and to create a belief that any Irish demands will be yielded upon sufficient pressure. And, in the third place, there have been circumstances which have made even the specific reforms of Mr. Gladstone's government, to a certain extent, distasteful or ill understood in Ireland, and have thereby caused a good deal of alienation. The Church Act effaced a badge of conquest, and destroyed a monument of ancient wrong; but, though this could not have been avoided, disestablishment was probably not carried out according to Irish national sympathies. The Land Act is a wonderful measure, and will accomplish its intended objects; but it did not appeal to the Irish imagination; its operation will be too gradual to strike suddenly the popular mind; and its authors refused to incorporate with it alternative schemes which, beyond question, had commanded wide-spread assent in Ireland. There was something, too, in the manner in which these changes, admirable as they were, were effected, that not unnaturally excited a sentiment of irritation in a jealous and distrustful people.

Considerations such as these will account for the seeming failure of the "messages of peace" sent to Ireland during the last three years, though we feel satisfied that recent legislation will yet be crowned by happy results, and, even now, as we shall endeavour to show, has been productive of great benefits. They do not, however, entirely explain how it has happened that such discontent has of late taken the peculiar form exhibited by it in O'Connell's time, why it raises again the flag of nationality, why it puts forward the specific claim of Repeal of the Union and legislative independence. The causes will be found in the general tendencies of Irish sentiment at

several periods, and in certain special and distinctive circumstances that of late years have aroused the feeling of which the Home Rule cry is the outward expression. Though we much doubt whether a settled purpose to make themselves a separate nation can be truly said to have ever animated the discordant sections of the Irish people, it is, nevertheless, the fact, that at different conjunctures signs of such a movement have made their appearance, though they have always passed away before long, and the popular impulse has been directed without difficulty to other objects. A demand for Irish independence was urged with various degrees of force and vehemence in 1779, in 1782, in 1829, and in 1843, though in all these instances it soon subsided, and it fell short of a national claim; and the phenomenon is being repeated now, though we feel satisfied that the present agitation is in many respects much less formidable, and gathers to itself less general support, than any of those which went before it. Apart, however, from this inclination to break away from the British connection,—an inclination, it must be said, not at all difficult to comprehend by a candid student of Irish history,—peculiar reasons have recently concurred to evoke a passion for nationality in Ireland, and to supply it with more or less of aliment. The people, one of the most quick-witted of races, and now for more than a third of a century brought under the influence of education, have not been blind to the great movement in favour of national freedom and unity which has been going on all over Europe; and in the emancipation of Italy, in the independence attained by Hungary, even in the consolidation of Germany, many of them see the preludes of changes which will ultimately give them self-government. Knowing, too, that England approved these events, though they were not accomplished without violence, and fraud, and wrong of different kinds, they feel indignant that she does not extend a similar judgment to their aspirations, which of course seem to them right and just; and this sentiment only increases their desire to vindicate “liberty” for themselves. In addition to this, what may be called the public opinion of England and Ireland has been placed in direct antagonism on a variety of occasions of late years: it differed widely on the Papal question, and the American war, on the great struggle of which we have just seen the end; and this circumstance had some effect in creating and accelerating the new movement. Moreover—most important of all, perhaps—the agitation of the last few years has partly co-operated in this direction; the Church Act and the Land Act, by irritating many of the Irish Protestants, have for the moment alienated from English sympathies a portion of the old English garrison, and have made them friendly to a popular cry; while, at the same time, those great measures have necessarily tended at first to excite vain hopes in an easily-moved people. Certain peculiarities, too, in the mode of

legislating for and ruling Ireland, have been felt lately to be grievances; nor has the tone of ordinary English opinion, with respect to Ireland and her affairs, been among the least of the many causes which have provoked the present claim for independence.

It is time, however, now to examine the objects of the Home Rule agitation, and to discuss fairly the views of its leaders. It has been correctly said that the designs of the movement have been purposely left ill-defined in order to catch all kinds of supporters, and that it has been so directed as to attract, if possible, the most dissentient classes of Irishmen. Out of the obscurity, however, which surrounds the question, two schemes emerge in sufficient distinctness to challenge attraction and inquiry, though they have hardly assumed that complete shape in which, if they are to obtain a hearing, they must appear as legislative projects. Mr. Butt proposes to convert Ireland into a separate and, in part, independent state, linked to England by a federal tie, and thus still a member of the Empire, but with power to manage her own affairs, though subject to many Imperial obligations, and bound, as regards external questions, to carry out an Imperial policy. For this purpose the United Parliament, and the administration dependent on it, are to abandon the function of making laws for Ireland, and of dealing with purely Irish questions; an Assembly sitting at College Green, and composed of the Lords and Commons of Ireland, is to order exclusively these matters, guided by a ministry formed from it, and, it would seem, responsible to it alone; but, at the same time, the Monarchy is to retain its prerogatives unimpaired, and an Imperial Parliament, to which Ireland would send a proportion of representatives, would adjust the relations of the two countries, would have absolute control as regards the attitude they should assume towards foreign Governments, and would determine the amount of expenditure they should respectively apply to Imperial purposes. Under this arrangement Ireland would be independent within her own sphere, and would possess the power of self-government with respect to her domestic concerns; but she would continue associated with Great Britain as a partner in an equal federation; and the two nations would form one empire, having a single voice and mode of action as regards other sovereign states and powers, connected with each other by a common monarchy, not to speak of innumerable social ties, and bound not only to mutual support, and to provide the means of mutual defence, but also to co-operate in objects in which their supreme legislature should declare that they had an united interest. "Every matter relating to the internal administration of the country," says Mr. Butt, "our railways, our post-office, our public works, our courts of justice, our corporations, our system of education, our manufactures, and our commerce, would all be left under the management of our domestic

Parliament." "Ireland, however, would be subject to the taxation which it would be in the power of the Imperial Parliament, for Imperial purposes, to impose." "The business of the Imperial Parliament would be confined to the regulation of Indian and colonial affairs, to voting men for the army and navy, and the supplies for the Imperial expenditure, and to interference in foreign affairs, when such interference would be called for, and generally to such supervision of Imperial concerns as circumstances might make necessary."

This project, which may be briefly described as the substitution of a Federation for the existing government of Great Britain and Ireland, differs widely from the alternative scheme to which we have before adverted. This last plan consists simply in the revival of the old Irish Parliament, without reference to the immense change in the distribution of political power which has occurred in Ireland since the Union, and it aims at the complete liberation of the island from any British Legislature, the Monarchy only being left to keep up the Imperial connection. According to this system, "no power on earth"—in the language of Grattan in 1782—"save the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons of Ireland," would have a right to make laws for the country, or in any way to direct its policy; the Parliament of Ireland would be supreme, not only as regards domestic affairs, but throughout the sphere of external questions; and the only means of maintaining harmony between the British and the Irish Legislatures, whether in the internal rule of the Empire or in its relations with other States, would be, in theory, the prerogative of the sovereign, which, according to the letter of the constitution, though not to its real practical working, is still absolute in most matters belonging to an executive government. Under this partition of authority the Irish Parliament would not only have exclusive power over all arrangements as to Irish manufactures, trade, and commerce, as to the conditions of holding property in Ireland, and as to the status of every Irish institution—it would actually have the sole right of administering and controlling the revenues of Ireland, and therefore of levying taxes of all kinds, and of negotiating and settling tariffs; it would also be entitled to decide, irrespective of the Legislature of Great Britain, upon questions of peace and war, and of dealing with the Colonies and foreign nations; and it would really have the complete management of the armed force of Ireland, whatever it might be, and the direction of it for any purpose. The only check upon this supremacy, and the only constitutional machinery for lessening or preventing collisions between the British and Irish Parliaments, and for assuring their united action, would be, as we have said, the Monarchy, still invested by law with extensive powers, but really dependent in their exercise on the will of the people repre-

sented by it. In short, this system would make Ireland, not only an independent, but a sovereign State, distinct from Great Britain in every respect, and associated with it only through an influence which, however imposing, ought to be regarded as a trust only for the benefit of those for whom it is held, and, in any event, is too delicate to bear a harsh strain or rough usage.

Such are the schemes of Home Rule put forward by the champions of the new agitation which is finally to settle the Irish Question. It is unwise hastily to pronounce upon them, or to indulge in off-hand dogmatism; but, after a calm review of the facts of the case, I am compelled to say that, in my opinion, they would be injurious, if not fatal, to the well-being and power of the Empire, and fraught with certain mischief to Ireland. Take first the project of the Federation proposed by Mr. Butt and his followers, as a compromise by which self-government in Ireland may be reconciled to a certain extent with the supremacy of Imperial dominion. We will assume—surely a large assumption—that the limits of the jurisdiction of the Irish Legislature and of the general Federal Parliament could be so marked out by a written instrument that they would not be intermixed or confused, or that difficulties of this kind could be removed through the intervention of a high court of justice, charged exclusively with this sovereign office. We will assume that it would be not impossible to create a system or to provide machinery by which the functions of the assembly at College Green could, in theory, be confined to Irish questions without interfering with Imperial affairs, and the representatives of the two nations could direct the policy of the Empire without invading the domain of the Irish Parliament. But if a Federal Constitution could be made on paper which would not stultify or defeat itself, we feel assured that in its actual working it would, in the existing condition of things, be necessarily attended with disastrous consequences. So long as the Irish Legislature would act in concert with the Federal Parliament—so long as the executive in Dublin did not clash with the Imperial rule, the march of affairs might not be disturbed, and the only results of the system would be extreme cumbrousness and complexity, great weakness, and great expense in government. Bearing in mind, however, what the relations of England and Ireland are at present, or are likely to be so far as we see, these conditions of harmony could not be supposed to exist or to continue; and if, as might be assumed with certainty, the Irish Legislature and the Federal Parliament would, under the scheme in contemplation, be soon in a state of violent collision on many questions of grave importance, what could follow but a ruinous weakening of the Empire, and unfortunate troubles in both countries? In the event of conflicts of that kind—and it is obvious that they would be inevitable—the contending Parliaments

would become the representatives of irreconcilable forces; they would cross, neutralise, and thwart each other; and while the Imperial Government would be paralysed, the Federal Constitution would probably be destroyed, in a struggle for Irish independence on the one hand, and for the ascendancy of Great Britain on the other. The result certainly would be calamitous to the power of England; and it would most likely end in an appeal to force, in which Ireland would be overwhelmed after a period of anarchy and disorder.

The truth is that the first requirements are wanting for making England and Ireland an empire under a Federal Government. When two or more states are morally united by condition, sympathy, and happy associations, or are compelled to support each other through apprehension of common enemies, they may often, to the general advantage, retain a large measure of independence, and be to a certain extent self-governing; while, at the same time, they become subject for some purposes to a central authority. In these instances the tendency to alienation, caused by the division of the sovereign power and the separation of its depositaries, is neutralised by the strongest motives; and the distinctive institutions of each community may be of great value in fostering patriotism, and in promoting energy and self-reliance. But if two portions of a single empire have been sundered by a long antagonism, and by profound historical differences, an attempt to extend independence to them will increase their disunion to such an extent, that no scheme of partial combination can arrest serious collision and discord; nothing can restrain the centrifugal forces let loose by the delegation of even a limited and qualified sovereignty; and as, unhappily, England and Ireland stand towards each other in this relation, it may be affirmed that they would not continue an undivided power under a federal system. With respect to the alternative project of a simple dissolution of the Union, and the restoration of the old Irish Parliament, it is open to even more objections. Under this scheme, the British Executive would, as we have seen, be almost powerless in Ireland; the Irish Parliament would be supreme as regards all purely Irish questions, and would possess very great influence in directing the course of British policy; and the Crown would be the only link between the Legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland, and the only means of making them work together. If we recollect what has ever been the attitude of England and Ireland to each other, and what would be at the present day the composition of an Irish Parliament, it is easy to see that such an arrangement would inevitably thwart the action of England as a great power at almost every point, and would almost completely subvert her influence throughout the range of Irish affairs; and, as it would be felt to be intolerable, it would probably end either in separation or in the reconquest and resettlement.

ment of Ireland by the nation naturally of the greater strength. Nor is it any answer to this to say that the Union is comparatively recent, and that Ireland possessed her native legislature for ages without these disastrous consequences. In the first place, until 1782 the old Irish Parliament was merely the Court of Registry of a dependency; from 1782 to the Union it was kept in subjection by corruption; and in this way the ascendancy of England was secured by influences which would be of little or no avail at the present day in the case of a modern Irish Parliament. In the second place, the power of the Crown was of real efficacy a century ago in uniting the Legislatures of England and Ireland, and in keeping them in the same line of action; but this force would obviously be useless now, and would not retard a single collision. Thirdly, too, and most important of all, the old Irish Parliament was exclusively composed of a colonial aristocracy of creed, associated with the British connection and depending on it for its existence, and it was thus compelled, in a great measure, to conform to the will of the mother country, and to follow the lead of its Government. An Irish Parliament of the present day, it is unnecessary to say, would not be linked to England by any such potent tie.

We are convinced, therefore, that Home Rule would weaken, perhaps break up, the Empire; and would lead to angry and protracted conflicts, in which Ireland, as the less powerful nation, would probably suffer more than England. Yet even if this were not to follow, if the Legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland could, under a federal scheme or otherwise, be made to work together in concord—if divided Parliaments and executives did not cause separation or war, we may still greatly doubt whether Home Rule would not be a fatal gift to Ireland, whether she would not regret the day of her "liberty." We shall certainly draw no invidious comparisons, historically untrue and morally absurd, between the Anglo-Saxon and Irish races, or echo the silly and offensive cry that parliamentary and free institutions are suitable to the first alone, and that "Irish Celts" are unfitted for them. Such presumptuous cant—the vulgar homage of too many writers to English vanity—is particularly unbecoming in the mouths of Englishmen; for it is mainly the fault of England herself if Ireland has not had the training that would make her able to bear popular government, that she is too distracted by passion and faction, and too disunited by unhappy traditions, to be ripe for anything like real independence. But, taking things as they actually are, looking calmly at the elements of discord which stir society in Ireland to its depths, and estimating what would be the character of any Irish Parliament which could be constituted at the present day, can we feel assured that the right of self-government would not be disastrous to Ireland herself, and would not be fraught with national mis-

fortune? Under Home Rule the Irish House of Commons would be elected by the mass of the peasantry and the shopkeepers and artisans of the towns; could it be expected that such an assembly would co-operate with the House of Lords, composed chiefly of the Irish proprietary? What legislation could be reasonably looked for from a chamber without experience in politics, representative chiefly of popular impulse, in which property could have little weight, and the animosities of class, restrained for years, would find sudden and free vent, and which practically would set at nought all constitutional checks and hindrances? Can we doubt that it would propose and carry measures of an extreme and violent kind, destructive of the existing arrangements which maintain the social system of Ireland, and creating rapid and great changes in the relations of the national churches and in the position of the landed classes; and, if so, could this probably be accomplished without a bloody revolution? And even if the Irish Parliament did not run into these excesses, would not the deep sectarian feud of the country—the ancient strife between north and south—break out with more animosity than ever, when the influence of England had been withdrawn, and full scope had been afforded to the license of uncontrolled faction? I, at least, fear that history would give a melancholy answer to these questions; and if we add that Home Rule would necessarily increase the taxation of Ireland, and would exclude Irishmen of all ranks from participating in benefits they now enjoy as citizens of an Imperial State, we shall at least have shown that it would be a more than questionable boon under any circumstances.

I must, therefore, record my hearty protest against this agitation and its objects. And, furthermore, I must be allowed to doubt whether the Home Rule movement in any shape has taken a deep hold on the people of Ireland, or even on a large portion of it. We do not deny that there is a great deal of floating ill-will against the Government, that the Fenian spirit is not extinct, that elements of disorder exist which have not yet been removed or quieted. But we have yet to learn that the Irish people, or any powerful section of Irishmen, have a settled purpose to dissolve the Union, to break away from the British connection, and to insist on a local Parliament; and I believe that the present demand is rather a transient cry of discontent than the genuine expression of a national sentiment. I do not dwell too much on the fact that almost the whole of the aristocracy of Ireland have studiously held aloof from the movement, for unhappily—such has been their position—they have too often opposed measures imperatively required by their country's interests, though of late years they have given proof of a great deal more of patriotic policy. But where is the evidence that the classes which embody genuine Irish opinion, and really speak with the voice of the

nation, have steadily resolved upon this concession in the same way that they had made up their minds on such questions as Catholic emancipation, on the overthrow of Protestant ascendancy, on vindicating the rights of the Irish tenantry? The elections of Meath, Westmeath, and Limerick, do not throw much light on the subject, for in each of these cases there were special reasons why the Home Rule candidates should be successful; and we will add, that we should not feel convinced that the agitation was truly national, even though "Home Rule" should win many seats at any future general election, for Ireland did not really make any lasting effort to repeal the Union, although a great number of her representatives were pledged by O'Connell to try the attempt. We venture to think—although disaffection to English rule does exist in Ireland, and though it would be more than unwise to ignore or despise the present movement—that Ireland, if fairly tested, would not deliberately break away from England; and that she would not sever her relations with the Empire, or with the Parliament of Great Britain, however irritable may be her feelings, or however violent may be the language adopted by those who might speak in her name. For there is reason to believe that recent legislation, and the policy of the present Government, have largely succeeded in attaching to the constitution and the British Legislature the most influential interests in Ireland, if not in gratifying Irish sentiment, and have thus really strengthened greatly the bond of union between the two countries, though the effects may not be at once apparent. The great Roman Catholic middle class of Ireland, relieved from an unjust ascendancy—the body of the Roman Catholic Irish priesthood, in the enjoyment at last of religious equality—and the occupiers of the soil in Ireland, secured and protected from former wrong, would be slow, we think, to repeal the Union, and to commit themselves to a political revolution, even though they may not be quite contented, and Home Rule champions may claim their support.

But though we believe that the Home Rule movement is not one of great and enduring force, any grievances of which it may be a symptom should be, if possible, redressed or palliated. It is idle to deny that a large amount of vague discontent exists in Ireland; and the present agitation finds aliment in certain ills not wholly beyond the reach of legislation and government, though, for the most part, outside their immediate sphere. It is a just cause of complaint that the administration of Irish affairs is too centralised; that boards in London, usually composed of officials without Irish experience, control the public departments of Ireland; and the distance from Westminster makes the expense and the delay of conducting local measures required in Ireland extremely burdensome. These grounds of annoyance may seem trivial; but they are felt to be not a little vexatious; they have unquestionably

strengthened the present cry; and as their removal would not be difficult, they should be removed by a timely reform. As questions relating to Ireland, too, are often of a very different complexion from those concerning the rest of Great Britain, and require a very different treatment; and as, unfortunately, they are not seldom very little understood outside Ireland; it is very advisable that they should be dealt with in accordance with genuine Irish opinion within the precincts of the Imperial Parliament; and as under existing arrangements there is no provision that this shall take place, and a majority of English and Scotch members has, it has been said, more than once set at nought the wishes of the representatives of Ireland with respect to important Irish matters, it is to be desired that some remedy should be found for a mischief which, if continued, must assuredly strengthen the Home Rule movement. Without tampering with the Union, or rudely violating the usage of Parliament, might it not be possible to confine the consideration of Irish questions, in a greater degree than is now the case, to Irish members of the two Houses; so that, though the whole Legislature should retain a general directing and controlling power, the details of these measures should be left to those more immediately connected with them? Mr. Pim, one of the members for Dublin, has made suggestions upon this subject which appear to deserve attention, and to be wise and sound in principle. "The question for solution," he says, "is, How can the legislation of the Imperial Parliament be made to represent the wishes and provide for the requirements of the people of Ireland. The remedy I have to propose is, that for the future, no Act of Parliament shall be passed for Ireland alone, unless with the consent of the majority of the Irish members of the House of Commons, and that the forms of the House shall be so altered as to afford the means of ascertaining this to be the case, so that all Irishmen may know that all the legislation respecting Ireland is the work of the Irish members. The change in the forms of the House of Commons which is required in order to accomplish this object, is simple. It has been suggested by Sir Erskine May that the House should revert to the old custom of grand committees, and that to facilitate the dispatch of business, bills, after being read a second time, should be considered in detail by one of these grand committees, instead of by a committee of the whole House. To adopt this plan, and submit the bills which relate solely to Ireland to a grand committee consisting of the hundred and five Irish members, is all that would be necessary. . . . Thus the principle of any new law would receive the approval of the majority of the whole House, while no legislation would take place for Ireland alone which did not receive the support of the majority of Irish members."

By some change of this description, the opinion of Ireland would have a more powerful action on Irish legislation and administration

than it has at present; Ireland would enjoy something like self-government, subject to the influence of the Imperial Parliament, and a plausible argument for Home Rule would be, in a great degree, refuted. Any expedient, however, such as this, would not satisfy Irish agitators; and, in the interest of the whole Empire, the Union must, we think, be maintained, and the Imperial Legislature have a decisive voice in regulating and directing Irish policy. But if Irish discontent is not to increase, and to become more formidable than it is, this control should be limited to what is essential to preserving the integrity of the State; and no effort should be spared to make the Irish measures of the Imperial Parliament, and the conduct of the Government in Ireland, fall in with Irish aspirations and sympathies. Attempts must be given up for ever to bind Irishmen to institutions which they generally dislike, whatever the cause; to run counter to the national feelings and traditions of Ireland, however strange they may seem to English or Scottish legislators; and, above all, to mould Ireland on a type alien to her own tendencies, under the shallow pretence of improving her people, or assimilating them to a British pattern; and the policy enunciated by Mr. Gladstone—"rule Ireland according to Irish ideas"—should be boldly and steadily carried out, as far as is compatible with the security of the United Kingdom. The views of a majority of the representatives of Ireland, on Irish questions which do not involve the rest of Great Britain, ought to be accepted in our judgment as conclusive in any given instance; and the irritating system—so characteristic of unjust and unwise domination—of making legislation for Ireland express the notions, the principles, or the prejudices of persons often ignorant of her wants, and often divided from her in sympathy, ought to be sincerely condemned and abandoned. Whether Parliament will adhere to this rule, will be probably seen in the coming session with reference to a most important matter, on which Irishmen feel deeply—the university and primary education of the country; and its attitude may have a decisive influence in strengthening or weakening the Home Rule movement. If the Legislature and the Government respect the convictions of the great body of Irishmen on this subject, ascertained through the representatives of Ireland; if they frame their scheme in accordance with the real wishes and tastes of the nation, they will not only have acted rightly, but have done something to baffle an agitation to be regretted by good citizens; but if they defer to anti-Irish feelings, if they resolve to make their measures conform to English and Scotch theories, they will have assuredly quickened the impulse towards self-government and independence in Ireland.

The English and Scotch, unconsciously to themselves perhaps, think of the Irish as of inferior beings, talk of them in a patronising way, and despise and denounce what is most dear to the

hearts of a sensitive people; and, in the expression of their public opinion, a tone of assumption towards Ireland, of self-assertion, of Pharisaical gratulation that others are not as Irishmen are, is continually apparent, and produces no little alienation and bitterness. This antagonism between the two countries—the natural result of long ages of mis-government, misfortune, and wrong, and felt all the more in the present generation, when education has made Irishmen more self-respecting than they were formerly—cannot be removed in a few years; and it will disappear only when a complete change shall have taken place in the spirit and feelings of the British and Irish race to each other. That consummation would, no doubt, be aided by a generous and just policy to Ireland; it would, certainly, be accelerated were writers of genius to appear, who would attract to Ireland the sympathy of Englishman, and would do for her what Burns and Scott accomplished for Scotland sixty years ago; but it must be a slow and gradual process. Among the lesser means in the power of statesmanship to attain this end, none probably would be more efficacious than the continual presence of royalty in Ireland, and a steady effort on the part of the Royal Family to win the hearts of the Irish people. An example like this would go a long way to cause Ireland to be regarded with less superciliousness and neglect; to mitigate Irish jealousies and antipathies, and to evoke something like a loyal spirit; to make the Crown, in O'Connell's phrase, a golden link between the two countries; to dissipate the irritation and the sense of discontent too prevalent in Ireland at present. It is, indeed, melancholy, when we consider the genius and temper of the Irish race, and know what have been historically the results of the appearance, on different occasions, of the sovereign in that part of the Empire, to reflect that such an obvious experiment has never yet been really tried; and that it has not must be pronounced the one mistake of a reign notable in other respects for its high excellence. But if royalty is to visit Ireland, it must do so, not in a casual way—not by fits and starts, and as though a visit was a mark of condescension; it must take up its abode in the island; it must show esteem and respect for the nation; it must identify itself with popular sympathies; it must prove that it is not a kind of foreign influence.

But whatever may be the future of Ireland, one thing is certain, that the only chance of causing her discontent to cease, is to carry out, in its full completeness, the policy of kindness and essential justice inaugurated by the present administration. Nothing could be more opposed to the real interests of the three kingdoms, than the adoption of a contrary course under the impulse of impatience or anger, than the substitution of general measures of coercion, repression, and what is called "vigour," for the system lately sanctioned by Parliament.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

CHAUMETTE AND THE FIRST COMMUNE OF PARIS OF 1793.

"THE historians of the Revolution, if there be any who deserve that name," we are told by Rœderer, "have attributed each of its movements to the oratory of the Assembly. This is a strange misconception. There sprang up throughout France a multitude of men of a strong and rough eloquence, men who had learnt far better than the speakers of the Assembly the secret of persuasion, who entered far more deeply into the passions, thoughts, and prejudices, into the real or supposed interests, of the lowest classes of the people." Chaumette was one of these men.

In truth, what '92 and '93 show us is not anarchy, but a fierce and universal determination to make the Revolution triumph over reaction; and, at the same time, a powerful organisation at the service of this popular will. Twenty-six thousand clubs, spread over the whole of France, and sustained by a million of national guards, and above them the Commune of Paris, binding together and vivifying the whole mass, formed a revolutionary force such as history can show us in no other instance. At first sporadic and unlegalised, this power acquired an official position on the 10th of August at the Hôtel de Ville; and during nearly two years it hurried along the Convention and France in its headlong career. It had its chiefs—first Desmoulins in the Palais Royal, in '89; Danton in the Cordeliers; afterwards Hébert, Chaumette, and Cloutz, who finally became its true representatives. It was the latter, whatever men may say, who gave to the Revolution its creed. They formulated its belief—Atheism. They connected it with its natural leaders, Diderot, D'Holbach, and Voltaire, that singular Deist, who denied the immortality of the soul; they attached it to the Encyclopédie and Condorcet, whom his Girondist surroundings, alas! drove to flight, and then to suicide. He, indeed, would have met the guillotine in any case, if not as a Girondist, at least as an Atheist. No; the Revolution did not devour its own children, nor did any party in it play the part of Saturn. The Revolution perished simply under the persecuting Gospel of the Supreme Being, which Rousseau expounded, and which found its mouthpiece in Robespierre.

I.

Pierre Gaspard Chaumette, *procureur* of the Commune, was born at Nevers on the 24th of May, 1763. His father was a shoemaker.

I may here notice the error into which many writers have fallen, in maintaining that the Revolution of '89 was solely the revolt and the triumph of the *bourgeoisie*; that the people counted for nothing in it. The facts are not so simple as this. The ignorant, superstitious, and cruel class of which at the present day the *bourgeoisie* of France is composed, had not as yet any existence; whilst, on the other hand, the people, properly so called, took a principal part in the action, and decided the victory. Not only was it the people who rose in a mass at the voice of the Dantons, the Marats, the Desmoulins, but several of the leaders came from their ranks, were members of the people themselves, though this was far from being an indispensable condition of success or of devotion to the cause. The people, even whilst they are imperfectly educated, have in their favour their admirable instinct; but until the new order they require to be guided by men having at their service something more—knowledge.

Sprung from the proletariat, Chaumette was in a position to have a keen sense of the sorrows and miseries of the men of his class. On the other hand, his father having dreamt of making him an ecclesiastic, subjected himself to the sacrifices necessary in order to give him a suitable education. Perhaps, even, the child being intelligent, the priests of the district took charge of him at a small cost, as is often done to this very day in France. The father of a poor family—a workman or a peasant—allows his child to be taken from him by the director of a seminary, where he is supported and educated at the expense of the congregation, to be made one day a functionary, or, if he have the stuff in him, a dignitary even, of the Church. It is simply one kind of market of which there are so many.

This bargain was not at all to the taste of the young Chaumette. When the critical moment came, he showed in decided terms his invincible repugnance for the career which the paternal care had provided for him. Hence a quarrel; and, as happens often in our day, he was flung on his own resources. He has told us himself the story of these early difficulties.

“My first employment,” says he, “was that of cabin-boy. It is true it was under the tyranny of priests and monks that I carried on my studies (alas! they are still the teachers of youth), and by them I was forced to separate myself so long from my father's home. I then became steersman. On my return in 1784, I studied botany at Moulins, where I retain dear friends. The following year I went to Marseilles, with the intention of embarking for Egypt, still mad after the study of nature and the monuments of antiquity.

“I did not succeed in getting a passage, and I returned to my native place, full of my plants and my books. There I spent all the time preceding the Revolution, only leaving it to make occasional journeys from Moulins to Paris, from Paris to the shores of the ocean, dreaming of happiness, sighing for liberty.”

It was, therefore, the Revolution which finally fixed him in Paris,

(1) Chaumette, *Procureur de la Commune, à ses Concitoyens*. (*Moniteur*, 25 Mai, 1793.)

far from finding him already there, as some of his biographers have told us, though the matter is of little importance. With that honourable ambition so natural to a man of feeling and intellect, Chaumette threw himself headlong into the movement. In 1790, on the death of Loustalot, he became editor of the *Révolutions de Paris*, at the same time that he regularly attended his section. What were the sections? How was the Commune of Paris formed? Such are the questions we must answer to get a full understanding of the Revolution of the 10th of August, which, at the same time, bore Danton to the ministry and Chaumette to the head of the municipality.

We have no need here to enter into the origin of the word *Commune*. The *Commune Concilium* of the Bretons, of which Cæsar speaks; the *Communes* of France (*communiones*) in the Middle Ages; the *Commons* of England—are all words which express in a general manner the same idea; that is, a body of citizens managing their own affairs, most frequently in the presence of an authority (king or seigneur) which receives respect in spite of its tendency to encroach. It has not been sufficiently noticed that at the meeting of the States-General in 1789 the Tiers-Etat held its first sittings under the name of *Assemblée des Communes* (House of Commons). The city of Paris, a royal fief, never possessed any of those charters, which converted several cities of France into real republics. On several occasions, no doubt, at critical moments, Paris had taken in hand the direction of affairs. The Parisians at the time of Etienne Marcel, of the League, or of the Fronde, are the predecessors of the victors of the Bastille. But these moments of importance, passing as they were, had not even left a tradition behind them. At the opening of the Revolution, the *Prévôt des Marchands*, a sort of Lord Mayor, was nothing more than an ordinary official, entirely dependent on the will of the king.

On Tuesday, the 21st of April, 1789, a date for ever memorable, the citizens composing the Tiers-Etat of the city of Paris assembled to designate those of their number who, under the name of electors, were to name directly deputies to the States-General. It was a double process of election. The city had been divided for the purpose into sixty quarters or districts. "In order to take part in the meeting of any district, it was necessary to show a title to hold some office, to have a degree in some faculty, a post in the public service, a title to exercise a privileged trade, and lastly a payment of capitation tax amounting to six livres (5s.)."¹ These were qualifications fairly large for the time, and which enabled 25,000 persons to take part in the election of the Tiers-Etat. They were called *active* citizens, in opposition to the *passive* citizens, who were without the suffrage. The electors, about three hundred in number, who were

(1) "Lettre du Roi du Treize Avril, 1789," article xiii.

chosen by the primary assemblies, met at the Archevêché, and on the conclusion of the election they decided that in order to watch their deputies they would continue to meet.

It was in one of these meetings that the Abbé Fauchet proposed to them to form themselves under the title of Provisional Representatives of the Commune of Paris.¹ In the electoral meeting of the clergy Fauchet had already insisted on the necessity for this organisation of the inhabitants in the *commune*—a fact which is usually omitted in histories of the Revolution. It was on the night of the 12th and 13th of July, 1789, that the electors, emboldened by the attitude of the people of Paris, formally installed themselves in the Hôtel de Ville. On the 13th they admitted to their body the Prévôt des Marchands, De Flesselles, and some councillors; thus the first municipality took its rise. On the 30th of July, 1789, its members, partly renewed or re-commissioned by the votes of the primary assemblies, officially declared themselves the representatives of the Commune of Paris.

But the spirit of reaction was not long in making good its footing in this first Commune, as appears from the name of its first mayor—Bailly, and the commander of the National Guard—Lafayette. In the alarm of the days of the 5th and 6th October, it formed within itself a Committee of Surveillance, charged with the duty of punishing all attempts at sedition or violence. On the 21st of April, 1790, it asked for, and immediately obtained from the Assembly, a decree establishing martial law. In case of an illegal meeting, the authorities, after displaying the red flag, and three times summoning the people to disperse, were to have the right to give orders to fire. Four months had scarcely elapsed when the first application of this law of blood was made at Nancy, where the soldiers of Bouillé pitilessly massacred the Swiss, who, after a momentary rebellion, had already returned to their allegiance.² M. Thiers, although he is considered favourable to the Revolution, merely mentions it as a victory at which the King and the Assembly were delighted.

Meanwhile the Assembly had determined the position of the Commune at the same time as the new divisions of France. Eighty-three departments were substituted for the ancient organisation of the provinces. The expression Commune, long used uncertainly, had at length been fixed in the sense which it retains at the present day. The department was divided into districts (*arrondissements*), and these latter were divided into cantons. The cantons were formed by the agglomeration of the communes, which were the last administrative subdivisions, and were presided over by a mayor and a municipal council having some analogy to the parishes of England. It had been long a subject of dispute whether Paris

(1) Chamfort, "Tableaux Historiques de la Révolution."

(2) Carlyle, vol. ii. book 2. Nancy.

should not be made a department of itself. From an ill-judged desire for symmetry and uniformity, it was decided to annex to it some surrounding villages, in order to form what was then called the department of Paris (now the department of the Seine). This department then, like the others, was to have its *directory of the department*—a piece of useless machinery which soon, under the pressure of opinion, was transformed into a simple financial administration. But Paris, with the designation of Commune, had also its general or municipal council; the law of the 21st of May, 1790, decided its final shape. After this decree the Commune of Paris was divided into forty-eight sections, substituted for the sixty districts. A mayor, sixteen administrators, and thirty-two members, composed the municipality of Paris, and these, together with ninety-six notables, who were also elected by the sections, constituted the general council of the Commune of Paris.

The abolition of the districts was a terrible blow for the patriots. "O my friends of the Cordeliers!" cried Camille Desmoulins, "farewell to our sittings and our tribune, which has so often resounded with the eloquence of a host of illustrious orators. In thy place there will be nothing but a large urn—a pitcher—where the citizens who have never before seen each other will come to deposit their votes and serve out three-coloured scarfs to the most dexterous intriguer." "Perish," say the aristocrats, "the very name of district!—a formidable name, which would recall to the Parisians their glory, the taking of the Bastille, and the expedition to Versailles—we must call them sections." True! Desmoulins, be of good heart; these young sections will soon win for themselves a new and more real glory, which will continue to grow until the guillotine of Germinal, sharpened by none other than yourself, silences for half a century the voice of the people of Paris. In this city, now half in ruins, but so great still because of its memories, there is one quarter distinguished above the others for intelligence, the source of all that is generous and impassioned in the Revolution. This is the youths' quarter, which bears the name of the *Pays Latin*. It was there that scholars formerly thronged to hang upon the lips of such men as Abelard and William of Champeaux. There rises the old Sorbonne, and close to it the deserted lecture-room of the ancient Faculty of Medicine, on one side of that Rue du Fouarre where the students, stretched upon bundles of straw, exercised each other in disputes upon the text of the philosophers and the commentaries of Thomas Aquinas. It was these discussions which drew from the irritable Petrarch, tired, says he, of this disputatious life, and of this street full of wrangling and loud talking, the phrase "*Contentiosa Lutetia et fragosus straminum vicus*."¹ Not far from there, upon the western

(1) Petrarch, "*Apologia cont. Gall.*"

side of the hill, might also have been seen the vast Convent of the Cordeliers or Order of Franciscans, occupying all the space where now stand the Clinical Hospital and the dissecting rooms of the School of Medicine.

In this hall, in 1789, was held the primary electoral assembly of the quarter, thenceforth called the "district of the Cordeliers." Danton lived near, and so did Chaumette, who was lodged in the Rue Mazarine, near the palace which has since received the name of the Institute. He was there known as a medical student, which we learn from his signature, preserved upon the original copy of the famous petition of the Champs de Mars. Doubtless his intention was, in his spare time, to devote himself to those favourite studies of natural history and botany which he so much loved. But the epoch was not one for flowers and pure science. It was the study of human nature that he would have to pursue in all its terrible fluctuations. From the very first the young student did not miss one of the meetings of his district. To those meetings came also Camille Desmoulins, Momoro, Fabre d'Eglantine—in fact, all the flower of the Revolution. Alas! how many of them will retain to the end, until the fatal cart, a conscience void of offence, and a heart free from remorse? Chaumette, at any rate, will be of that number.

The Cordeliers are eager for the contest. They are the Left of the Jacobins, says Carlyle. They are something better than that; they are their antagonists. They are, before the Commune of the 10th of August, the true opponents of Robespierre—they will be his victims. It is they who first, by the great voice of Danton, contend against the middle-class oligarchy installed in the Hôtel de Ville under the name of the Commune—a name which it debases and compromises. The district disappears, becomes the *Section du Théâtre Français*, and finds an official existence elsewhere. The club remains, under the title of the "Society of the Friends of the Rights of Man and of the Constitution." They are, in fact, still the Cordeliers; they continue to sit in the hall which had formerly been used as a schoolroom for the young friars.¹ Those monastic walls, however, had witnessed many strange scenes. The Cordeliers had borne a marked reputation; no monks had been merrier or more disputatious than they. Twice, at least, in the fourteenth century they had picked quarrels among themselves, which had ended in blows, the friars beating and even killing each other with their missals and lecterns. In 1401 it was necessary to send a troop of soldiers against them, and the two parties, uniting against the common enemy, were not taken by assault until they had killed and wounded several soldiers.

(1) Not in the church, nor yet in the refectory, which is still standing, and which serves at the present time as the Musée Dupuytren. M. Victor Cousin mistakes it for the chapel.

At length the order being suppressed, together with all the others, the Hôtel de Ville bethought itself of a plan which often succeeds, and of which the Empire knew the secret. In May, 1791, the municipality caused seals to be placed upon the hall of the Cordeliers, which was declared national property. Then their agents went all about in the quarter, threatening the most terrible consequences to the owners of houses who should be so seditious as to let their property to the instigators of anarchy. However, the club was able to establish itself in the Rue Dauphine, in a room which was called the *Salle du Musée*. It was there, soon after the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes, that its members drew up an address to the National Assembly for the abolition of royalty.

What came of it is well known. The Constituent Assembly, governed by the conservative majority, declared, in defiance of all justice and good faith, that the King, notwithstanding his flight, was not guilty, and had not violated the constitution. Thus this prince, who had gone away in order, as he himself confessed, to escape from the tyranny exercised over his person, and manifestly with the purpose of strengthening, by his presence, the coalition about to be formed against France—this prince was declared innocent by the Assembly. Throughout Paris the indignation was extreme. A meeting of the Cordeliers (not of the Jacobins, as M. Thiers wishes it to be understood) took place on the very same evening, and was characterised by enthusiasm and dignity. A resolution was passed, as we learn from Chaumette himself, to give notice to the municipality that a meeting would be held on the following day for the purpose of obtaining signatures to the petition for dethronement. The acknowledgment of receipt of this by the Hôtel de Ville is still in existence, signed Desmousseaux, 16th July, 1791.¹ The gathering was, therefore, a perfectly legal one—a fact on which no historian has insisted. The authors of the parliamentary history do not mention it until in a subsequent volume in connection with the trial of Bailly.

On the next day, the 17th of July, the population flock to the Champ de Mars. The "altar of the country" stood in the middle. A petition, very respectfully worded, was immediately drawn up, and eagerly signed. By ill-luck, two individuals were discovered under the altar of the country: they were taken for spies, dragged away, and after being carried some distance, were butchered at Gros-Caillou.

Let us hear what Chaumette—who, at any rate, was on this spot so soon after deluged with blood—has to say about it, when giving an account of this ill-starred day in the "Revolutions of Paris." "Ah, doubtless," exclaims he, "the perpetrators of this horrible scene are infamous ruffians; monsters deserving of death! But let us be careful not to confound them with the people. The true people

(1) Procès de Bailly: Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire et Hist. Parl., 1793.

is not ferocious; it is slow to shed blood, and only sheds that of tyrants.”¹ This is the genuine and honest language of the ardent and sincere revolutionist, who takes good care not to confound the exercise of true power with the excesses of fury and despair excited by broken faith or ill-usage.

We must here quote the narrative of Mr. Carlyle, so graphic in its strange power:—

“Enough; towards half-past seven in the evening the mere natural eye can behold this thing: *Sieur Motier* (*Lafayette*) with municipals in scarf wending resolutely to the *Champs de Mars*. Mayor *Bailly*, with elongated visage, bearing, as in sad duty bound, the *Drapeau Rouge*. Howls of angry derisions rise in treble and bass from a hundred thousand throats at the sight of martial law; which, nevertheless, waving its red sanguinary flag, advances there from the *Gros-Caillo* entrance—advances drumming and waving towards the altar of Fatherland.”²

The crowd remained motionless, relying upon its legal right, and not imagining the possibility of such a massacre as followed. There is one detail which Carlyle does not give, which is this: The first discharge having been fired, a citizen cried out, “Let us not stir! They must come here and proclaim martial law! They are firing blank cartridges!”³ What innocent confidence in the word of those men of peace and conciliation—the wise *Lafayette* and the gentle *Bailly*! And “volley-fire of *Patrollotism*, levelled muskets, roll of volley on volley, and the *Federation Field* is wetted with French blood,”—with the blood, alas! of women and children. And yet the meeting had been announced to the mayor; still more, martial law had not been proclaimed at the place where it was put in force, but only at the *Hôtel de Ville*; this, however, does not prevent M. *Thiers* from putting in print that “the employment of force, whatever may be said about it, was just.” It is true that his narrative abounds with errors and inaccuracies, of which the crowning one is the statement, thrown in negligently in a note, that this scene occurred on the 27th (instead of the 17th) of July, 1791. And yet it is his title of historian which has made him a statesman!

Eighty years later, the bloody scene of the *Champs de Mars* was renewed in the square of the *Hôtel de Ville*. On the 22nd of January, 1871, as on the 17th of July, 1791, a compact crowd, composed of citizens (mostly unarmed), and of women and children, assembled to demand the dismissal of the cowardly Government, which was about to sell Paris by a shameful and premature armistice. All of a sudden, without warning, without summons to disperse,

(1) “*Révolutions de Paris*,” No. 106.

(2) “*French Revolution*,” vol. ii. book 4, cap. 9.

(3) *Chaumette*, in “*Révolutions de Paris*,” *loc. cit.*

precisely as at the Champs de Mars, a horrible discharge of fire-arms was heard, and death and terror sown broadcast among the inoffensive crowd. I was myself an eye-witness of this; and, like Chaumette in the former case, I saw flowing around me the blood of French people, shed by the hands of Frenchmen. I saw women and old men trodden under foot; I heard them uttering the most heart-rending cries—husbands calling on their wives, wives on their husbands, parents on their children. Whatever may be thought of it, impartial history will say that Gustave Chaudey, who commanded at the Hôtel de Ville, was the Bailly of this new Champs de Mars.

The space allowed us, and the very nature of this article compels us to pass rapidly on. These terrible events, for a moment, struck the patriots with horror; but the movement was not of a nature to be so easily mastered. In the following November, Lafayette utterly failed in his struggle with Pétion, who had been appointed Mayor of Paris. As for Bailly, his part was played out. Manuel was appointed procurator to the Commune, with Danton as deputy. Roederer was made procurator to the department. In July, 1792, we again find the name of Chaumette at the foot of a declaration of his section, calling upon all the inhabitants of the said section to exercise the rights of citizens, without distinction of *active* and *passive* citizens.¹ This was the first appeal to universal suffrage, modified, however, by the election being one of two stages. Chaumette's signature will be found between those of Momoro and Danton. Camille Desmoulins was not long in forgetting that Chaumette was also an *old Cordelier*.

We will give an account another time of the insurrection of the 10th of August, the details of which are, as yet, but little known,² and which was entirely directed by the sections. Chaumette was one of the commissaries of his section. It was these sections which, chosen by the population of Paris, established themselves during the night of the 9th and 10th of August in the Hôtel de Ville, in the place of the former Council-General, assimilated with themselves the municipal authorities, the mayor Pétion, and the procurator Manuel, and from there directed that revolution which swept away the throne. The insurrection of the 10th of August was directed against the Assembly—which, to a great extent was reactionary—not less than against the monarchy. Therefore the new Commune, thus constituted, took good care not to fail in the execution of its task. Measures were taken providing for arrests, release of prisoners, suspension of passports, suppression of Royalist newspapers. The Commune looked after everything, acting as a social and sovereign power. What was the exact part it took in the September massacres,

(1) "Révolutions de Paris," 28th July, 1792.

(2) See the "Dix-Août" in the "Encyclopédie Générale," Paris, 1870.

we cannot at the present day precisely ascertain. Chaumette, however, it is clear, had no share in them, he being absent from Paris at the time when they took place.¹ He had presided over the Council of the new Commune on that very evening of the 10th of August. The municipal authorities were not organised until the December following (1792). A man of the name of Chambon, a Girondin, was nominated as mayor (replaced by Pache in February, 1793). Chaumette was elected procurator of the Commune by five thousand votes out of seven thousand. Hébert and Real were his deputies; Luillier became procurator-syndic of the department.

It was again, as is well known, this glorious Commune of the 10th of August, which directed against the Right of the Convention the insurrection of the 31st of May, 1793. On that day, once more, Paris and its Commune saved France and the Revolution, which were being drawn to their ruin through the vacillation, the inaction, and the political incapacity of the Girondins. From that time the field was clear, and it seemed that the republic would thenceforth be able to advance in the path of regeneration and safety, cleared of the obstacles accumulated by intrigues and factions.

II.

One man had decided otherwise. It has been, and still is, the misfortune of France to become enamoured of any character which knows how to bring itself down to the level of public opinion; and to place itself on an equality with the passions and prejudices of the mass. Speak not to this people of a Clootz or a Chaumette, who preach to them the maxims of science; or of a Hébert, who puts them within the reach of all. If they listen to them for a moment, it is only when taken unawares, and they quickly return to the first charlatan who dances before their eyes the gewgaws and playthings of their childhood. "Sound philosophy," Voltaire wrote to Diderot, "is gaining ground everywhere, from Archangel to Cadiz; but our enemies have always on their side the dew of heaven, the fat of the earth, the mitre, the strong-box, the sword, and the *canaille*." This profound sentence of the philosopher of Ferney never received a more striking illustration than under the Convention. And what is most disheartening is, that the man who took upon himself the task of ruining philosophy and the Revolution, is still considered as one of their own by certain republicans, instead of being once and for ever spurned into the ranks of that *bourgeoisie* of which he was in reality the ideal and the model. In saying this we mean Robespierre.

M. Louis Blanc, who is possessed by an unfortunate passion for "this sterile and ferocious idol," can find nothing better to say in

(1) "Adresse à mes Concitoyens," *loc. cit.*

order to justify his hero than that if he had lived in the present day he would have been a pantheist. "But the Revolution," he adds, "was not socialistic, except in its aspirations; how, then, could it be pantheistic?" According to this writer, atheism is synonymous with anarchy and individualism, theism with solidarity and socialism. But in this, as in the other judgments of M. Louis Blanc upon the Encyclopædists, we see nothing but the result of a preconceived opinion, and, therefore, we fear, of a complete ignorance of the true spirit of the eighteenth century. Hamel, another apologist for "the Incorruptible," gets red in the face with anger against the Proudhonians, who also have been so bold as to make small account of Robespierre. M. Hamel is too exclusive; he should have included in his malediction all the advanced Revolutionists (the only ones worthy of the name) who have inscribed upon their banner Science as the basis of social reforms.

In reality the movement of the eighteenth century was of a two-fold character. That is no new thing. Ever since the world has reasoned at all, some have marched in the front with Aristotle and Democritus; others have lagged in the rear with Plato. Voltaire, whose theism has been recently reduced to its true value, forms in this the antithesis of Rousseau. The latter, not content with his "Vicaire Savoyard," that apology for hypocrisy, has inserted in his "Contrat Social" this precious declaration. Speaking of the institution of a civil religion—indispensable according to him, to the State—and the creed of which should at least comprise the existence of the Deity, the life to come, the happiness of the just, &c., "But if any one," says he, "after having publicly recognised these same dogmas should live as if he did not believe them, let him be punished with death." Robespierre had thoroughly learned that doctrine. The Girondins, it is well known, held to the traditions of the Encyclopædia, but with them those traditions remained in the condition of a sentiment, contradictory in its nature, and without any bearing upon public life. Brissot, having reproached Robespierre one day with calumniating Condorcet, "I might observe," replied Robespierre, "that the Revolution has made little of many of the great men of the old *régime*; that, if the Academicians and the Geometricians whom M. Brissot proposes to us for models, fought against and ridiculed the priests, they none the less fawned on the great, and worshipped the kings from whom they derived so much advantage. And who does not know with what acrimony they persecuted virtue and the genius of liberty in the person of that Jean-Jacques, whose sacred image I see here? That true philosopher who alone, in my opinion, among all the celebrated men of that time, deserves the public honours which have been prostituted to public charlatans and miserable heroes."¹

(1) "Séance des Jacobins," May, 1792.

What sublime scorn ! academicians and geometricians ! Voltaire, Condorcet, and the others of that stamp, doubtless shrink into nothingness before him—the sombre pupil of Jean Jacques ! Ah, the “saints” and the “incorruptibles !” who shall say what tears and blood these traffickers in austerity and virtue have cost to humanity.

The Commune of Paris was the power in which the true spirit of the Revolution, that of the Encyclopédie, took visible form. Chaumette was the soul of that great movement. Trained in the vigorous discussions of the Cordeliers, strengthened by his work, in conjunction with Sylvain Maréchal, Momoro, &c., upon the “*Révolutions de Paris*,” he was but twenty-nine years of age when the popular suffrage raised him to the first magistracy of Paris ; the Procurator of the Commune having as much prestige and more authority than the Mayor. While the Convention is occupied with the foreign question, and still more with its own internal dissensions, the Commune, under the influence of Chaumette, is every day decreeing measures which rise to the level of the finest inspirations of the philanthropy of the eighteenth century. Surely the shades of Voltaire, Diderot, and d’Holbach ought to rejoice in seeing so soon realised the longings of their tender and generous hearts. Thanks to the Commune ; the patients in the hospitals were henceforth to have each a bed to himself (they had been put, as many as six in a bed, together). Children undergoing punishment were to be separated from the other prisoners. Women of bad character, and indecent representations of all kinds, were excluded from public thoroughfares. Then these men, who have been treated as barbarians and Vandals, showed to the world, that, in direct opposition to the apostle of savage life, they regarded the arts and sciences as contributing to the happiness and the improvement of humanity. The Commune had a guard placed at the Museum of the Louvre ; decreed the formation of a public library ; ordered the closing of the Théâtre de la Montansier, the performance at which might have set fire to the National Library opposite. Chaumette, with Hébert, took under his own personal supervision the opera house. A resolution was come to on the 17th of September, 1793, to the effect that the Commune would encourage the opera, which ought to acquire new lustre and prosperity from the resolution. It is Chaumette again who gets a decree for the formation of the Conservatoire de Musique, where the aged Gossec is to compose music for the new hymns to liberty and reason. All these were measures carried into execution by the Convention, whilst the origination of them was due to the Commune of Paris.

The Commune, moreover, in its struggle with theism has, like the Convention, its club, the Cordeliers, and its journals, especially the *Père Duchêne* and the *Révolutions de Paris*. It is possible that neither Robespierre nor the Convention were Socialists—indeed we

may safely say that such was the fact. On the contrary, the Commune and its journals were. What else was that agrarian law proposed by Momoro and seconded by Chaumette for the distribution of the lands of the clergy? "I see," cried Hébert, in a burst of enthusiasm, "I see the Republic such as it will be. The *sansculottes* form but one great family; they no longer know of anything but a sacred equality. Abilities and virtues are rewarded; old age is honoured; one no longer sees any insolent rich, but then poverty also has disappeared. The weak are protected; the infirm assisted and served by their brethren; there is no more hatred; there are no more law-suits; all citizens respect the laws; there is no longer any worship but the worship of Reason." We find Socialism, moreover, elsewhere than in the solution of the economical problem—that rock upon which so many modern reformers have grounded. All the agrarian laws in the world are of no use so long as ignorance remains to bring men again speedily under the yoke of the cleverest.¹ The greatest misfortune of man," says Hébert, "is ignorance. It is that which has begotten all the evils that afflict us. Despotism is its work and its masterpiece." Are these the words of a man without shame—the maxims of a scandalous debauchee? Might not one suppose one was listening to D'Holbach exclaiming at the outset of his magnificent book, "Man is only unfortunate because he disregards Nature."²

All these labours are only steps towards the supreme end. By an intuition of genius, Chaumette perceived that the Revolution could not be established upon the simple negation of the past. At his instance, the Commune resolves that the 20th Brumaire of the year 2 (10th of November, 1793) shall be observed as a festival in honour of Reason. We have not time to describe that ceremony, in which we find nothing to condemn, except its preposterous simplicity. "Legislators!" exclaimed Chaumette, at the bar of the Convention, "fanaticism has loosed its hold; its blinking eyes could not bear the brightness of the light. To-day, an immense multitude has gathered beneath those Gothic arches, which, for the first time, have resounded with the utterances of truth. There we have abandoned lifeless idols for Reason, that living image which is the greatest work of Nature."³

But it has been objected, this is replacing one worship for another. In a word; it is to replace the worship of death by that of life. "The feast of Reason," says Auguste Comte, whom no one will accuse of levity, "threw a flash of light over the history of Humanity." From henceforth the aspirations of the thinkers pos-

(1) The *Père Duchêne*, *passim*: see also Tridon, "Les Hébertistes," Paris, 1864.

(2) "Système de la Nature," preface.

(3) See the "Révolutions de Paris" and the *Journal de Paris*, Brumaire, an 2.

cessed an object; it was the human type, man. In truth it cannot be too often repeated to the herd of ignorant fanatics who stifle true democracy in its birth, that a new society must have a new basis of belief, a centre to rally round—*religio*. Behind the negation was developed in all its strength that fruitful and venerable mother of all, the Alma Mater, Science, that crown of human Reason. She suffices to give harmony to a regenerated society. She forms the solid ground on which future generations will raise to Humanity an eternal temple inscribed with the words of Robert Owen—

“The true Religion is—Truth.”

We all know how the philosophical party of the Revolution failed in its attempt. Historians inclining to Royalism or to Robespierre have made much of what they call the “orgies” that accompanied the new celebrations. The well-known character of Chaumette, the importance which he naturally attached to these demonstrations, are sufficient proof that he would not have suffered them to degenerate into a disgraceful burlesque. Besides, the promoters of the new festival expressly recommend in their journals, to those who desired to celebrate it in other cities, “to choose for the leading part those whose character makes beauty respectable, in whom strict morals and carriage may drive out the thought of licence, and fill the heart with noble and pure feelings.”¹

The fact is that Robespierre, some days after the ceremony in Notre-Dame, thundered in the Convention and in the Jacobin Club against the new sect, under the pretext of securing liberty of conscience, which was certainly not in any danger. He declared Atheism to be an aristocratic crime; he repeated the familiar phrases on the “goodness of Providence,” and “Divine vengeance.”² Michelet is right when he says that this sinister and narrow Deist was like all tyrants, full of the terror of ideas. We can have no stronger proof of it than his ridiculous display in the Festival of the Supreme Being, reeking with the smoke of an *auto-de-fé*, when with his own hand he set on fire the Guy Fawkes, which he declared represented the monster Atheism.

Four months after the short triumph of Reason, its apostles mounted the scaffold, which had been long prepared for them by their implacable enemy. There is no occasion to tell the tale here. A few imprudent words against the Committee of Public Safety, uttered in the Cordeliers’ club, formed the pretext for arresting Hébert, Momoro, Cloutz, and others. The 4th Germinal, year 2 (24th March, 1794), they were condemned to death and guillotined. But Chaumette, who was devoted to the Commune, had not for a

(1) Michelet, “Rev. Franc.,” vi. p. 388.

(2) “Séances des Jacobins,” 5 Frimaire, an ii.

long time taken part in the sittings of the Club; and it was impossible to include him in the pretended conspiracy. We have now a distinct proof how essentially the extermination of the Hébertists was the work of theological passion. On the 31st of March, Saint-Just, the too ready creature of Robespierre, ascended the tribune of the Convention and read his report against Danton and his other victims, amongst whom he includes Chaumette. "They attack," said he, "the immortality of the soul, the thought which consoled Socrates at his dying moments. Their dream is to raise Atheism into a worship more intolerant than superstition ever was." A few days after this the *Procureur de la Commune* appeared before the Revolutionary Tribunal. "The participation of Chaumette with the conspirators of the Cordeliers' club," said the public accuser, "appears from the coalition between him, Gobel, Clootz, Hébert, and their followers, to destroy all notion of divinity, and to base the government of France on Atheism."¹

The bearing of Chaumette before his judges was firm and dignified, as would have been expected from a disciple of Reason. This son of a workman of Nevers—and the writer of these lines is proud to name him as a fellow-townsmen—was certainly the most enlightened of the revolutionists, the one who most truly represented the great social and philosophical movement which the Reformation and the Renaissance began. "I have seen him," says the Royalist Paganel, "at the bar of the Convention, full of respect for its authority, overflowing with tenderness at the picture he drew himself of the sufferings of the people, maintaining the credit of the municipal power by an eloquent recital of his labours and his anxieties, whilst promising to bring the people to bear on the Convention. . . . Chaumette had a passion, amounting to delirium, for what he called liberty. The very word seemed to inspire his gestures and language. He exhibited a strictness of conduct which would have done credit to the highest virtue; simplicity, modesty, and serious gravity made up his external behaviour." The philosopher Anaxagoras, as he called himself, after an illustrious free-thinker of antiquity, was then only thirty-one. His black eyes, his long smooth locks, his calm and dignified bearing, gave him the look of an ecclesiastic. He was in truth the apostle of a new faith, and was about to be its martyr. "I do not fear the lot which is in store for me," he said at the tribunal, "my justification I leave to time." And on being charged with certain disgraceful accusations, theft and peculation, such as the "men of order" are always ready to invent to blacken their victims, not content with assassinating them, he replied, "These charges it is beneath my character to answer; the right-minded portion of the people must judge me. I have done what I thought my duty, and I have enough self-respect to give no

(1) Procès de Chaumette, "Hist. Parlement," xxxii.

account of my conduct to other than to them." Can the annals of saints and martyrs show a nobler thought expressed in fitter words?

The 24th Germinal, year 2, the head of this just man fell on the scaffold, with those of seventeen victims. Amongst them were the widow of Hébert, formerly a nun, a woman of beauty, charm, and intelligence; and the widow of Camille Desmoulins, the sweet and unhappy Lucile, murdered in the twenty-third year of her age. Robespierre never forgot the women; but it was reserved for his successors of to-day to wreak their vengeance on children. "Gods, priests, and kings are blood-relations," says Tridon, with point. "What is the difference between Robespierre and Hildebrand?—a mere formula. What between Robespierre and Chaumette?—a gulf. Sovereigns have regretted Robespierre; Napoleon was of the same mind. But the Atheists!—the men who would have no god but humanity! History mutters a curse, crosses itself, and passes on." The part of the Commune of Paris is now played. Under Payan and Thuriot, it becomes only the slave of Robespierre, his inferior convention.

Thus was arrested in mid career, at least in France, the movement which after three centuries of effort and of struggle was about to clear the world from superstition. In vain humanity, raising little by little the sepulchral stone of the Middle Ages, had at length delivered itself. In vain it came forth radiant and triumphant, refreshed by its long sleep, renewed by such long suffering. Robespierre thenceforth had a free field. The terror, which had been a fearful but necessary weapon of the crisis, he converted into a system, which filled men with hatred and horror, because it had no necessity. The path was now clear for Bonaparte. The festival of the Supreme Being is the prelude to the Concordat. The country of Voltaire is for nearly a century given over to priests and eclectics, to the Victor Cousins and Jules Simons. Nay, when the turn again came for a revival, the country was exhausted and degraded, not only by twenty years of empire, but by seventy years of monarchy and Catholicism; and men, a second time, were wanting to the moment. The head of France alone showed life, and but for a time, galvanised by the energy of some few individuals; but the body of France, sluggish and half-paralysed, fell back heavily, dragging in its fall the living parts.

"Jacet ingens littore truncus,
Avulsumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus."

For the second time, victorious over the Commune, the spirit of the *bourgeoisie* and of deism exults over the dead body, tearing open its breast to extinguish every trace of movement and of life. The words of the Hébertist Ronsin have not yet been realised; the future has not avenged them, and the sceptre has passed, alas! more completely than ever, "to the mitre, the strongbox, the sword, and the *canaille*."

A. REGNARD.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS.

CONCLUSION.—THE AGE OF DISCUSSION.

THE greatest living contrast is between the old Eastern and customary civilizations and the new Western and changeable civilizations. A year or two ago an inquiry was made of our most intelligent officers in the East, not as to whether the English Government was really doing good in the East, but as to whether the natives of India themselves thought we were doing good, to which, in a majority of cases, the officers who were the best authority, answered thus: "No doubt you are giving the Indians many great benefits; you give them continued peace, free trade, the right to live as they like subject to the laws; in these points and others they are far better than they ever were, but still they cannot make you out; what puzzles them is your constant disposition to change, or as you call it, improvement. Their own life in every detail being regulated by ancient usage, they cannot comprehend a policy which is always bringing something new; they do not a bit believe that the desire to make them comfortable and happy is the root of it; they believe, on the contrary, that you are aiming at something which they do not understand; that you mean to 'take away their religion;' in a word, that the end and object of all these continual changes is to make Indians not what they are and what they like to be, but something new and different from what they are, and what they would not like to be." In the East, in a word, we are attempting to put new wine into old bottles—to pour what we can of a civilization whose spirit is progress into the form of a civilization whose spirit is fixity, and whether we shall succeed or not is perhaps the most interesting question in an age abounding almost beyond example in questions of political interest.

Historical inquiries show that the feeling of the Hindoos is the old feeling, and that the feeling of the Englishman is a modern feeling. "Old law rests," as Sir Henry Maine puts it, "not on contract but on status." The life of ancient civilization, so far as legal records go, runs back to a time when every important particular of life was settled by a usage which was social, political, and religious, as we should now say, all in one; which those who obeyed it could not have been able to analyse, for those distinctions had no place in their mind and language, but which they felt to be a usage of imperishable import, and above all things to be kept

unchanged. In former papers I have shown, or at least tried to show, why these customary civilizations were the only ones which suited an early society ; why, so to say, they alone could have been first ; in that manner they had in their very structure a decisive advantage over all competitors. But now comes the further question : If fixity is an invariable ingredient in early civilizations, how then did any civilization become unfixed ? No doubt most civilizations stuck where they first were ; no doubt we see now why stagnation is the rule of the world, and why progress is the very rare exception ; but we do not learn what it is which has caused progress in these few cases, or the absence of what it is which has denied it in all others.

To this question history gives a very clear and very remarkable answer. It is that the change from the age of status to the age of choice was first made in states where the government was to a great and a growing extent a government by discussion, and where the subjects of that discussion were in some degree abstract, or as we should say, matters of principle. It was in the small republics of Greece and Italy that the chain of custom was first broken. "Liberty said, let there be light, and like a sunrise on the sea, Athens arose," says Shelley, and his historical philosophy is in this case far more correct than is usual with him. A free state—a state with liberty—means a state, call it republic or call it monarchy, in which the sovereign power is divided between many persons, and in which there is a discussion among those persons. Of these the Greek republics were the first in history, if not in time, and Athens was the greatest of those republics.

After the event it is easy to say why the teaching of history should be this and nothing else. It is easy to see why the common discussion of common actions on common interests should become the root of change and progress. In early society, originality in life was forbidden and repressed by the fixed rule of life. It may not have been quite so much so in Ancient Greece as in some other parts of the world. But it was very much so even there. As a recent writer has well said, "Law then presented itself to men's minds as something venerable and unchangeable, as old as the city ; it had been delivered by the founder himself, when he laid the walls of the city, and kindled its sacred fire." An ordinary man who wished to strike out a new path, to begin a new and important practice by himself, would have been peremptorily required to abandon his novelties on pain of death ; he was deviating, he would be told, from the ordinances imposed by the gods on his nation, and he must not do so to please himself. On the contrary, others were deeply interested in his actions. If he disobeyed, the gods might inflict grievous harm on all the people as well as him. Each partner in

the most ancient kind of partnerships was supposed to have the power of attracting the wrath of the divinities on the entire firm, upon the other partners quite as much as upon himself. The quaking bystanders in a superstitious age would soon have slain an isolated bold man in the beginnings of his innovations. What Macaulay so relied on as the incessant source of progress—the desire of man to better his condition—was not then permitted to work; man was required to live as his ancestors had lived.

Still further away from those times were the “free thought” and the “advancing sciences” of which we now hear so much. The first and most natural subject upon which human thought concerns itself is religion; the first wish of the half-emancipated thinker is to use his reason in the great problems of human destiny—to find out whence he came and whither he goes, to form for himself the most reasonable idea of God which he can form. But, as Mr. Grote happily said—“This is usually what ancient times would not let a man do. His *gens* or his *φρατρία* required him to believe as they believed.” Toleration is of all ideas the most modern, because the notion that the bad religion of A cannot impair, here or hereafter, the welfare of B, is, strange to say, a modern idea. And the help of “science,” at that stage of thought, is still more nugatory. Physical Science, as we conceive it, that is, the systematic investigation of external nature in detail, did not then exist. A few isolated observations on surface things—a half-correct calendar, secrets mainly of priestly invention, and in priestly custody,—were all that was then imagined; the idea of using a settled study of nature as a basis for the discovery of new instruments and new things, did not then exist. It is indeed a modern idea, and is peculiar to a few European countries even yet. In the most intellectual city of the ancient world, in its most intellectual age, Socrates, its most intellectual inhabitant, discouraged the study of physics because they engendered uncertainty, and did not augment human happiness. The kind of knowledge which is most connected with human progress now was that least connected with it then.

But a government by discussion, if it can be borne, at once breaks down the yoke of fixed custom. The idea of the two is inconsistent. As far as it goes, the mere putting up of a subject to discussion, with the object of being guided by that discussion, is a clear admission that that subject is in no degree settled by established rule, and that men are free to choose in it. It is an admission too that there is no sacred authority—no one transcendent and divinely appointed man whom in that matter the community is bound to obey. And if a single subject or group of subjects be once admitted to discussion, ere long the habit of discussion comes to be established, the sacred charm of use and wont to be dissolved. “Democracy,” it has been

said in modern times, "is like the grave; it takes, but it does not give." The same is true of "discussion." Once effectually submit a subject to that ordeal, and you can never withdraw it again; you can never again clothe it with mystery, or fence it by consecration; it remains for ever open to free choice, and exposed to profane deliberation.

The only subjects which can be first submitted, or which till a very late age of civilization can be submitted to discussion in the community, are the questions involving the visible and pressing interests of the community; they are political questions of high and urgent import. If a nation has in any considerable degree gained the habit, and exhibited the capacity to discuss these questions with freedom, and to decide them with discretion, to argue much on politics and not to argue ruinously, an enormous advance in other kinds of civilization may confidently be predicted for it. And the reason is a plain deduction from the principles which we have found to guide early civilization. The first prehistoric men were passionate savages, with the greatest difficulty coerced into order and compressed into a state. For ages were spent in beginning that order and founding that state; the only sufficient and effectual agent in so doing was consecrated custom; but then that custom gathered over everything, arrested all onward progress, and stayed the originality of mankind. If, therefore, a nation is able to gain the benefit of custom without the evil—if after ages of waiting it can have order and choice together—at once the fatal clog is removed, and the ordinary springs of progress, as in a modern community we conceive them, begin their elastic action.

Discussion, too, has incentives to progress peculiar to itself. It gives a premium to intelligence. To set out the arguments required to determine political action with such force and effect that they really should determine it, is a high and great exertion of intellect. Of course, all such arguments are produced under conditions; the argument abstractedly best is not necessarily the winning argument. Political discussion must move those who have to act; it must be framed in the ideas, and be consonant with the precedents, of its time, just as it must speak its language. But within these marked conditions good discussion is better than bad; no people can bear a government of discussion for a day, which does not, within the boundaries of its prejudices and its ideas, prefer good reasoning to bad reasoning, sound argument to unsound. A prize for argumentative mind is given in free states, to which no other states have anything to compare.

Tolerance too is learned in discussion, and, as history shows, is only so learned. In all customary societies bigotry is the ruling principle. In rude places to this day any one who says anything new

is looked on with suspicion, and is persecuted by opinion if not injured by penalty. One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea. It is, as common people say, so "upsetting;" it makes you think that, after all, your favourite notions may be wrong, your firmest beliefs ill-founded; it is certain that till now there was no place allotted in your mind to the new and startling inhabitant, and now that it has conquered an entrance, you do not at once see which of your old ideas it will or will not turn out, with which of them it can be reconciled, and with which it is at essential enmity. Naturally, therefore, common men hate a new idea, and are disposed more or less to ill-treat the original man who brings it. Even nations with long habits of discussion are intolerant enough. In England, where there is on the whole probably a freer discussion of a greater number of subjects than ever was before in the world, we know how much power bigotry retains. But discussion, to be successful, requires tolerance. It fails wherever, as in a French political assembly, any one who hears anything which he dislikes tries to howl it down. If we know that a nation is capable of enduring continuous discussion, we know that it is capable of practising with equanimity continuous tolerance.

The power of a government by discussion as an instrument of elevation plainly depends—other things being equal—on the greatness or littleness of the things to be discussed. There are periods when great ideas are "in the air," and when from some cause or other even common persons seem to partake of an unusual elevation. The age of Elizabeth in England was conspicuously such a time. The new idea of the Reformation in religion, and the enlargement of the *mania mundi* by the discovery of new and singular lands, taken together, gave an impulse to thought which few, if any, ages can equal. The discussion, though not wholly free, was yet far freer than in the average of ages and countries. Accordingly, every pursuit seemed to start forward. Poetry, science, and architecture, different as they are, and removed as they all are at first sight from such an influence as discussion, were suddenly started onward. Macaulay would have said you might rightly read the power of discussion "in the poetry of Shakespeare, in the prose of Bacon, in the oriels of Longleat and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh." This is, in truth, but another case of the principle of which I have had occasion to say so much as to the character of ages and countries. If any particular power is much prized in an age, those possessed of that power will be imitated; those deficient in that power will be despised. In consequence an unusual quantity of that power will be developed, and be conspicuous. Within certain limits vigorous and elevated thought was respected in Elizabeth's time, and, therefore, vigorous and elevated thinkers were many; and the effect went far beyond the cause. It penetrated into physical

science, for which very few men cared; and it began a reform in philosophy to which almost all were then opposed. In a word, the temper of the age encouraged originality, and in consequence original men started into prominence, went hither and thither where they liked, arrived at goals which the age never expected, and so made it ever memorable.

In this manner all the great movements of thought in ancient and modern times have been nearly connected in time with government by discussion. Athens, Rome, the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages, the *communes* and states-general of feudal Europe, have all had a special and peculiar quickening influence, which they owed to their freedom, and which states without that freedom have never communicated. And it has been at the time of great epochs of thought—at the Peloponnesian war, at the fall of the Roman Republic, at the Reformation, at the French Revolution—that such liberty of speaking and thinking have produced their full effect.

It is on this account that the discussions of savage tribes have produced so little effect in emancipating those tribes from their despotic customs. The oratory of the North American Indian—the first savage whose peculiarities fixed themselves in the public imagination—has become celebrated, and yet the North American Indians were scarcely, if at all, better orators than many other savages. Almost all of the savages who have melted away before the Englishman were better speakers than he is. But the oratory of the savages has led to nothing, and was likely to lead to nothing. It is a discussion not of principles, but of undertakings; its topics are whether expedition A will answer, and should be undertaken; whether expedition B will not answer, and should not be undertaken; whether village A is the best village to plunder, or whether village B is a better. Such discussions augment the vigour of language, encourage a debating facility, and develop those gifts of demeanour and of gesture which excite the confidence of the hearers. But they do not excite the speculative intellect, do not lead men to argue speculative doctrines, or to question ancient principles. They, in some material respects, improve the sheep within the fold; but they do not help them or incline them to leap out of the fold.

The next question, therefore, is, Why did discussions in some cases relate to prolific ideas, and why did discussions in other cases relate only to isolated transactions? The reply which history suggests is very clear and very remarkable. Some races of men at our earliest knowledge of them have already acquired the basis of a free constitution; they have already the rudiments of a complex polity—a monarch, a senate, and a general meeting of citizens. The Greeks were one of those races, and it happened, as was natural, that there was in process of time a struggle, the

earliest that we know of, between the aristocratical party, originally represented by the senate, and the popular party, represented by the "general meeting." This is plainly a question of principle, and its being so has led to its history being written more than two thousand years afterwards in a very remarkable manner. Some seventy years ago an English country gentleman named Mitford, who, like so many of his age, had been terrified into aristocratic opinions by the first French Revolution, suddenly found that the history of the Peloponnesian War was the reflex of his own time. He took up his Thucydides, and there he saw, as in a mirror, the progress and the struggles of his age. It required some freshness of mind to see this; at least, it had been hidden for many centuries. All the modern histories of Greece before Mitford had but the vaguest idea of it; and he not being a man of supreme originality, doubtless would have had very little idea of it either, except that the analogy of what he saw helped him by a telling object-lesson to the understanding of what he read. Just as in every country of Europe in 1793 there were two factions, one of the old-world aristocracy, and the other of the incoming democracy, just so there was in every city of ancient Greece, in the year 400 B.C., one party of the many and another of the few. This Mr. Mitford perceived, and being a strong aristocrat, he wrote a "history," which is little except a party pamphlet, and which, it must be said, is even now readable on that very account. The vigour of passion with which it was written puts life into the words, and retains the attention of the reader. And that is not all. Mr. Grote, the great scholar whom we have had lately to mourn, also recognising the identity between the struggles of Athens and Sparta and the struggles of our modern world, and taking violently the contrary side to that of Mitford, being as great a democrat as Mitford was an aristocrat, wrote a reply, far above Mitford's history in power and learning, but being in its main characteristic almost identical, being above all things a book of vigorous political passion, written for persons who care for politics, and not, as almost all histories of antiquity are and must be, the book of a man who cares for scholarship more than for anything else, written mainly, if not exclusively, for scholars. And the effect of fundamental political discussion was the same in ancient as in modern times. The whole customary ways of thought were at once shaken by it, and shaken not only in the closets of philosophers, but in the common thought and daily business of ordinary men. The "liberation of humanity," as Goethe used to call it—the deliverance of men from the yoke of inherited usage, and of rigid, unquestionable law—was begun in Greece, and had many of its greatest effects, good and evil, on Greece. It is just because of the analogy between the controversies of that time and those of our times that some one has

said, "Classical history is a part of modern history ; it is mediæval history only which is ancient."

If there had been no discussion of principle in Greece, probably she would still have produced works of art. Homer contains no such discussion. The speeches in the *Iliad*, which Mr. Gladstone, the most competent of living judges, maintains to be the finest ever composed by man, are not discussions of principle. There is no more tendency in them to critical disquisition than there is to political economy. In Herodotus you have the beginning of the age of discussion. He belongs in his essence to the age which is going out. He refers with reverence to established ordinance and fixed religion. Still, in his travels through Greece, he must have heard endless political arguments ; and accordingly you can find in his book many incipient traces of abstract political disquisition. The discourses on democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy, which he puts into the mouth of the Persian conspirators when the monarchy was vacant, have justly been called absurd, as speeches supposed to have been spoken by those persons. No Asiatic ever thought of such things. You might as well imagine Saul or David speaking them as those to whom Herodotus attributes them. They are Greek speeches, full of free Greek discussion, and suggested by the experience, already considerable, of the Greeks in the results of discussion. The age of debate is beginning, and even Herodotus, the least of a wrangler of any man, and the most of a sweet and simple narrator, felt the effect. When we come to Thucydides, the results of discussion are as full as they have ever been ; his light is pure, "dry light," free from the "humours" of habit, and purged from consecrated usage. As Grote's history often reads like a report to Parliament, so half Thucydides reads like a speech, or materials for a speech, in the Athenian Assembly. Of later times it is unnecessary to speak. Every page of Aristotle and Plato bears ample and indelible trace of the age of discussion in which they lived ; and thought cannot possibly be freer. The deliverance of the speculative intellect from traditional and customary authority was altogether complete.

No doubt the "detachment" from prejudice, and the subjection to reason, which I ascribe to ancient Athens, only went down a very little way among the population of it. Two great classes of the people, the slaves and the women, were almost excluded from such qualities ; even the free population doubtless contained a far greater proportion of very ignorant and very superstitious persons than we are in the habit of imagining. We fix our attention on the best specimens of Athenian culture—on the books which have descended to us, and we forget that the corporate action of the Athenian people at various critical junctures exhibited the most gross superstition. Still, as far as the intellectual and cultivated part of society is concerned,

the triumph of reason was complete ; the minds of the highest philosophers were then as ready to obey evidence and reason as they have ever been since ; probably they were more ready. The rule of custom over them at least had been wholly broken, and the primary conditions of intellectual progress were in that respect satisfied.

It may be said that I am giving too much weight to the classical idea of human development ; that history contains the record of another progress as well ; that in a certain sense there was progress in Judæa as well as in Athens. And unquestionably there was progress, but it was only progress upon a single subject. If we except religion and omit also all that the Jews had learned from foreigners, it may be doubted if there be much else new between the time of Samuel and that of Malachi. In religion there was progress, but without it there was not any. This was due to the cause of that progress. All over antiquity, all over the East, and over other parts of the world which preserve more or less nearly their ancient condition, there are two classes of religious teachers—one, the priests, the inheritors of past accredited inspiration ; the other, the prophet, the possessor of a like present inspiration. Curtius describes the distinction well in relation to the condition of Greece with which history first presents us :—

“The mantic art is an institution totally different from the priesthood. It is based on the belief that the gods are in constant proximity to men, and in their government of the world, which comprehends everything both great and small, will not disdain to manifest their will ; nay, it seems necessary that, whenever any hitch has arisen in the moral system of the human world, this should also manifest itself by some sign in the world of nature, if only mortals are able to understand and avail themselves of these divine hints.

“For this a special capacity is requisite ; not a capacity which can be learnt like a human art or science, but rather a peculiar state of grace in the case of single individuals and single families whose ears and eyes are opened to the divine revelations, and who participate more largely than the rest of mankind in the divine spirit. Accordingly it is their office and calling to assert themselves as organs of the divine will ; they are justified in opposing their authority to every power of the world. On this head conflicts were unavoidable, and the reminiscences living in the Greek people, of the agency of a Tiresias and Calchas, prove how the Heroic kings experienced not only support and aid, but also opposition and violent protests, from the mouths of the men of prophecy.”

In Judæa there was exactly the same opposition there as elsewhere. All that is new comes from the prophets ; all which is

old is retained by the priests. But the peculiarity of Judæa—a peculiarity which I do not for a moment pretend that I can explain—is that the prophetic revelations are, taken as a whole, indisputably improvements; that they contain, as time goes on, at each succeeding epoch, higher and better views of religion. But the peculiarity is not to my present purpose. My point is that there is no such spreading impetus in progress thus caused as there is in progress caused by discussion. To receive a particular conclusion upon the *ipse dixit*, upon the accepted authority of an admired instructor, is obviously not so vivifying to the argumentative and questioning intellect as to argue out conclusions for yourself. Accordingly the religious progress caused by the prophets did not break down that ancient code of authoritative usage. On the contrary, the two combined. On each generation the conservative influence “built the sepulchres” and accepted the teaching of past prophets, even while it was slaying and persecuting those who were living. But discussion and custom cannot be thus combined; their “method,” as modern philosophers would say, is antagonistic. Accordingly, the progress of the classical states gradually awakened the whole intellect; that of Judæa was partial and improved religion only. And, therefore, in a history of intellectual progress, the classical fills the superior and the Jewish the inferior places, just as in a special history of theology only, the places of the two might be interchanged.

A second experiment has been tried on the same subject-matter. The characteristic of the Middle Ages may be approximately—though only approximately—described as a return to the period of authoritative usage and as an abandonment of the classical habit of independent and self-choosing thought. I do not for an instant mean that this is an exact description of the main mediæval characteristic; nor can I discuss how far that characteristic was an advance upon those of previous times; its friends say it is far better than the peculiarities of the classical period; its enemies that it is far worse. But both friends and enemies will admit that the most marked feature of the Middle Ages may roughly be described as I have described it. And my point is that just as this mediæval characteristic was that of a return to the essence of the customary epoch which had marked the pre-Athenian times, so it was dissolved much in the same manner as the influence of Athens, and other influences like it, claim to have dissolved that customary epoch.

The principal agent in breaking up the persistent mediæval customs, which were so fixed that they seemed likely to last for ever, or till some historical catastrophe overwhelmed them, was the popular element in the ancient polity which was everywhere diffused in the Middle Ages. The Germanic tribes brought with

them from their ancient dwelling-place a polity containing, like the classical, a king, a council, and a popular assembly; and wherever they were, they carried these elements, and varied them, as force compelled or circumstances required. As far as England is concerned, the excellent dissertations of Mr. Freeman and Mr. Stubbs have proved this in the amplest manner, and brought it home to the persons who cannot claim to possess much antiquarian learning. The history of the English Constitution, as far as the world cares for it, is, in fact, the complex history of the popular element in this ancient polity, which was sometimes weaker and sometimes stronger, but which has never died out, has commonly possessed great though varying power, and is now entirely predominant. The history of this growth is the history of the English people; and the discussions about this constitution and the discussions within it, the controversies as to its structure and the controversies as to its true effects, have mainly trained the English political intellect, in so far as it is trained. But in much of Europe, and in England particularly, the influence of religion has been very different from what it was in antiquity. It has been an influence of discussion. Since Luther's time there has been a conviction more or less rooted, that a man may by an intellectual process think out a religion for himself, and that, as the highest of all duties, he ought to do so. The influence of this political discussion, and the influence of the religious discussion, have been so long and so firmly combined, and have so effectually enforced one another, that the old notions of loyalty, and fealty, and authority, as they existed in the Middle Ages, have now over the best minds almost no effect.

It is true that the influence of discussion is not the only force which has produced this vast effect. Both in ancient and in modern times other forces co-operated with it. Trade, for example, is obviously a force which has done much to bring men of different customs and different beliefs into close contiguity, and has thus aided to change the customs and the beliefs of them all. Colonisation is another such influence: it settles men among Aborigines of alien race and usages, and it commonly compels the colonists not to be over-strict in the choice of their own elements; they are obliged to coalesce with and "adopt" useful bands and useful men, though their ancestral customs may not be identical, nay, though they may be, in fact, opposite to their own. In modern Europe, the existence of a cosmopolite Church, claiming to be above nations, and really extending through nations, and the scattered remains of Roman law and Roman civilization co-operated with the liberating influence of political discussion. And so did other causes also. But perhaps in no case have these subsidiary causes alone been able to generate intellectual freedom; certainly in all the most remarkable cases the influence of discussion

has presided at the creation of that freedom, and has been active and dominant in it.

No doubt apparent cases of exception may easily be found. It may be said that in the court of Augustus there was much general intellectual freedom, an almost entire detachment from ancient prejudice, but that there was no free political discussion at all. But, then, the ornaments of that time were derived from a time of great freedom: it was the republic which trained the men whom the empire ruled. The close congregation of most miscellaneous elements under the empire, was, no doubt, of itself unfavourable to inherited prejudice, and favourable to intellectual exertion. Yet, except in the instance of the Church, which is a peculiar subject that requires a separate discussion, how little was added to what the republic left! The power of free interchange of ideas being wanting, the ideas themselves were barren. Also, no doubt, much intellectual freedom may emanate from countries of free political discussion, and penetrate to countries where that discussion is limited. Thus the intellectual freedom of France in the eighteenth century was in great part owing to the proximity of and incessant intercourse with England and Holland. Voltaire resided among us; and every page of the "*Esprit des Lois*" proves how much Montesquieu learned from living here. But, of course, it was only part of the French culture which was so derived: the germ might be foreign, but the tissue was native. And very naturally, for it would be absurd to call the *ancien régime* a government without discussion: discussion abounded there, only, by reason of the bad form of the government, it was never sure with ease and certainty to affect political action. The despotism "*tempered by epigram*," was a government which permitted argument of licentious freedom within changing limits, and which was ruled by that argument spasmodically and practically, though not in name or consistently.

But though in the earliest and in the latest time government by discussion has been a principal organ for improving mankind, yet, from its origin, it is a plant of singular delicacy. At first the chances are much against its living. In the beginning, the members of a free state are of necessity few. The essence of it requires that discussion shall be brought home to those members. But in early time, when writing is difficult, reading rare, and representation undiscovered, those who are to be guided by the discussion must hear it with their own ears, must be brought face to face with the orator, and must feel his influence for themselves. The first free states were little towns, smaller than any political division which we now have, except the Republic of Andorre, which is a sort of vestige of them. It is in the market-place of the country town, as we should now speak, and in petty matters concerning the market-town, that dis-

cussion began, and thither all the long train of its consequences may be traced back. Some historical inquirers, like myself, can hardly look at such a place without some sentimental musing, poor and trivial as the thing seems. But such small towns are very feeble. Numbers in the earliest wars, as in the latest, are a main source of victory. And in early times one kind of state is very common and is exceedingly numerous. In every quarter of the globe we find great populations compacted by traditional custom and consecrated sentiment, which are ruled by some soldier—generally some soldier of a foreign tribe, who has conquered them, and, as it has been said, “vaulted on the back” of them, or whose ancestors have done so. These great populations ruled by a single will, have, doubtless, trodden down and destroyed innumerable little cities who were just beginning their freedom.

In this way the Greek cities in Asia were subjected to the Persian power, and so *ought* the cities in Greece proper to have been subjected also. Every schoolboy must have felt that nothing but amazing folly and unmatched mismanagement saved Greece from conquest both in the time of Xerxes and in that of Darius. The fortunes of intellectual civilization were then at the mercy of what seems an insignificant probability. If the Persian leaders had only shown that decent skill and ordinary military prudence which it was likely they would show, Grecian freedom would have been at an end. Athens, like so many Ionian cities on the other side of the *Ægean*, would have been absorbed into a great despotism; all we now remember her for we should not remember, for it would never have occurred. Her citizens might have been ingenious, and imitative, and clever; they could not certainly have been free and original. Rome was preserved from subjection to a great empire by her fortunate distance from one. The early wars of Rome are with cities like Rome—about equal in size, though inferior in valour. It was only when she had conquered Italy that she began to measure herself against Asiatic despotisms. She became great enough to beat them before she advanced far enough to contend with them. But such great good fortune was and must be rare. Unnumbered little cities which might have rivalled Rome or Athens doubtless perished without a sign long before history was imagined. The small size and slight strength of early free states made them always liable to easy destruction.

And their internal frailty is even greater. As soon as discussion begins the savage propensities of men break forth; even in modern communities, where those propensities, too, have been weakened by ages of culture, and repressed by ages of obedience, as soon as a vital topic for discussion is well started the keenest and most violent passions break forth. Easily destroyed as are early free states by

forces from without, they are even more liable to destruction by forces from within.

On this account such states are very rare in history. Upon the first view of the facts a speculation might even be set up that they were peculiar to a particular race. By far the most important free institutions, and the only ones which have left living representatives in the world, are the offspring either of the first constitutions of the classical nations or of the first constitutions of the Germanic nations. All living freedom runs back to them, and those truths which at first sight would seem the whole of historical freedom, can be traced to them. And both the Germanic and the classical nations belong to what ethnologists call the Arian race. Plausibly it might be argued that the power of forming free states was superior in and peculiar to that family of mankind. But unfortunately for this easy theory the facts are inconsistent with it. In the first place, all the so-called Arian race certainly is not free. The eastern Arians—those, for example, who speak languages derived from the Sanscrit—are among the most slavish divisions of mankind. To offer the Bengalese a free constitution, and to expect them to work one, would be the maximum of human folly. There then must be something else besides Arian descent which is necessary to fit men for discussion and train them for liberty; and, what is worse, some non-Arian races have been capable of freedom. Carthage, for example, was a Semitic republic. We do not know all the details of its constitution, but we know enough for our present purpose. We know that it was a government in which many purposes took part, and under which discussion was constant, active, and conclusive. No doubt Tyre, the parent city of Carthage, the other colonies of Tyre besides Carthage, and the colonies of Carthage, were all as free as Carthage. We have thus a whole group of ancient republics of non-Arian race, and one which, being more ancient than the classical republics, could not have borrowed from or imitated them. So that the theory which would make government by discussion the exclusive patrimony of a single race of mankind is on the face of it untenable.

I am not prepared with any simple counter theory. I cannot profess to explain completely why a very small minimum of mankind were, as long as we know of them, possessed of a polity which as time went on suggested discussions of principle, and why the great majority of mankind had nothing like it. This is almost as hopeless as asking why Milton was a genius and why Bacon was a philosopher. Indeed it is the same, because the causes which give birth to the startling varieties of individual character, and those which give birth to similar varieties of national character, are, in fact, the same. I have, indeed, endeavoured to show that a marked

type of individual character once originating in a nation and once strongly preferred by it, is likely to be fixed on it and to be permanent in it from causes which were stated. Granted the beginning of the type, we may, I think, explain its development and aggravation; but we cannot in the least explain why the incipient type of curious characters broke out, if I may so say, in one place rather than in another. Climate and "physical" surroundings, in the largest sense, have unquestionably much influence; they are one factor in the cause, but they are not the only factor; for we find most dissimilar races of men living in the same climate and affected by the same surroundings, and we have every reason to believe that those unlike races have so lived as neighbours for ages. The cause of types must be something outside the tribe acting on something within—something inherited by the tribe. But what that something is I do not know that any one can in the least explain.

The following conditions may, I think, be historically traced to the nation capable of a polity, which suggests principles for discussion, and so leads to progress. First, the nation must possess the *patria potestas* in some form so marked as to give family life a distinctness and a precision, and to make a home education and a home discipline probable and possible. While descent is traced only through the mother, and while the family is therefore a vague entity, no progress to a high polity is possible. Secondly, that polity would seem to have been created very gradually; by the aggregation of families into clans or *gentes*, and of clans into nations, and then again by the widening of nations, so as to include circumjacent outsiders, as well as the first compact and sacred group—the number of parties to a discussion was at first augmented very slowly. Thirdly, the number of "open" subjects—as we should say nowadays—that is, of subjects on which public opinion was optional, and on which discussion was admitted, was at first very small. Custom ruled everything originally, and the area of free argument was enlarged but very slowly. If I am at all right, that area could only be enlarged thus slowly, for custom was in early days the cement of society, and if you suddenly questioned such custom you would destroy society. But though the existence of these conditions may be traced historically, and though the reason of them may be explained philosophically, they do not completely solve the question why some nations have the polity and some not; on the contrary, they plainly leave a large "residual phenomenon" unexplained and unknown.

II.

In this manner politics or discussion broke up the old bonds of custom which were now strangling mankind, though they had once

aided and helped it. But this is only one of the many gifts which those polities have conferred, are conferring, and will confer on mankind. I am not going to write a eulogium on liberty, but I wish to set down three points which have not been sufficiently noticed.

Civilized ages inherit the human nature which was victorious in barbarous ages, and that nature is, in many respects, not at all suited to civilized circumstances. A main and principal excellence in the early times of the human race is the impulse to action. The problems before men are then plain and simple. The man who works hardest, the man who kills the most deer, the man who catches the most fish—even later on, the man who tends the largest herds, or the man who tills the largest field—is the man who succeeds; the nation which is quickest to kill its enemies, or which kills most of its enemies, is the nation which succeeds. All the inducements of early society tend to foster immediate action; all its penalties fall on the man who pauses; the traditional wisdom of those times was never weary of inculcating that “delays are dangerous,” and that the sluggish man—the man “who roasteth not that which he took in hunting”—will not prosper on the earth, and indeed will very soon perish out of it. And in consequence an inability to stay quiet, an irritable desire to act directly, is one of the most conspicuous failings of mankind.

Pascal said that most of the evils of life arose from “man’s being unable to sit still in a room;” and though I do not go that length, it is certain that we should have been a far wiser race than we are if we had been readier to sit quiet—we should have known much better the way in which it was best to act when we came to act. The rise of physical science, the first great body of practical truth proveable to all men, exemplifies this in the plainest way. If it had not been for quiet people, who sat still and studied the sections of the cone, if other quiet people had not sat still and studied the theory of infinitesimals, or other quiet people had not sat still and worked out the doctrine of chances, the most “dreamy moonshine,” as the purely practical mind would consider, of all human pursuits; if “idle stargazers” had not watched long and carefully the motions of the heavenly bodies—our modern astronomy would have been impossible, and without our astronomy our “ships, our colonies, our seamen,” all which makes modern life modern life could not have existed. Ages of sedentary, quiet, thinking people were required before that noisy existence began, and without those pale preliminary students it never could have been brought into being. And nine-tenths of modern science is in this respect the same; it is the produce of men whom their contemporaries thought dreamers—who were laughed at for caring for what did not concern them, who, as the proverb went, “walked into a well from looking at the stars;” who were believed to be useless, if any one could be such. And the conclusion is plain

that if there had been more such people, if the world had not laughed at those there were, if rather it had encouraged them, there would have been a great accumulation of proved science ages before there was. It was the irritable activity, the "wish to be doing something," that prevented it. Most men inherited a nature too eager and too restless to be quiet and find out things, and even worse; with their idle clamour they "disturbed the brooding hen," they would not let those be quiet who wished to be so, and out of whose calm thought much good might have come forth.

If we consider how much science has done and how much it is doing for mankind, and if the over-activity of men is proved to be the cause why science came so late into the world, and is so small and scanty still, that will convince most people that our over-activity is a very great evil. But this is only part, and perhaps not the greatest part of the harm that over-activity does. As I have said, it is inherited from times when life was simple, objects were plain, and quick action generally led to desirable ends. If A kills B before B kills A, then A survives, and the human race is a race of A's. But the issues of life are plain no longer. To act rightly in modern society requires a great deal of previous study, a great deal of assimilated information, a great deal of sharpened imagination; and these prerequisites of sound action require much time, and, I was going to say, much "lying in the sun," a long period of "mere passiveness." Even the art of killing one another, which at first particularly trained men to be quick, now requires them to be slow. A hasty general is the worst of generals nowadays; the best is a sort of Von Moltke, who is passive if any man ever was passive; who is silent in seven languages; who possesses more and better accumulated information as to the best way of killing people than any one who ever lived. This man plays a restrained and considerate game of chess with his enemy. I wish the art of benefiting men had kept pace with the art of destroying them; for though war has become slow, philanthropy has remained hasty. The most melancholy of human reflections, perhaps, is that, on the whole, it is a question whether the benevolence of mankind does most good or harm. Great good, no doubt, philanthropy does, but then it also does great evil. It augments so much vice, it multiplies so much suffering, it brings to life such great populations to suffer and to be vicious, that it is open to argument whether it be or be not an evil to the world, and this is entirely because excellent people fancy that they can do much by rapid action—that they will most benefit the world when they most relieve their own feelings; that as soon as an evil is seen "something" ought to be done to stay and prevent it. One may incline to hope that the balance of good over evil is in favour of benevolence; one can hardly bear to think that it is not so; but anyhow it

is certain that there is a most heavy debit of evil, and that this burden might almost all have been spared us if philanthropists as well as others had not inherited from their barbarous forefathers a wild passion for instant action.

Even in commerce, which is now the main occupation of mankind, and one in which there is a ready test of success and failure wanting in many higher pursuits, the same disposition to excessive action is very apparent to careful observers. Part of every mania is caused by the impossibility to get people to confine themselves to the amount of business for which their capital is sufficient, and in which they can engage safely. In some degree, of course, this is caused by the wish to get rich ; but in a considerable degree, too, by the mere love of activity. There is a greater propensity to action in such men than they have the means of gratifying. Operations with their own capital will only occupy four hours of the day, and they wish to be active and to be industrious for eight hours, and so they are ruined. If they could only have sat idle the other four hours, they would have been rich men. The amusements of mankind, at least of the English part of mankind, teach the same lesson. Our shooting, our hunting, our travelling, our climbing have become laborious pursuits. It is a common saying abroad that "an Englishman's notion of a holiday is a fatiguing journey ;" and this is only another way of saying that the immense energy and activity which have given us our place in the world has in many cases descended to those who do not find in modern life any mode of using that activity, and of venting that energy.

Even the abstract speculations of mankind bear conspicuous traces of the same excessive impulse. Every sort of philosophy has been systematised, and yet as these philosophies utterly contradict one another, most of them cannot be true. Unproved abstract principles without number have been eagerly caught up by sanguine men, and then carefully spun out into books and theories, which were to explain the whole world. But the world goes clear against these abstractions, and it must do so as they require it to go in antagonistic directions. The mass of a system attracts the young and impresses the unwary ; but cultivated people are very dubious about it. They are ready to receive hints and suggestions, and the smallest real truth is ever welcome. But a large book of deductive philosophy is much to be suspected. No doubt the deductions may be right ; in most writers they are so ; but where did the premises come from ? Who is sure that they are the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, of the matter in hand ? Who is not almost sure beforehand that they will contain a strange mixture of truth and error, and therefore that it will not be worth while to spend life in reasoning over their consequences. In a word, the superfluous energy of

mankind has flowed over into philosophy, and has worked into big systems what should have been left as little suggestions.

And if the old systems of thought are not true *as* systems, neither is the new revolt from them to be trusted in its whole vigour. There is the same original vice in that also. There is an excessive energy in revolutions if there is such energy anywhere. The passion for action is quite as ready to pull down as to build up; probably it is more ready, for the task is easier.

“ Old things need not be therefore true,
O brother men, nor yet the new;
Ah, still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again.”

But this is exactly what the human mind will not do. It will act somehow at once. It will not “consider it again.”

But it will be said, What has government by discussion to do with these things? Will it prevent them, or even mitigate them? It can and does do both in the very plainest way. If you want to stop instant and immediate action, always make it a condition that the action shall not begin till a considerable number of persons have talked over it, and have agreed on it. If those persons be people of different temperaments, different ideas, and different educations, you have an almost infallible security that nothing, or almost nothing, will be done with excessive rapidity. Each kind of persons will have their spokesman; each spokesman will have his characteristic objection, and each his characteristic counter proposition, and so in the end nothing will probably be done, or at least only the minimum which is plainly urgent. In many cases this delay may be dangerous; in many cases quick action will be preferable. A campaign, as Macaulay well says, cannot be directed by a “debating society;” and many other kinds of action also require a single and absolute general. But for the purpose now in hand—that of preventing hasty action, and ensuring elaborate consideration—there is no device like a polity of discussion.

The enemies of this object—the people who want to act quickly—see this very distinctly. They are for ever explaining that the present is “an age of committees,” that the committees do nothing, that all evaporates in talk. Their great enemy is Parliamentary Government; they call it, after Mr. Carlyle, the “national palaver;” they add up the hours that are consumed in it, and the speeches which are made in it, and they sigh for a time when England might again be ruled, as it once was, by a Cromwell—that is, when an eager, absolute man might do exactly what other eager men wished, and do it immediately. All these inventions are perpetual and many-sided; they come from philosophers, each of whom wants some new

scheme tried ; from philanthropists, who want some evil abated ; from **revolutionists**, who want some old institution destroyed ; from new **æraists**, who want their new æra started forthwith. And they all are distinct admissions that a polity of discussion is the greatest **hindrance** to the inherited mistake of human nature, to the desire to **act** promptly, which in a simple age is so excellent, but which in a **later** and complex time leads to so much evil.

The same accusation against our age sometimes takes a more **general** form. It is alleged that our energies are diminishing ; that **ordinary** and average men have not the quick determination now-**adays** which they used to have when the world was younger ; that **not** only do not committees and parliaments act with rapid **decisiveness**, but that no one now so acts. And I hope that in fact this is **true**, for according to me, it proves that the hereditary barbaric **impulse** is decaying and dying out. So far from thinking the **quality** attributed to us a defect, I wish that those who complain of it **were** far more right than I much fear they are. Still, certainly, **eager** and violent action is somewhat diminished, though only by a **small** fraction of what it ought to be. And I believe that this is in **great** part due, in England at least, to our government by **discussion**, which has fostered a general intellectual tone, a diffused **disposition** to weigh evidence, a conviction that much may be said on every **side** of everything which the elder and more fanatic ages of the **world** wanted. This is the real reason why our energies seem so **much** less than those of our fathers. When we have a definite end in **view**, which we know we want, and which we think we know how to obtain, we can act well enough. The campaigns of our soldiers are as **energetic** as any campaigns ever were ; the speculations of our merchants have greater promptitude, greater audacity, greater **vigour** than any such speculations ever had before. In old times a few ideas got possession of men and communities, but this is happily now possible no longer. We see how incomplete these old ideas were ; how almost by chance one seized on one man and nation, and another on another ; how often one set of men have persecuted another set for opinions on subjects of which neither, we now perceive, knew anything. It might be well if a greater number of effectual demonstrations existed among mankind ; but while no such demonstrations exist, and while the evidence which completely convinces one man seems to another trifling and insufficient, let us recognise the plain position of inevitable doubt. Let us not be bigots with a doubt, and persecutors without a creed. We are beginning to see this, and we are railed at for so beginning. But it is a great benefit, and it is to the incessant prevalence of detective discussion that our doubts are due ; and much of that discussion is due to the long existence of a government requiring constant debates, written and oral.

This is one of the unrecognised benefits of free government, one

of the modes in which it counteracts the excessive inherited impulses of humanity. There is another also for which it does the same, but which I can only touch delicately, and which at first sight will seem ridiculous. The most successful races, other things being equal, are those which multiply the fastest. In the conflicts of mankind numbers have ever been a great power. The most numerous group has always had an advantage over the less numerous, and the fastest breeding group has always tended to be the most numerous. In consequence, human nature has descended into a comparatively uncontentious civilization, with a desire far in excess of what is needed; with a "felt want," as political economists would say, altogether greater than the "real want." A walk in London is all which is necessary to establish this. "The great sin of great cities" is one vast evil consequent upon it. And who is to reckon up how much these words mean? How many spoiled lives, how many broken hearts, how many wasted bodies, how many ruined minds, how much misery pretending to be gay, how much gaiety feeling itself to be miserable, how much after mental pain, how much eating and transmitted disease. And in the moral part of the world, how many minds are racked by incessant anxiety, how many thoughtful imaginations which might have left something to mankind are debased to mean cares, how much every successive generation sacrifices to the next, how little does any of them make of itself in comparison with what might be. And how many Irelands have there been in the world where men would have been contented and happy if they had only been fewer; how many more Irelands would there have been if the intrusive numbers had not been kept down by infanticide and vice and misery. How painful is the conclusion that it is dubious whether all the machines and inventions of mankind "have yet lightened the day's labour of a human being." They have enabled more people to exist, but these people work just as hard and are just as mean and miserable as the elder and the fewer.

But it will be said of this passion just as it was said of the passion of activity. Granted that it is in excess, how can you say, how on earth can any one say, that government by discussion can in any way cure or diminish it? Cure this evil that government certainly will not; but tend to diminish it—I think it does and may. To show that I am not making premises to support a conclusion so abnormal, I will quote a passage from Mr. Spencer, the philosopher who has done most to illustrate this subject:—

"That future progress of civilization which the never-ceasing pressure of population must produce, will be accompanied by an enhanced cost of Individuation, both in structure and function; and more especially in nervous structure and function. The peaceful struggle for existence in societies ever growing more crowded and

more complicated, must have for its concomitant an increase of the great nervous centres in mass, in complexity, in activity. The larger body of emotion needed as a fountain of energy for men who have to hold their places and rear their families under the intensifying competition of social life, is, other things equal, the correlative of larger brain. Those higher feelings presupposed by the better self-regulation which, in a better society, can alone enable the individual to leave a persistent posterity, are, other things equal, the correlatives of a more complex brain; as are also those more numerous, more varied, more general, and more abstract ideas, which must also become increasingly requisite for successful life as society advances. And the genesis of this larger quantity of feeling and thought in a brain thus augmented in size and developed in structure, is, other things equal, the correlative of a greater wear of nervous tissue and greater consumption of materials to repair it. So that both in original cost of construction and in subsequent cost of working, the nervous system must become a heavier tax on the organism. Already the brain of the civilized man is larger by nearly thirty per cent. than the brain of the savage. Already, too, it presents an increased heterogeneity—especially in the distribution of its convolutions. And further changes like these which have taken place under the discipline of civilized life, we infer will continue to take place. . . . But everywhere and always, evolution is antagonistic to procreative dissolution. Whether it be in greater growth of the organs which subserve self-maintenance, whether it be in their added complexity of structure, or whether it be in their higher activity, the abstraction of the required materials implies a diminished reserve of materials for race-maintenance. And we have seen reason to believe that this antagonism between Individuation and Genesis becomes unusually marked where the nervous system is concerned, because of the costliness of nervous structure and function. In § 346 was pointed out the apparent connection between high cerebral development and prolonged delay of sexual maturity; and in §§ 366, 367, the evidence went to show that where exceptional fertility exists there is sluggishness of mind, and that where there has been during education excessive expenditure in mental action, there frequently follows a complete or partial infertility. Hence the particular kind of further evolution which Man is hereafter to undergo, is one which, more than any other, may be expected to cause a decline in his power of reproduction."

This means that men who have to live an intellectual life, or who can be induced to lead one, will be likely not to have so many children as they would otherwise have had. In particular cases this may not be true; such men may even have many children—they may be men in all ways of unusual power and vigour. But they will not

have their maximum of posterity—will not have so many as they would have had if they had been careless or thoughtless men; and so, upon an average, the issue of such intellectualised men will be less numerous than those of the unintellectual.

Now, supposing this philosophical doctrine to be true—and the best philosophers, I think, believe it—its application to the case in hand is plain. Nothing promotes intellect like intellectual discussion, and nothing promotes intellectual discussion so much as government by discussion. The perpetual atmosphere of intellectual inquiry acts powerfully, as every one may see by looking about him in London, upon the constitution both of men and women. There is only a certain *quantum* of power in each of our race; if it goes in one way it is spent, and cannot go in another. The intellectual atmosphere abstracts strength to intellectual matters; it tends to divert that strength which the circumstances of early society directed to the multiplication of numbers; and as a polity of discussion tends, above all things, to produce an intellectual atmosphere, the two things which seemed so far off have been shown to be near, and free government has, in a second case, been shown to tend to cure an inherited excess of human nature.

Lastly, a polity of discussion not only tends to diminish our inherited defects, but also, in one case at least, to augment a heritable excellence. It tends to strengthen and increase a subtle quality or combination of qualities singularly useful in practical life—a quality which it is not easy to describe exactly, and the issues of which it would require not a remnant of an essay, but a whole essay to elucidate completely. This quality I call *animated moderation*.

If any one were asked to describe what it is which distinguishes the writings of a man of genius who is also a great man of the world from all other writings, I think he would use these same words, “animated moderation.” He would say that such writings are never slow, are never excessive, are never exaggerated; that they are always instinct with judgment, and yet that judgment is never a dull judgment; that they have as much spirit in them as would go to make a wild writer, and yet that every line of them is the product of a sane and sound writer. The best and almost perfect instance of this in English is Scott. Homer was perfect in it, as far as we can judge; Shakespeare is often perfect in it for long together, though then, from the defects of a bad education and a vicious age, all at once he loses himself in excesses. Still, Homer, and Shakespeare at his best, and Scott, though in other respects so unequal to them, have this remarkable quality in common—this union of life with measure, of spirit with reasonableness.

In action it is equally this quality in which the English—at least so I claim it for them—excel all other nations. There is an infinite

deal to be laid against us, and as we are unpopular with most others, and as we are always grumbling at ourselves, there is no want of people to say it. But, after all, in a certain sense, England is a success in the world; her career has had many faults, but still it has been a fine and winning career upon the whole. And this on account of the exact possession of this particular quality. What is the making of a successful merchant? That he has plenty of energy, and yet that he does not go too far. And if you ask for a description of a great practical Englishman, you will be sure to have this, or something like it, "Oh, he has plenty of go in him; but he knows when to pull up." He may have all other defects in him; he may be coarse, he may be illiterate, he may be stupid to talk to; still this great union of spur and bridle, of energy and moderation, will remain to him. Probably he will hardly be able to explain why he stops when he does stop, or why he continued to move as long as he, in fact, moved; but still, as by a rough instinct, he pulls up pretty much where he should, though he was going at such a pace before.

There is no better example of this quality in English statesmen than Lord Palmerston. There are, of course, many most serious accusations to be made against him. The sort of homage with which he was regarded in the last years of his life has passed away; the spell is broken, and the magic cannot be again revived. We may think that his information was meagre, that his imagination was narrow, that his aims were short-sighted and faulty. But though we may often object to his objects, we can rarely find much to criticise in his means. "He went," it has been said, "with a great swing;" but he never tumbled over; he always managed to pull up "before there was any danger." He was an odd man to have inherited Hampden's motto; still, in fact, there was a great trace in him of *mediocria firma*—as much, probably, as there could be in any one of such great vivacity and buoyancy.

It is plain that this is a quality which as much, if not more, than any other multiplies good results in practical life. It enables men to see what is good; it gives them intellect enough for sufficient perception; but it does not make men all intellect; it does not "sickly them over with the pale cast of thought;" it enables them to do the good things they see to be good, as well as to see that they are good. And it is plain that a government by popular discussion tends to produce this quality. A strongly idiosyncratic mind, violently disposed to extremes of opinion, is soon weeded out of political life, and a bodiless thinker, an ineffectual scholar, cannot even live there for a day. A vigorous moderateness in mind and body is the rule of a polity which works by discussion; and, upon the whole, it is the kind of temper most suited to the active life of such a being as man in such a world as the present one.

These three great benefits of free government, though great, are entirely secondary to its continued usefulness in the mode in which it originally was useful. The first great benefit was the deliverance of mankind from the superannuated yoke of customary law, by the gradual development of an inquisitive originality. And it continues to produce that effect upon persons apparently far remote from its influence, and on subjects with which it has nothing to do. Thus Mr. Mundella, a most experienced and capable judge, tells us that the English artisan, though so much less sober, less instructed, and less refined than the artisans of some other countries, is yet more inventive than any other artisan. The master will get more good suggestions from him than from any other.

Again, upon plausible grounds—looking, for example, to the position of Locke and Newton in the science of the last century, and to that of Darwin in our own—it may be argued that there is some quality in English thought which makes them strike out as many, if not more, first-rate and original suggestions than nations of greater scientific culture and more diffused scientific interest. In both cases I believe the reason of the English originality to be that government by discussion quickens and enlivens thought all through society; that it makes people think no harm may come of thinking; that in England this force has long been operating, and so it has developed more of all kinds of people ready to use their mental energy in their own way, and not ready to use it in any other way than a despotic government. And so rare is great originality among mankind, and so great are its fruits, that this one benefit of free government probably outweighs what are in many cases its accessory evils. Of itself it justifies, or goes far to justify, our saying with Montesquieu, “Whatever be the cost of this glorious liberty, we must be content to pay it to heaven.”

WALTER BAGEHOT.

NEW THEORIES IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

IN the concluding remarks of Professor Jevons's able and original work¹ he enters a protest against "the too great influence of authoritative writers in political economy," urging, as a plea for the boldness of his own speculations, the existence of a "tendency of a most hurtful kind to allow opinions to crystallise into creeds." I should be inclined to deprecate quite as strongly as he does the tendency in question, could I perceive its existence; but I own I am quite unable to do so. So far from this, what strikes me as the most notable feature in recent economic publications—almost the only circumstance, indeed, which they have in common—is the entire freedom manifested by the writers from any such subserviency to authority as Mr. Jevons deprecates. With the single exception of Professor Fawcett's manual and Mrs. Fawcett's smaller treatise, I am unable to recall a single work published within the last twenty years in which principles, more or less fundamental in what Mr. Jevons would call the accepted system of political economy, have not been freely brought in question. In the writings, for example, of Mr. McLeod, of Professor Rickards, of Professor Rogers, of Mr. Thornton, of Mr. Longe, of Mr. Jennings, of Professor Hearne, and of Professor Jevons himself, not to mention French and American publications, I think it would be difficult to discover indications of that subservient and timid spirit against which we are warned. Indeed, I must frankly own that my apprehensions take an entirely different direction; and that what I should be disposed to deprecate in the treatment of economic questions is something the exact reverse of excessive deference for authority—an eagerness to rush into difficult speculations, and to propound crude solutions of complicated problems, in entire disregard, or at all events without due study, of what has been done towards elucidating those subjects by previous thinkers. Not, indeed, that I consider political economy to have spoken its last word—very far from this—or even to have received in any of its branches final and definite form; and still less that I desire to see a "despotic calm" in economic speculation, but that I think impatience of authority may in science be carried too far. What appears to be due to the great names in any province of thought is that their opinions should be candidly studied before being set aside, and that, so far as is consistent with scientific convenience, the new developments of doctrine, suggested by enlarged investigation, should be built upon the results of past thought, where these are found to

(1) "The Theory of Political Economy." By W. S. Jevons. Macmillan & Co.

be sound. It appears to me that no presumption can be greater than that of a writer who, dealing with problems of extreme difficulty, which have been the subject of the prolonged and intense meditation of some generations of able men, coolly thinks he may disregard all that has been done, and strike out at a heat, by his unassisted genius, solutions which they have failed to discover; and it is towards this extreme, as it seems to me, far rather than towards servile acquiescence in established doctrines, that the intellectual habit prevailing among those who engage in economic discussion tends at the present time. It is, indeed, true that we find abundant appeals on all hands to "the established principles of political economy;" but what is the value of such appeals? The dogmas appealed to are, in the great majority of cases, no more principles of political economy than they are principles of the black art, but, as Mr. Jevons would no doubt be the first to admit, the merest plausibilities—platitudes, for example, about supply and demand—either evolved at the moment from the moral consciousness of the reasoner, or which have somehow got current, possibly as having what is considered the proper scientific ring. I am, therefore, wholly unable to join in the present protest against the alleged servile spirit of modern economic speculation. It is anarchy, as it seems to me, rather than despotism, with which we are menaced. Mr. Jevons, indeed, thinks that in the "republic of the sciences sedition and even anarchy are commendable." But in this view I cannot concur. As I regard the matter, sedition is only commendable when preceded by knowledge of the principles against which the revolt is made, and perception of their inadequacy; nor can I think that anarchy is commendable at all; at best it is only preferable to absolute stagnation.

It would seem, therefore, that our author has no need to be apprehensive of his views failing to receive the attention they undoubtedly deserve from any indisposition on the part of economists to entertain novel doctrines. Every one will acknowledge the perfect competency of so able and accomplished a writer to challenge any principle of political economy, it matters not by what names it may be endorsed; and he will, on his side, no doubt be prepared to find opinions, deviating so widely as some of his do from those which have been held by some very able men, severely and even jealously canvassed. Mr. Jevons has diverged from the beaten track in two directions—on the question of the method by which political economy ought to be cultivated, and also on some of its substantive doctrines. As regards method, he thinks that economic principles may be best developed by means of mathematics; while he has propounded, on the subject of value in exchange, as well as on some other doctrines of the science, some views of more or less novelty. A few remarks on his doctrine of value are all I shall venture on, on the present occasion.

The phenomena of exchange-value involve two perfectly distinct problems, which, one is surprised to find, Mr. Jevons does not discriminate—the problem as to normal or average, or (to use Adam Smith's phrase) "natural" values, and that as to fluctuations of value, or, as it is commonly expressed, "market values." Of course all exchanges whatever, at least all with which political economy is concerned, take place in a market, and therefore all values are in a sense "market values;" but the exchanges of the market may be considered either with a view to the law of their fluctuations, or with reference to that which governs them as average or normal phenomena, when taken over periods long enough to allow disturbing causes to neutralize each other. It is one thing to inquire why the price of wheat is higher to-day than yesterday, this year than last; it is an entirely different inquiry why its price is *on an average* higher than that of oats, or why gold is *on an average* of higher value than silver, silver than copper, copper than iron. These two problems I say are distinct. It is of course conceivable that a solution may be found which shall embrace both; and, as Mr. Jevons has ignored the distinction, this, I presume, is what we are to understand his theory as undertaking to do.

That theory is not absolutely new; at least it seems to me that I perceive in it a conception of the law of value at bottom the same with that propounded by Bastiat in his "*Harmonies Economiques*."¹ But in form, and in the exposition, the doctrine now advanced appears, so far as I know, for the first time. It is briefly as follows:—Exchange-value, or, as Mr. Jevons prefers to call it, "the ratio of exchange," depends upon utility—that is to say, corresponds with, and expresses the relative utility of, the commodities exchanged; but "utility" is here to be taken, not as ordinarily understood, as expressing the capacity in general of a commodity to satisfy a human desire, but in a sense which will be gathered from the following passage:—

"We can never say absolutely," says Mr. Jevons, "that some objects have utility and others have not. The ore lying in the mine, the diamond escaping the eye of the searcher, the wheat lying unreaped, the fruit ungathered for want of consumers, have not utility at all. The most wholesome and necessary kinds of food are useless unless there are hands to collect and mouths to eat them. Nor, when we consider the matter closely, can we say that all portions of the same commodity possess equal utility. Water, for instance, may be roughly described as the most useful of all substances. A quart of water per day has the high utility of saving a person from dying in a most distressing manner. Several gallons a day may possess much utility for such purposes as cooking and washing; but after an adequate supply is secured for these uses, any additional quantity is a matter of indifference. All that we can say, then, is, that water, up to a certain quantity, is indispensable; that further quantities will have various degrees of utility; but that beyond a certain point the utility appears to cease.

"Exactly the same considerations apply more or less clearly to every other

(1) Examined in the *Fortnightly Review*, Oct. 1870.

article. A pound of bread per day supplied to a person saves him from starvation, and has the highest conceivable utility. A second pound per day has also no slight utility: it keeps him in a state of comparative plenty, though it be not altogether indispensable. A third pound would begin to be superfluous. It is clear, then, that *utility is not proportional to commodity*: the very same articles vary in utility according as we already possess more or less of the same article. The like may be said of other things. One suit of clothes per annum is necessary, a second convenient, a third desirable, a fourth not unacceptable; but we, sooner or later, reach a point at which further supplies are not desired with any perceptible force, unless it be for subsequent use."

In conformity with this view as to the varying degrees of utility incident to each commodity, the doctrine of exchange-value is thus laid down:—"The ratio of exchange of any two commodities will be inversely as the final degrees of utility of the quantities of commodity available for consumption after the exchange is effected;" in other words, the greater "the final degree of utility" in the case described, the smaller will be the quantity of the commodity which will be given in exchange for others, or the higher will be its exchange-value. Such is the theory, which may be considered from either of two points of view; either, 1, with reference to its truth as an expression of fact; or, 2, with reference to its importance as a means of elucidating the phenomena of wealth.

As regards the question of fact, our decision must evidently depend on the criterion which we adopt for estimating utility. "Utility," Mr. Jevons tells us, "corresponds to and is measured by pleasure." This seems sufficiently clear; but in truth it leaves the whole question open; for how are we to measure pleasure? Most people would, I think, say that the pleasure which a man derives from, let us say, the last drop of water that satisfies his thirst—in Mr. Jevons's language, the "terminal utility" of water—is substantially the same in all times and places. A man's capacity for enjoying a drink of water does not change with his change of locality. Or, again, I think it would be generally agreed that the pleasure derived from wearing a shirt or coat—given the constitution of the man and the climate—is not sensibly different now from what it was a century ago. The satisfaction would be regarded as depending upon the constitution of the human being in conjunction with the nature of the commodity. But, estimating utility by this method, Mr. Jevons's theory is manifestly untenable, since it is matter of fact that the exchange-value of water is not the same for all times and places, and it is equally certain that the price of all articles made of cloth or calico has greatly fallen within a century. Another measure of utility, therefore, must be found if the doctrine is to be accepted. For example, this view may be taken. It may be contended that the pleasure or utility which a man derives from the use of a commodity is not properly represented by the satisfaction arising from the action of the commodity upon his sensitive frame, but depends upon his esti-

rate of the commodity as indicated by the things which he is disposed to give in exchange for it. In other words, we may take exchange-value as the criterion of utility; and this in fact is the test which Mr. Jevons ultimately adopts. "The price of a commodity," he says (p. 140), "is the only test we have of the utility of the commodity to the purchaser." So that what we come to is this—exchange-value depends upon utility, and utility is measured and can only be known by exchange-value. With these explanations the theory may perhaps be saved, but what is the value of the doctrine thus emasculated? I own it seems to me to come so close to an identical proposition, that I am unable to distinguish it from that species of announcement. I fail to perceive in what way it throws light on any problem of economic science. What is the purpose of a theory of value? As I understand the matter, to inform us of the conditions on which this phenomenon depends. But, if the conditions the theory announces are something undistinguishable from the phenomenon itself, if their statement is merely another mode of expressing the fact, what is the importance of the information it conveys? We desire to know, for example, the course which exchange-value will take with the progress of society, or in consequence of changes in the modes and sources of production, in the case of such articles, suppose, as corn, meat, iron, coal, gold, and silver; and we are told it will correspond in each case with the "terminal utility" of the commodity. But of what avail is it to know this, unless we have some means of determining the "terminal utility," independent of the phenomenon in question? If the "terminal utility" can only be known by the exchange-value, how are we helped to a knowledge of the latter by being referred to the former? The importance of knowing the laws of Nature is that we may overcome Nature by obeying her—as Professor Huxley has put it, to avoid the boxes on the ear which Nature administers to those who neglect her warnings. But if the only intimation we can have of the law is the experience of the box, how are we bettered by our scientific knowledge?

The purely formal character of Mr. Jevons's doctrine is still more clearly brought into view in the following development of it:—

"What is the utility of one penny to a poor family earning fifty pounds a year? As a penny is an inconsiderable portion of their income, it may represent one of the indefinitely small increments, and its utility is equal to the utility of the quantity of bread, tea, sugar, or other articles which they could purchase with it, this utility depending upon the extent to which they were already provided with those articles. To a family possessing one thousand pounds a year, the utility of a penny may be measured in an exactly similar manner; but it will be found to be much less, because their want of any given commodity will be satiated or satisfied to a much greater extent, so that the urgency of need for a pennyworth more of any article is much reduced." (P. 133.)

Thus the "terminal utility" of a commodity will vary with the circumstances of each purchaser. The "terminal utility" of a pound of tea will be greater to a washerwoman than to a fine lady; from which some readers might be disposed to infer that, according to Mr. Jevons's theory, the washerwoman ought to pay more for her tea. But this would be a wrong inference; because the "terminal utility" of the money paid for the tea would, according to the standard adopted, be also different in the two cases, since it was to be measured by that of the tea itself. If the pound of tea be more useful to the washerwoman than to her rich neighbour, so also is the money paid for it; and thus, according to the theory, the price for each purchaser ought to be, as it is, the same. The theory thus may be saved by the simple process of depriving it of meaning. It cannot be said to be at variance with fact, since it merely asserts that the fact agrees with itself; but something more than this, I apprehend, is required of a scientific doctrine.

Besides the doctrine of value, there is much in Mr. Jevons's volume that will attract the attention of economists. In particular his view as to the amenability of economic problems to mathematical treatment is well deserving of consideration. Into this question, however, I do not now enter. I shall merely say that, while not denying that some of the doctrines of political economy may be exhibited mathematically, and may possibly thus be made clearer to some minds, my own belief is that this mode of presenting economic truths admits of but very limited application. When mathematics are carried further than this in the moral or social sciences, and used for conducting processes of reasoning, without constant reference to the concrete meaning of the terms for which the mathematical symbols are employed, I own I regard the practice with profound distrust. I must, however, defer to another occasion any attempt to vindicate my objections on this score.

J. E. CAIRNES.

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.¹

I NEED not remind many, or perhaps any of you, what a high rank among the illustrious dead has been conferred on St. Bernard by the Founder of Positivism. In the first place he appears in the calendar as the president of a week, the third week of the month St. Paul, a dignity which Comte thought justly due to only three other great names in the history of Catholicism—St. Augustin, Hildebrand, and Bossuet. Then we find him mentioned as the “incomparable St. Bernard,” and pronounced to be the “best type of complete Catholicism.” When we reflect that Comte further declared that through his philosophical meditations he was penetrated with a profound admiration for the general economy of the Catholic system, and that we ought more and more to consider it as “the political masterpiece of human wisdom,” the rare elevation ascribed to St. Bernard will be evident to all Positivists, at any rate. I think I cannot do better, therefore, than set forth in some little detail the grounds and the titles which confer upon St. Bernard this exceptional distinction.

Our subject divides itself under two great heads—the man, his endowments, graces, and accomplishments—and the time, the conditions in which he worked. And it will be better to take the last of these two, the Time, first.

The life of St. Bernard, who was born in 1091 and died in 1153, extends over the earlier portion of that bright period of the Middle Ages during which the Catholic-feudal system produced its maximum of good and social well-being. The pontificates of Gregory VII., on the one hand, and of Innocent III., on the other, mark off with much precision this exceptional epoch of prosperity and power of the Catholic-feudal *régime*. This epoch was the outcome of several centuries of sore travail. It was followed—is it not still followed?—by several centuries of travail as sore. In itself—in spite of its brevity and of many shortcomings in detail, it constitutes one of the greatest and most successful achievements in human history—one of those suggestive realities which open out before us precious and elevating ideals. We can here see, in spite of the unpromising materials with which the men of that day had to work, what admirable results may be obtained by a wise distribution of the social forces. The results I refer to are really one, the encouragement and facilitation to all good men of leading wide, self-sacrificing, and ennobling lives—not lives of selfish comfort, from which all

(1) A lecture delivered at the Positivist School, December 3, 1871.

pain and annoyance are carefully weeded, but lives in which pain will be accepted with alacrity, and discomfort with joy, for public and social ends.

And if we look closer into the reasons of this, we shall find them to be that men in that time were warmed by a glow of noble aspirations, that, coarse and weary as was often the round of daily life, their horizon was lit up by the consoling radiance of hope. The infinite consolation of grand social emotions shared by all, was theirs. The feeling of brotherhood was general, and cast a grace and dignity over the most unlovely details of actual existence. That exalted feeling of mutual help, dependence, and duty, which has often turned a small band of shipwrecked sailors into temporary heroes, was considerably diffused throughout the whole social organism. It is true a strong outburst of nationality has more than once in history remotely imitated this condition. The Athenians had it in the years which immediately followed the battle of Marathon, the English had it under Queen Elizabeth, the French had it in the early years of the great Revolution, and these epochs are remembered as among the brightest in the world. Those times had their miseries, as all times have had and will have, but they had also great consolations—consolations addressed to the best elements in our nature, while they reprovèd and abashed the less noble. The altruistic sentiments were appealed to by adequate stimulants, and the highest happiness man can know followed on their exercise. But the epoch we have under consideration was distinguished from those I have just named by its vastly greater permanence and solidity; though it also was transitory, and carried from the first the seeds of dissolution in the radical incoherence of its fundamental conception—Monotheism. But, while it lasted, it was greatly more durable and beneficent than the national outbursts, whether of Pericles, or Elizabeth, or Danton, and it gave to the world two unexampled centuries of rare calm and elevation of soul.

Both the feudal society and the Catholic Church had undergone great changes and improvements when St. Bernard came into the world, as compared with their former state. In their remoteness the Middle Ages are often apt to appear to us as of one indistinguishable grey colour, in which the succeeding centuries appear very much alike. On a closer view this is found not to be so. The tenth century differs from the twelfth very widely indeed. The latter was full of hope, ardour, and enterprise. The former was full of despair. Famine, pestilence, and fire and sword, had reduced the men of that day to giving up nearly all hope in their terrestrial future. In the course of seventy-three years forty-eight were marked by famines and epidemics. It is quite attested that cannibalism appeared in France, and a man was burnt for openly selling

human flesh in the market-place of Tournus. The conviction was common that the world would soon end, and ought to end. After the tenth century had been turned, things began to improve. The extremity of misery had produced a lull in the continued fighting and private wars which the feudal chiefs were always waging with one another; and with the cause the effect ceased also. Destruction no longer exceeded production. The fiefs became larger, and it was the interest of the larger barons to keep the peace among their subjects, and to prohibit all wars but such as they thought fit to wage themselves. Thus the great feudal polity arose, and fully deserves the encomiums which have been passed upon it, if we consider what it supplanted. At the same time we must not forget that, picturesque as in poetry and romance the mail-clad Crusader on his war-horse has been made to appear, with his castle, its drawbridge, battlements, and portcullis, the feudal chief was very apt to be a horrible ruffian after all. Fantastic and grotesque cruelty was very apt to be his chief amusement; the most odious vices his chief relaxation. Doubtless there were exceptions both ways, the extremely good and the extremely bad. There were men like St. Bernard's great friend, Count Theobald of Champagne, who were models of grace and virtue. There were men like the monster mentioned by Ordericus Vitalis, whose pleasure it was to gouge out the eyes of little children, whom he used to entice under his cloak during his walks through his demeane. I question whether, cruel as the ancient world was, it was as cruel as the Middle Ages. A favourite pastime with the worst feudal chiefs was to torture their prisoners to death; they were too rich to care for ransoms. Two near contemporaries of St. Bernard habitually did this, Robert of Bellême, Earl of Shrewsbury, a friend of our William Rufus, who had twenty castles in England, and as many in Normandy; and Enguerrand of Coucy. And recollect that the prisoners they thus tortured were not captured in open war, but often kidnapped travellers, surprised in a forest or in passing a ford. The style of tortures applied could only be explained to an audience of medical students.

However, this was the secular world which the great Catholic Church was called upon to moralise. But before the Church could set about this task in complete singleness of purpose, she had to moralise and purify herself. The tenth century had been for the Church nearly as confused and chaotic as it had been for the secular power. Rome was a centre of violence and crime, and the secular clergy, unsupported and isolated, losing sense of its dignity and of its mission, became assimilated to the feudal society around it. The bishops tended to become barons, and to transmit their sees to their sons, who were hardly considered illegitimate. The characteristic distinction of the Middle Age—the separation of the temporal from

the spiritual power—was gravely threatened. The monks and monasteries saved Europe from this danger. The debt which Europe owes to the monasteries, it may be truly said, is but little appreciated now, even by those who think that they make ample acknowledgments to the monks on the ground that they tilled the soil, cultivated letters, and often set a good example to the world and the Church. The truth is that the monastic system was a church within the Church, and bore the same relation to the secular clergy, the priests, and bishops, that these did to kings and feudal lords. They were a second and more intense spiritual power. Without them the Church would have been a stiff, inelastic machine. They were an ever-renewed growth. The ecclesiastical organization of Europe was a fixed thing, alterable, I believe, in theory by the Pope, but practically remaining unaltered. It contracted habits, good and bad, which were with difficulty changed. Moreover, as the Church got rich, the bishoprics and other preferments became great prizes, conferring wealth, dignity, and power; and it is needless to add, they not unfrequently fell into the hands of unworthy holders. Whole dioceses became notoriously corrupt and bad. The unworthiness of the German Church before Hildebrand has been justly ascribed to the wealth and worldly influence of its secular clergy. Now, the flexibility of the monastic system was a powerful counter-agent to all this. The monastic system could be changed, altered, and increased *ad libitum*. It could mould itself with perfect ease to the needs and difficulties of the time. It allowed of reformation without revolution. It was thus able to remedy even the evils which itself had caused. For it is undoubtedly true that the prosperous and wealthy monasteries were apt to become as worldly and lax as the secular clergy they were founded to reform. But there was this great difference—new monks and new orders could be supplied; new bishoprics could not. All that was wanted was that a few pious men should find a pious landowner willing to give them land for a new foundation, and the thing was done. It was thus that Clugny was founded; thus Cîteaux; thus, in the next age, the mendicant orders. With the one exception of Hildebrand's great reform, the reformations of the Church throughout the Middle Ages were effected by monks. Nay, Hildebrand himself was a monk, and so were most of the great popes and bishops. It thus becomes no figure of speech to say that the monks were the salt of the earth. Among them were to be found the highest culture and aspirations of the time. That ideal of a Christian Church, that profound realisation of the utmost which Christian Monotheism could accomplish as a doctrine and as a polity, was elaborated in the monastic retreats of that time.

Thus at the period when St. Bernard came into the world, although

the Church had by no means overcome the world, it to a considerable extent had disciplined it, moralised it. What more touching evidence of this can be had than that rebuilding of the Cathedral of Chartres in consequence of a fire? This rebuilding was accomplished, not by money subscriptions, such as are never missed, but by painful personal service willingly offered by all classes, rich and poor. A contemporary describes how all the country around Chartres was whitened by the tents of the voluntary builders and helpers. The highest born toiled side by side with the lowest in dragging the heavy stones, in cutting them, in placing them. But this temporarily complete success of Catholicism gives a particular stamp to St. Bernard's career. To begin with, it deprives him of all characteristic originality as a founder, as an inventor of something new, whether in thought or practice. So far as I know he innovated in nothing. St. Augustin, St. Benedict, Gregory VII., all innovated largely, and have indelibly affixed their names to great institutions or to great conceptions. In St. Bernard we find nothing of the kind. He accepted the Church as he found it; he accepted the monastic order, of which he is the brightest ornament, from the hands of others. And let no one think the worse of him for this. It is one of the many proofs of his noble exemption from every trace of vulgar ambition or wish for display. In those days the foundation of a new order, the introduction of some peculiarity in dress or discipline, was one of the readiest passports to fame. It was a source of real temptation to the ardent minds of that day. It is well known how it led astray Bernard's able and restless adversary, Abelard.

It may be asked, however, in what then did Bernard's greatness consist? And the answer is, that he stands forth as one of the most perfect appliers of Catholicism at its best; thereby calling on us to admire the peculiar delicacy and justness of Comte's appreciation of him, "The best type of complete Catholicism."

He applied Catholicism to himself first of all, and afterwards to the world. It must be admitted that he did this last reluctantly, and against the grain, as it were. His primary object in becoming a monk was to save his own soul. He had read in his sacred books, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But his greatness consists in that he transcended his creed, that he was constantly actuated by a social impulse for which he could find little warrant in his Church doctrine. In spite of natural inclination, in spite of the most prostrate ill-health, in spite, as it would seem almost at times, of his very conscience and sense of duty, he left his cloister, his beloved Clairvaux, and plunged into the busy throng of men. He travelled far and wide in France, in Germany, in Italy. Thrice he crossed the Alps. What a journey for an invalid in those days! He toiled and moiled with an uncon-

scious zeal for the good of the Church and mankind. He did much more than this. He wrestled with thought; he struggled with speculative difficulties and doubts—a most uncongenial occupation to him; he embraced the age in its totality, as it were, and at one time or another touched upon every topic which interested it, whether great or minute; and, more than all, he kept himself unspotted from the world; to the end he was careful lest, having preached to others, he himself should be a castaway. The giddy height of authority and power to which he attained left him as it found him—the humble monk, the affectionate friend, the loving brother.

St. Bernard was blonde and delicate in complexion, and had withal a maidenly appearance. His constitution was weak, and he enfeebled it still more by his excessive austerities. He afterwards bitterly reproached himself for this, and dissuaded others from imitating him in that respect. He doubtless felt how much harder hard duties are made by the want of adequate strength and health. Not that that fiery soul ever seems to have yielded to bodily infirmity. He is constantly saying that his health is deplorable; and he is more than borne out in this by his biographers, whose accounts of his maladies are truly horrible. His health, he says, is so deplorable that he cannot possibly do this and that, so ill is he. But when the time comes, if no one else can or will do it, St. Bernard is always there at last. He appears to have had one of those highly-strung nervous natures, which wear themselves less under the stress of intense activity than of repose. So much for his body. His mind is far more difficult adequately to characterise. It was a large, ardent mind, and powerful in every direction except that of philosophical abstract speculation. In what we call talent for business, his faculty was stupendous. In the latter days of his assured pre-eminence it seemed as if the world had determined to consult and bother him with everything that went amiss in any part of Europe. From the care of all the churches down to the restitution of a few stolen pigs, he was employed from morning to night in putting some great or small thing straight. But the wonder is that we must add that this overwhelming mass of practical work never tamed his soaring mystical spirit. He is one of the great mystics of the Church. His Sermons on the Canticles might have been the work of a recluse who never touched the outer world, who passed his time in brooding meditation far away from the strife of men. Yet this very work on the Canticles was interrupted over and over again by petty, irritating business which would have tried a parliamentary leader or hard-worked barrister. He passes backwards and forwards between earth and heaven with the ease and rapidity of the angels in Jacob's dream. We next have to note that neither this outward labour nor inward meditation ever seems to have dulled his affections. He

remained through life a man of a warm, affectionate heart. In the greatest press of business he can always find time to write loving letters to his friends. I do not remember that he lost or renounced the love of any one of them during all his well-filled life. It must be owned he is a man of a fine discretion in friendship, and, though he had troops of friends, he knew the rank and worth of them all. That pleasant Boswell, William of St. Thierry, he treats with rough Johnsonian cordiality; he really deserves no more. His friend St. Malachy he receives with something of a divine reverence and awe. He wrote his friend St. Malachy's life. It is as touching a biography as I know. By the merest chance St. Malachy died at Clairvaux, and it must have been an ecstatic moment of mingled bliss and agony to these two good, great men when the warm-hearted Irish saint expired in the arms of his friend. "With psalms and hymns and spiritual songs we followed our friend on his homeward journey. In the fifty-fourth year of his age, in the place and at the time he had foretold and chosen, Bishop Malachy, taken by angels out of our hands, happily fell asleep in the Lord. All eyes were fixed upon him, yet none could say when the spirit had left him. When he was dead he was thought to be alive; while yet alive he was supposed to be dead. The same brightness and serenity were ever visible. Death seemed to have no power over them; nay, it seemed to increase them. He was not changed, but we. Marvellously and suddenly the sobs and griefs were hushed; sorrow was changed into joy; song banished lamentation. Faith had triumphed."

But in no instance is the combined strength and tenderness of St. Bernard shown so beautifully as on the occasion of the death of his brother Gerard. Gerard had held office in the Monastery of Clairvaux, and appears in many ways to have served Bernard with zeal, and lightened many of his cares. He had been very ill once before his death, and was restored to health, as Bernard thought, in consequence of his prayers. However, he died at last, when Bernard was forty-seven. His death-bed and burial were surrounded with all that touching ceremonial and solemnity which the Cistercians were wont to use on these occasions. All Clairvaux was moved to tears; but Bernard was stoically calm. He followed, as he said himself, his brother's body to the grave with unmoistened eyes. It was his duty that day to make one of his customary expositions on the Canticles. He began as usual expounding and analysing his text as if nothing strange had happened. He proceeded for a time, but presently nature gave way. "What have I to do," he said, "with this canticle, who am steeped in bitterness? The sharpness of grief paralyses my will, and the indignation of the Lord has drunk up my spirit. My very heart left me when he was taken away through

whom my meditations in God were made free. But I did violence to my mind, and have dissembled until now, lest it should appear that faith was overcome of feeling. While others wept, I, as ye may have observed, followed his body to the grave with unmoistened eyes; I stood by his tomb, and dropped no tear till the burial of the dead was over. Clad in my priestly robes, I pronounced with my lips the wonted prayers; with my own hands in the wonted manner I cast the earthly mould on the body of my beloved, soon itself to be dissolved to earth." And so on, and so on through pages of passionate grief, beautiful and terrible to behold.

But Bernard loved Nature as well as men, and was indeed quite an anticipator of Wordsworth in his love of field and forest. "Trust to one," he says, "who has had experience. You will find something far greater in the woods than you will in books. Stones and trees will teach you what you will never learn from masters." He was accustomed to say that whatever knowledge he had of the Scriptures he had acquired chiefly in the woods and fields, and that beeches and oaks had ever been his best teachers in the Word of God.

Finally, to sum up this hasty review of Bernard's character, I shall touch upon his admirable union of humility and courage. His humility struck everybody who approached him, and, we may add, surprised them not a little, for the haughty abbot or bishop was no uncommon character in those days. But Bernard, in spite of his power and fame, remained truly meek. Yet his courage was undaunted. He gave many proofs of it. He bearded the fiercest feudal lords in their strongholds. He met with fearless front Henry I., King of England; Lothair, Emperor of Germany; Roger, the filibuster King of Sicily. But this was nothing to his conduct towards the persecuted Jews, when certain fanatics were bent on massacring them on the occasion of the preaching of the Second Crusade. Bernard hesitated not a moment. He rushed down among the infuriated bigots, regardless of popularity and even life, and rebuked them for their wickedness. It is almost impossible for us to do justice to the transcendent magnanimity of this act. Bernard risked not only his fame, but his very name as a good man. The Jews were considered fair objects for slaughter at any time; it was pious to kill them. Bernard cared for nothing but justice and mercy.

These few personal traits will give you a rude conception of Bernard's character. We now turn to the work he achieved in the world, and we will consider it under the aspect to which I have before alluded, by regarding him as an applier of Catholicism, as the practical working out of that scheme of church government and thought which the great popes and thinkers had built up before him. And here I have nothing to offer you at all comparable to what you

heard from this desk last Sunday. Though St. Bernard took a large share in all the great events of his time, his story appears tame and uneventful beside that stupendous drama in which Hildebrand and Henry were the actors. The conflict of those two mighty figures was like the collision of mountains, and the shock of their meeting filled the world with fire and vapour of smoke. St. Bernard was neither a pope nor an emperor, and his antagonists were small men compared with the great opponent of Gregory. The truth is, that that great battle had somewhat exhausted the combatants on either side. Nevertheless, albeit no pope, St. Bernard was a genuine successor of Hildebrand, and carried out the latter's ideas with consistency and power. I will not detain you with the numberless obstacles and difficulties Bernard encountered in his application of the Catholic system. Much of his life was wasted in petty contests with unworthy adversaries. He did not often drink "delight of battle with his peers," with foemen worthy of him. Twice only in his career did anything of the kind occur, and then but imperfectly. The first instance was the great part he played in the extinction of the schism which followed the double election of Innocent II. and Anacletus II. to the papacy. The second, his contest with Abelard.

A schism in the Church is not a matter which gives us much anxiety now. But in the twelfth century it was a very serious thing indeed. Not only were its evil effects palpable and immediate, inasmuch as the partisans of the rival popes introduced an ecclesiastical civil war in every part of Europe, and, as a contemporary says, "In most abbeys two abbots arose, in the bishoprics two bishops contended for the see," nullifying therefore the spiritual power in its most distant ramifications; but a schism was an instant signal to the secular power to renew its encroachments on the spiritual power. How delicate, and yet how important a matter was the unity of the Church, was experimentally proved frequently during the Middle Ages by the schisms alone. The reason is plain. The anti-popes for a time ceased to withstand the world, and withstood one another instead, even making alliances and base compromises with the secular power for the sake of immediate support to themselves. Thus we find Anacletus in the case before us forced to seek refuge and aid at the hands of Roger, King of Sicily, and we find Roger making use of his pope much in the way that a Tudor or a Stuart king made use of an archbishop of Canterbury. When, therefore, this schism in 1130 was fully declared, Bernard made haste to oppose the evil with all his might. He satisfied himself that Innocent II. was the lawful pope, and then he proceeded to convert the kings and nations of Northern Europe to his conviction. He first converted the King of France, Louis VI. A greater triumph was the gaining over of the crafty and able Norman, King Henry I. of England. But his greatest

achievement of all was the conquest of the Emperor Lothair, which shows Bernard in the light of a consummate diplomatist. Although the emperor and his advisers began to make stipulations for their adherence to Innocent, and threatened to renew that vexed question of investitures, happily settled eight years before at the Concordat of Worms, Bernard persuaded Lothair to side with Innocent, and to give those external tokens of submission so much coveted in that age. "The emperor on foot went through the crowd towards Innocent, seated on his white palfrey. With one hand he took the rein, in the other he held a wand—a symbol of protection to his acknowledged lord. When Innocent got down from his horse, the emperor was there to assist him." This business of the schism occupied Bernard for seven years. Though Anacletus was never formally deposed, his influence north of the Alps was quite destroyed, and this was Bernard's work.

It is not an easy matter to do justice to Abelard. There was a great deal in the character of the man to repel one. His vanity and selfishness and noisy insubordinate career forbid esteem, while intellectually it is difficult to sympathise with the arid scholastic subtleties amid which he worked. These valid causes of repugnance have led many to do him but scanty justice, and I am not quite sure that one of those unjust persons does not stand before you at the present moment. Even as regards his personal character, I do not see how we are to get over the testimony of Heloise, who retained her adoration of him not only in the heyday of youth and passion, but through twenty years of absence and separation. Temporary passion may overbalance any mind. But such outbursts do not usually last twenty years. The man could hardly be utterly unworthy who could excite such a sentiment in such a woman. However, be that as it may, we are now concerned with Abelard as the bold innovator who came into conflict with St. Bernard, the sophist, if you will, who carped and cavilled at the doctrine of the Church, and remotely began the break-up of Catholicism. How can we blame this, who hold that Christian Monotheism was a transitional epoch, inevitably doomed to decay and disappearance so soon as its radical incoherences were brought to light? I cannot admit that any thinker who has hastened the march of humanity towards its goal of a demonstrable faith is worthy of reprobation for helping to overthrow a fictitious faith. It cannot be denied that the good St. Bernard was nothing less than a thorough obscurantist in intellectual matters. He was not content that the mind should be the servant of the heart; it must be its slave, to please him. There is no doubt that Abelard by instinct was ready to do the exact reverse, and make the heart the slave of the mind; and the repulsion which he has excited both among contemporaries and posterity is greatly owing to the deep undercurrent of moral scepticism and concealed lawlessness.

which runs below the surface of his writings. But the positions he maintains are not only innocent, as it seems to me, but often highly laudable. Take, for instance, that doctrine of his which Bernard has put in the front of his battle against him—the parent source of all the alleged heresies ascribed to him—viz., that intelligence of dogmas ought to precede belief in them; that we must understand first of all in order to believe afterwards. Surely this was a step in the right direction, a really important step towards positive conceptions. St. Anselm had boldly said that the contrary order was the right one, that we must believe in order to understand; and St. Bernard openly proclaims his assent to the same by quoting with approval the words of Pope Gregory, that that faith in God which reposes on human reason is quite devoid of merit. It is plain that the move made by Abelard was one which sooner or later was inevitable, except under the condition of a permanent stagnation of the human intellect. In view of our third great principle, “Progress for the end,” I cannot regret that it was made. Progress, in one sense of the word, if he could have been made to understand it, would have been spurned by St. Bernard with the whole energy of his nature. It is, indeed, probable that he did get some imperfect glimpse of it, and that this accounts for the passion of resistance he brought to bear on Abelard. For Bernard’s ideal, as that of all absolute believers, was immobility. They had got the faith once delivered to the saints: what could they want more? The words of the Caliph Omar, when bidden to spare the books in the Alexandrian library, might be the motto of every consistent theologian—“If they agree with the Koran, they are useless; if they differ from it, they are pernicious.”

Bernard’s appearance at the Council of Sens, at which the two great adversaries met face to face, is perhaps the most dramatic event in his life. He candidly admits that he dreaded the encounter. “I am but a child,” he said, “and he is a man of war from his youth.” His triumph before such a tribunal was of course complete, although Abelard’s crafty appeal to Rome robbed it of much grandeur and completeness; and not long afterwards Abelard died. In any case, Bernard had once again stood forth in the character of the foremost Churchman of his time. He had applied Catholic principles in the most peremptory and striking way under the reverential observation of all Europe.

But perhaps we do him scanty justice when we select these sensational dramatic exhibitions of himself for especial notice; and, besides, these are not at all the only instances in which he stands forth in bold relief, as the chief actor of his time. His preaching of the Second Crusade must not be forgotten, when again he was the faithful disciple of Hildebrand, and realised one of his great ideas. The secret of his great power and predominance was the all-per-

vading, never-ceasing presence of his spirit and example; in his vast correspondence; in his numerous writings—now treating of monastic discipline, now of the great politics of the Church; above all, in his untiring zeal for monachism, for that inner life of the Church which he justly regarded as the main source of its strength and usefulness. During his life he founded one hundred and sixty-three abbeys. Our beautiful Fountains, in Yorkshire, was founded under his auspices, and the name Fountains was taken from that of his birth-place. His Clairvaux, in which were assembled princes, lords, and peasants, numbered seven hundred monks at the time of his death. His latter days were embittered by the failure of the crusade he had preached. For this he encountered obloquy. He was as little touched by that as he had been by his tremendous fame. He remained heart-whole to the last. He then lost most of his old tried friends, and a longing to have done with life came upon him. But he never flinched from his duty. With all his faults, we must pronounce him a rarely great man.

The intellectual sympathy and intercourse we have of late been having with these famous Churchmen make it impossible for us not to earnestly reflect on that higher, wider, and deeper spiritual power which it is the hope and the purpose of the followers of Comte to establish among ourselves. It was pointed out to you last Sunday how groundless were the fears that we contemplated setting up a spiritual tyranny. It was also shown that, whether we will or no, a spiritual power of some sort or other is sure to exist in any community raised above barbarism; and that the option is not between a spiritual power and none, but between a good one and a bad—between a lawless, irresponsible spiritual power, and one which shall be organized, invested with dignity, indeed, but also feeling the whole weight of a tremendous responsibility. We have the first. We have a vague, random, reckless public opinion. It is the aim of Positivists to supplant it by something very different. I suppose no one here will deny that a highly special function requires an equally special organ, and this one axiom disposes of the whole question, as it seems to me. We can notice even in our present state of anarchy that, in proportion as organization and responsibility are great, is such spiritual power as we still have endurable and moral. The *Times* newspaper is certainly not a very noble manifestation of public opinion. But even the *Times* is amenable to a rude sort of justice—even the *Times* can be prosecuted for libel. But who can contend with Mrs. Grundy? Who can enter the lists with the vague, impalpable power of society when it happens to be—a not unknown case—thoroughly malignant?

But while I say this, and wish to express my completest sympathy with all efforts tending to organization, I must add that I doubt not at all that it will come soon enough whenever the spiritual force is waiting there ready to animate it. There is no royal road to Geo-

metry, there is no path to spiritual kingship over men save by the possession in superabundant measure of all the cardinal virtues.

The high spiritual force which comes of justice, magnanimity, and love, is one of the greatest and most irresistible in the world. **The** minds of men yield to it sooner or later with as much certainty as **their** bodies do to gravitation. Here was our St. Bernard; bishops and abbots without number held precisely his doctrine all over Christendom, but they lacked his power. The truth is, that the priestly office does not depend for its efficiency upon doctrine, but upon character. The truest doctrine becomes barren as the east wind when preached by a narrow, unsympathetic man. The deep-souled Middle Ages were well aware of this. The well-known apologue of the Devil and the Monk shows as much. The fable was, that a monk, unable or unwilling to appear in the pulpit on a certain occasion, got his friend the devil to supply his place. Satan assumed the form and vesture of the monk, and preached a brilliant sermon against himself. "What could you be thinking of," asked the monk afterwards, "to preach such a sermon against your own interests?" "Have no fear," was the reply, "it will have no effect on any one. There was no unction in it." I said a little while ago that in spite of war and cruelty the sense of brotherhood was great in the Middle Ages. Men had spiritual consolation for the misery they endured. The baron oppressed them, the priest comforted them. He took them out of their own petty personality, in which we all feel so poor, and placed them on a pinnacle of moral vision, and all their troubles rolled down fathoms beneath their feet. Indeed, human nature, though very bad, is also very good. We all dislike pain doubtless, and are ready perhaps to show ourselves somewhat cowardly in its presence. But when the nobler passions are kindled, pain is hardly noticed, nay, is welcomed. Who was that ancient who said he would rather have his dead son than any number of living ones? But what moved the old Roman to this pitch of heroism? The feeling of *union, sympathy, solidarity*, with his brother man. He had lost a son, but every stout heart in Rome was nearer to him for it. The one unrecompensed pain and heart-ache is the sense of isolation, of stagnating amidst our miseries all alone.

We expect this, and much more than this, both positively and negatively, at the hands of a worthy priesthood, of a *digne Sacerdoce*. We want a restoration of that sense of unity, which was the source of so much brightness, joy, and power in the Middle Ages. Whether as individuals, or members of nations, or members of humanity, we need the soothing balm of a sentiment of brotherhood to make life beautiful once again.

JAMES COTTER MORISON.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. DOVE'S OPINION.

MR. THOMAS DOVE, familiarly known among club-men, attorneys' clerks, and, perhaps, even among judges when very far from their seats of judgment, as Turtle Dove, was a counsel learned in the law. He was a counsel so learned in the law, that there was no question within the limits of an attorney's capability of putting to him, that he could not answer with the aid of his books. And when he had once given an opinion, all Westminster could not move him from it,—nor could Chancery Lane and Lincoln's Inn and the Temple added to Westminster. When Mr. Dove had once been positive, no man on earth was more positive. It behoved him, therefore, to be right when he was positive; and though, whether wrong or right, he was equally stubborn, it must be acknowledged that he was seldom proved to be wrong. Consequently the attorneys believed in him, and he prospered. He was a thin man, over fifty years of age, very full of scorn and wrath, impatient of a fool, and thinking most men to be fools; afraid of nothing on earth,—and, so his enemies said, of nothing elsewhere; eaten up by conceit; fond of law, but fonder, perhaps, of dominion; soft as milk to those who acknowledged his power, but a tyrant to all who contested it; conscientious, thoughtful, sarcastic, bright-witted, and laborious. He was a man who never spared himself. If he had a case in hand, though the interest to himself in it was almost nothing, he would rob himself of rest for a week, should a point arise which required such labour. It was the theory of Mr. Dove's life that he would never be beaten. Perhaps it was some fear in this respect that had kept him from Parliament and confined him to the courts and the company of attorneys. He was, in truth, a married man with a family; but they who knew him as the terror of opponents and as the divulger of legal opinion, heard nothing of his wife and children. He kept all such matters quite to himself, and was not given to much social intercourse with those among whom his work lay. Out at Streatham, where he lived, Mrs. Dove probably had her circle of acquaintance;—but Mr. Dove's domestic life and his forensic life were kept quite separate.

At the present moment Mr. Dove is interesting to us solely as being the learned counsel in whom Mr. Camperdown trusted,—to whom Mr. Camperdown was willing to trust for an opinion in so grave a matter as that of the Eustace diamonds. A case was made

out and submitted to Mr. Dove immediately after that scene on the pavement in Mount Street, at which Mr. Camperdown had endeavoured to induce Lizzie to give up the necklace; and the following is the opinion which Mr. Dove gave:—

“There is much error about heirlooms. Many think that any chattel may be made an heirloom by any owner of it. This is not the case. The law, however, does recognise heirlooms;—as to which the Exors. or Admors. are excluded in favour of the Successor; and when there are such heirlooms they go to the heir by special custom. Any devise of an heirloom is necessarily void, for the will takes place after death; and the heirloom is already vested in the heir by custom. We have it from Littleton, that law prefers custom to devise.

“Brooke says, that the best thing of every sort may be an heirloom,—such as the best bed, the best table, the best pot or pan.

“Coke says, that heirlooms are so by custom, and not by law.

“Spelman says, in defining an heirloom, that it may be ‘*Omne utensil robustius*’; which would exclude a necklace.

“In the ‘*Termes de Ley*,’ it is defined as, ‘*Ascun parcel des ustensilla*.’

“We are told in ‘*Coke upon Littleton*,’ that Crown jewels are heirlooms, which decision,—as far as it goes,—denies the right to other jewels.

“Certain chattels may undoubtedly be held and claimed as being in the nature of heirlooms,—as swords, pennons of honour, garter and collar of S. S. See case of the Earl of Northumberland; and that of the Pusey horn,—*Pusey v. Pusey*. The journals of the House of Lords, delivered officially to peers, may be so claimed. See *Upton v. Lord Ferrers*.

“A devisor may clearly devise or limit the possession of chattels, making them inalienable by devisees in succession. But in such cases they will become the absolute possession of the first person seized in tail,—even though an infant, and in case of death without will, would go to the Exors. Such arrangement, therefore, can only hold good for lives in existence and for 21 years afterwards. Chattels so secured would not be heirlooms. See *Carr v. Lord Erroll*, 14 Vesey, and *Rowland v. Mergan*.

“Lord Eldon remarks that such chattels held in families are ‘rather favourites of the court.’ This was in the Ormonde case. Executors, therefore, even when setting aside any claim as for heirlooms, ought not to apply such property in payment of debts unless obliged.

“The law allows of claims for paraphernalia for widows, and, having adjusted such claims, seems to show that the claim may be limited.

"If a man deliver cloth to his wife, and die, she shall have it, though she had not fashioned it into the garment intended.

"Pearls and jewels, even though only worn on state occasions, may go to the widow as paraphernalia,—but with a limit. In the case of Lady Douglas, she being the daughter of an Irish Earl and widow of the King's Sergeant (temp. Car. I.), it was held that £370 was not too much, and she was allowed a diamond and a pearl chain to that value.

"In 1674, Lord Keeper Finch declared that he would never allow paraphernalia, except to the widow of a nobleman.

"But in 1721 Lord Macclesfield gave Mistress Tipping paraphernalia to the value of £200,—whether so persuaded by law and precedent, or otherwise, may be uncertain.

"Lord Talbot allowed a gold watch as paraphernalia.

"Lord Hardwicke went much further, and decided that Mrs. Northey was entitled to wear jewels to the value of £3,000,—saying that value made no difference; but seems to have limited the nature of her possession in the jewels by declaring her to be entitled to wear them only when full-dressed.

"It is, I think, clear that the Eustace estate cannot claim the jewels as an heirloom. They are last mentioned, and, as far as I know, only mentioned as an heirloom, in the will of the great-grandfather of the present baronet,—if these be the diamonds then named by him. As such, he could not have devised them to the present claimant, as he died in 1820, and the present claimant is not yet two years old.

"Whether the widow could claim them as paraphernalia is more doubtful. I do not know that Lord Hardwicke's ruling would decide the case; but, if so, she would, I think, be debarred from selling, as he limits the use of jewels of lesser value than these, to the wearing of them when full-dressed. The use being limited, possession with power of alienation cannot be intended.

"The lady's claim to them as a gift from her husband amounts to nothing. If they are not hers by will,—and it seems that they are not so,—she can only hold them as paraphernalia belonging to her station.

"I presume it to be capable of proof that the diamonds were not in Scotland when Sir Florian made his will or when he died. The former fact might be used as tending to show his intention when the will was made. I understand that he did leave to his widow by will all the chattels in Portray Castle.

"15 August, 18—."

"J. D."

When Mr. Camperdown had thrice read this opinion, he sat in his chair an unhappy old man. It was undoubtedly the case that he had

been a lawyer for upwards of forty years, and had always believed that any gentleman could make any article of value an heirloom in his family. The title-deeds of vast estates had been confided to his keeping, and he had had much to do with property of every kind; and now he was told that, in reference to property of a certain description,—property which, by its nature, could only belong to such as they who were his clients,—he had been long without any knowledge whatsoever. He had called this necklace an heirloom to John Eustace above a score of times; and now he was told by Mr. Dove, not only that the necklace was not an heirloom, but that it couldn't have been an heirloom. He was a man who trusted much in a barrister,—as was natural with an attorney; but he was now almost inclined to doubt Mr. Dove. And he was hardly more at ease in regard to the other clauses of the opinion. Not only could not the estate claim the necklace as an heirloom, but that greedy siren, that heartless snake, that harpy of a widow,—for it was thus that Mr. Camperdown in his solitude spoke to himself of poor Lizzie, perhaps throwing in a harder word or two,—that female swindler could claim it as—paraphernalia!

There was a crumb of comfort for him in the thought that he could force her to claim that privilege from a decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, and that her greed would be exposed should she do so. And she could be prevented from selling the diamonds. Mr. Dove seemed to make that quite clear. But then there came that other question, as to the inheritance of the property under the husband's will. That Sir Florian had not intended that she should inherit the necklace, Mr. Camperdown was quite certain. On that point he suffered no doubt. But would he be able to prove that the diamonds had never been in Scotland since Sir Florian's marriage? He had traced their history from that date with all the diligence he could use, and he thought that he knew it. But it might be doubtful whether he could prove it. Lady Eustace had first stated,—had so stated before she had learned the importance of any other statement,—that Sir Florian had given her the diamonds in London, as they passed through London from Scotland to Italy, and that she had carried them thence to Naples, where Sir Florian had died. If this were so they could not have been at Portray Castle till she took them there as a widow, and they would undoubtedly be regarded as a portion of that property which Sir Florian habitually kept in London. That this was so Mr. Camperdown entertained no doubt. But now the widow alleged that Sir Florian had given the necklace to her in Scotland, whither they had gone immediately after their marriage, and that she herself had brought them up to London. They had been married on the 5th of September; and by the jewellers' books it was hard to tell whether the trinket had been

given up to Sir Florian on the 4th or 24th of September. On the 24th Sir Florian and his young bride had undoubtedly been in London. Mr. Camperdown anathematised the carelessness of everybody connected with Messrs. Garnett's establishment. "Those sort of people have no more idea of accuracy than,—than—" than he had had of heirlooms, his conscience whispered to him, filling up the blank.

Nevertheless he thought he could prove that the necklace was first put into Lizzie's hands in London. The middle-aged and very discreet man at Messrs. Garnett's, who had given up the jewel-case to Sir Florian, was sure that he had known Sir Florian to be a married man when he did so. The lady's maid who had been in Scotland with Lady Eustace, and who was now living at Turin, having married a courier, had given evidence before an Italian man of law, stating that she had never seen the necklace till she came to London. There were, moreover, the probabilities of the case. Was it likely that Sir Florian should take such a thing down in his pocket to Scotland? And there was the statement as first made by Lady Eustace herself to her cousin Frank, repeated by him to John Eustace, and not to be denied by any one. It was all very well for her now to say that she had forgotten; but would any one believe that on such a subject she could forget?

But still the whole thing was very uncomfortable. Mr. Dove's opinion, if seen by Lady Eustace and her friends, would rather fortify them than frighten them. Were she once to get hold of that word, paraphernalia, it would be as a tower of strength to her. Mr. Camperdown specially felt this,—that whereas he had hitherto believed that no respectable attorney would take up such a case as that of Lady Eustace, he could not now but confess to himself that any lawyer seeing Mr. Dove's opinion, would be justified in taking it up. And yet he was as certain as ever that the woman was robbing the estate which it was his duty to guard, and that should he cease to be active in the matter, the necklace would be broken up and the property sold and scattered before a year was out, and then the woman would have got the better of him! "She shall find that we have not done with her yet," he said to himself, as he wrote a line to John Eustace.

But John Eustace was out of town, as a matter of course;—and on the next day Mr. Camperdown himself went down and joined his wife and family at a little cottage which he had at Dawlish. The necklace, however, interfered much with his holiday.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. GOWRAN IS VERY FUNNY.

FRANK GREYSTOCK certainly went over to Portray too often,—so often that the pony was proved to be quite necessary. Miss Macnulty held her tongue and was gloomy,—believing that Lady Eustace was still engaged to Lord Fawn, and feeling that in that case there should not be so many visits to the rocks. Mr. Gowran was very attentive, and could tell on any day, to five minutes, how long the two cousins were sitting together on the sea-shore. Arthur Herriot, who cared nothing for Lady Eustace, but who knew that his friend had promised to marry Lucy Morris, was inclined to be serious on the subject; but,—as is always the case with men,—was not willing to speak about it.

Once, and once only, the two men dined together at the castle,—for the doing of which it was necessary that a gig should be hired all the way from Prestwick. Herriot had not been anxious to go over, alleging various excuses,—the absence of dress clothes, the calls of Stone and Toddy, his bashfulness, and the absurdity of paying fifteen shillings for a gig. But he went at last, constrained by his friend, and a very dull evening he passed. Lizzie was quite unlike her usual self,—was silent, grave, and solemnly courteous; Miss Macnulty had not a word to say for herself; and even Frank was dull. Arthur Herriot had not tried to exert himself, and the dinner had been a failure.

"You don't think much of my cousin, I daresay," said Frank, as they were driving back.

"She is a very pretty woman."

"And I should say that she does not think much of you."

"Probably not."

"Why on earth wouldn't you speak to her? I went on making speeches to Miss Macnulty on purpose to give you a chance. Lizzie generally talks about as well as any young woman I know; but you had not a word to say to her, nor she to you."

"Because you devoted yourself to Miss Mac—whatever her name is."

"That's nonsense," said Frank; "Lizzie and I are more like brother and sister than anything else. She has no one else belonging to her, and she has to come to me for advice, and all that sort of thing. I wanted you to like her."

"I never like people, and people never like me. There is an old saying that you should know a man seven years before you poke his fire. I want to know a person seven years before I can ask them how they do. To take me out to dine in this way was of all things the most hopeless."

"But you do dine out,—in London."

"That's different. There's a certain routine of conversation going, and one falls into it. At such affairs as that this evening one has to be intimate, or it is a bore. I don't mean to say anything against Lady Eustace. Her beauty is undeniable, and I don't doubt her cleverness."

"She is sometimes too clever," said Frank.

"I hope she is not becoming too clever for you. You've got to remember that you're due elsewhere;—eh, old fellow?" This was the first word that Herriot had said on the subject, and to that word Frank Greystock made no answer. But it had its effect, as also did the gloomy looks of Miss Macnulty, and the not unobserved presence of Mr. Andy Gowran on various occasions.

Between them they shot more grouse,—so the keeper swore,—than had ever been shot on these mountains before. Herriot absolutely killed one or two himself, to his own great delight, and Frank, who was fairly skilful, would get over four or five in a day. There were excursions to be made, and the air of the hills was in itself a treat to both of them. Though Greystock was so often away at the castle, Herriot did not find the time hang heavy on his hands, and was sorry when his fortnight was over. "I think I shall stay a couple of days longer," Frank said, when Herriot spoke of their return. "The truth is I must see Lizzie again. She is bothered by business, and I have to see her about a letter that came this morning. You needn't pull such a long face. There's nothing of the kind you're thinking of."

"I thought so much of what you once said to me about another girl that I hope she at any rate may never be in trouble."

"I hope she never may,—on my account," said Frank. "And what troubles she may have,—as life will be troublesome,—I trust that I may share and lessen."

On that evening Herriot went, and on the next morning Frank Greystock again rode over to Portray Castle; but when he was alone after Herriot's departure, he wrote a letter to Lucy Morris. He had expressed a hope that he might never be a cause of trouble to Lucy Morris, and he knew that his silence would trouble her. There could be no human being less inclined to be suspicious than Lucy Morris. Of that Frank was sure. But there had been an express stipulation with Lady Fawn that she should be allowed to receive letters from him, and she would naturally be vexed when he did not write to her. So he wrote.

"Portray Castle, 3 Sept., 18—.

"DEAREST LUCY,

"We have been here for a fortnight, shooting grouse, wandering about the mountains, and going to sleep on the hill-sides. You will say that there never was a time so fit for the writing of letters, but that will be because you have not learned yet that the idler

people are, the more inclined they are to be idle. We hear of Lord Chancellors writing letters to their mothers every day of their lives; but men who have nothing on earth to do cannot bring themselves to face a sheet of paper. I would promise that when I am Lord Chancellor I would write to you every day, were it not that when that time comes I shall hope to be always with you.

“ And, in truth, I have had to pay constant visits to my cousin, who lives in a big castle on the sea-side, ten miles from here, over the mountains, and who is in a peck of troubles;—in spite of her prosperity, one of the unhappiest women I should say that you could meet anywhere. You know so much of her affairs that, without breach of trust, I may say so much. I wish she had a father or a brother to manage her matters for her; but she has none, and I cannot desert her. Your Lord Fawn is behaving badly to her; and so, as far as I can see, are the people who manage the Eustace property. Lizzie, as you know, is not the most tractable of women, and altogether I have more to do in the matter than I like. Riding ten miles backwards and forwards so often over the same route on a little pony is not good fun, but I am almost glad the distance is not less. Otherwise I might have been always there. I know you don’t like Lizzie, but she is to be pitied.

“ I go up to London on Friday, but shall only be there for one or two days,—that is, for one night. I go almost entirely on her business, and must, I fear, be here again, or at the castle, before I can settle myself either for work or happiness. On Sunday night I go down to Bobsborough,—where, indeed, I ought to have been earlier. I fear I cannot go to Richmond on the Saturday, and on the Sunday Lady Fawn would hardly make me welcome. I shall be at Bobsborough for about three weeks, and there, if you have commands to give, I will obey them.

“ I may, however, tell you the truth at once, though it is a truth you must keep very much to yourself. In the position in which I now stand as to Lord Fawn,—being absolutely forced to quarrel with him on Lizzie’s behalf,—Lady Fawn could hardly receive me with comfort to herself. She is the best of women; and, as she is your dear friend, nothing is further from me than any idea of quarrelling with her; but of course she takes her son’s part, and I hardly know how all allusion to the subject could be avoided.

“ This, however, dearest, need ruffle no feather between you and me, who love each other better than we love either the Fawns or the Lizzies. Let me find a line at my chambers to say that it is so, and always shall be so.

“ God bless my own darling,

“ Ever and always your own,

“ F. G.”

On the following day he rode over to the castle. He had received a letter from John Eustace, who had found himself forced to run up to London to meet Mr. Camperdown. The lawyer had thought to postpone further consideration of the whole matter till he and everybody else would be naturally in London,—till November that might be, or, perhaps, even till after Christmas. But his mind was ill at ease; and he knew that so much might be done with the diamonds in four months! They might even now be in the hands of some Benjamin or of some Harter, and it might soon be beyond the power either of lawyers or of policemen to trace them. He therefore went up from Dawlish, and persuaded John Eustace to come from Yorkshire. It was a great nuisance, and Eustace freely anathematised the necklace. "If only some one would steal it, so that we might hear no more of the thing!" he said. But, as Mr. Camperdown had frequently remarked, the value was too great for trifling, and Eustace went up to London. Mr. Camperdown put into his hands the Turtle Dove's opinion, explaining that it was by no means expedient that it should be shown to the other party. Eustace thought that the opinion should be common to them all. "We pay for it," said Mr. Camperdown, "and they can get their opinion from any other barrister if they please." But what was to be done? Eustace declared that as to the present whereabouts of the necklace, he did not in the least doubt that he could get the truth from Frank Greystock. He therefore wrote to Greystock, and with that letter in his pocket, Frank rode over to the castle for the last time.

He, too, was heartily sick of the necklace; but unfortunately he was not equally sick of her who held it in possession. And he was, too, better alive to the importance of the value of the trinket than John Eustace, though not so keenly as was Mr. Camperdown. Lady Eustace was out somewhere among the cliffs, the servant said. He regretted this as he followed her, but he was obliged to follow her. Half-way down to the sea-shore, much below the knob on which she had attempted to sit with her Shelley, but yet not below the need of assistance, he found her seated in a little ravine. "I knew you would come," she said. Of course she had known that he would come. She did not rise, or even give him her hand, but there was a spot close beside her on which it was to be presumed that he would seat himself. She had a volume of Byron in her hand,—the Corsair, Lara, and the Giaour,—a kind of poetry which was in truth more intelligible to her than Queen Mab. "You go to-morrow?"

"Yes;—I go to-morrow."

"And Lubin has gone?" Arthur Herriot was Lubin.

"Lubin has gone. Though why Lubin, I cannot guess. The normal Lubin to me is a stupid fellow always in love. Herriot is not stupid and is never in love."

"Nevertheless, he is Lubin if I choose to call him so. Why did he twiddle his thumbs instead of talking? Have you heard anything of Lord Fawn?"

"I have had a letter from your brother-in-law."

"And what is John the Just pleased to say?"

"John the Just, which is a better name for the man than the other, has been called up to London, much against his will, by Mr. Camperdown."

"Who is Samuel the Unjust." Mr. Camperdown's name was Samuel.

"And now wants to know where this terrible necklace is at this present moment." He paused a moment, but Lizzie did not answer him. "I suppose you have no objection to telling me where it is?"

"None in the least:—or to giving it you to keep for me, only that I would not so far trouble you. But I have an objection to telling them. They are my enemies. Let them find out."

"You are wrong, Lizzie. You do not want, or at any rate, should not want, to have any secret in the matter."

"They are here,—in the castle; in the very place in which Sir Florian kept them when he gave them to me. Where should my own jewels be, but in my own house? What does that Mr. Dove say, who was to be asked about them? No doubt they can pay a barrister to say anything."

"Lizzie, you think too hardly of people."

"And do not people think too hardly of me? Does not all this amount to an accusation against me that I am a thief? Am I not persecuted among them? Did not this impudent attorney stop me in the public street and accuse me of theft before my very servants? Have they not so far succeeded in misrepresenting me, that the very man who is engaged to be my husband betrays me? And now you are turning against me? Can you wonder that I am hard?"

"I am not turning against you."

"Yes; you are. You take their part, and not mine, in everything. I tell you what, Frank;—I would go out in that boat that you see yonder, and drop the bauble into the sea, did I not know that they'd drag it up again with their devilish ingenuity. If the stones would burn, I would burn them. But the worst of it all is, that you are becoming my enemy!" Then she burst into violent and almost hysteric tears.

"It will be better that you should give them into the keeping of some one whom you can both trust, till the law has decided to whom they belong."

"I will never give them up. What does Mr. Dove say?"

"I have not seen what Mr. Dove says. It is clear that the necklace is not an heirloom."

"Then how dare Mr. Camperdown say so often that it was?"

"He said what he thought," pleaded Frank.

"And he is a lawyer!"

"I am a lawyer, and I did not know what is or what is not an heirloom. But Mr. Dove is clearly of opinion that such a property could not have been given away, simply by word of mouth." John Eustace in his letter had made no allusion to that complicated question of paraphernalia.

"But it was," said Lizzie. "Who can know but I myself, when no one else was present?"

"The jewels are here now?"

"Not in my pocket. I do not carry them about with me. They are in the castle."

"And will they go back with you to London?"

"Was ever lady so interrogated? I do not know yet that I shall go back to London. Why am I asked such questions? As to you, Frank:—I would tell you everything,—my whole heart, if only you cared to know it. But why is John Eustace to make inquiry as to personal ornaments which are my own property? If I go to London, I will take them there, and wear them at every house I enter. I will do so in defiance of Mr. Camperdown and Lord Fawn. I think, Frank, that no woman was ever so ill-treated as I am."

He himself thought that she was ill-treated. She had so pleaded her case, and had been so lovely in her tears and her indignation, that he began to feel something like true sympathy for her cause. What right had he, or had Mr. Camperdown, or any one, to say that the jewels did not belong to her? And if her claim to them was just, why should she be persuaded to give up the possession of them? He knew well that were she to surrender them with the idea that they should be restored to her if her claim were found to be just, she would not get them back very soon. If once the jewels were safe, locked up in Mr. Garnett's strong box, Mr. Camperdown would not care how long it might be before a jury or a judge should have decided on the case. The burthen of proof would then be thrown upon Lady Eustace. In order that she might recover her own property she would have to thrust herself forward as a witness, and appear before the world a claimant, greedy for rich ornaments. Why should he advise her to give them up? "I am only thinking," said he, "what may be the best for your own peace."

"Peace!"—she exclaimed. "How am I to have peace? Remember the condition in which I find myself! Remember the manner in which that man is treating me, when all the world has been told of my engagement to him! When I think of it my heart is so bitter that I am inclined to throw, not the diamonds, but myself from off

the rocks. All that remains to me is the triumph of getting the better of my enemies. Mr. Camperdown shall never have the diamonds. Even if they could prove that they did not belong to me, they should find them—gone.”

“ I don’t think they can prove it.”

“ I’ll flaunt them in the eyes of all of them till they do; and then—they shall be gone. And I’ll have such revenge on Lord Fawn before I have done with him, that he shall know that it may be worse to have to fight a woman than a man. Oh, Frank, I do not think that I am hard by nature, but these things make a woman hard.” As she spoke she took his hand in hers, and looked up into his eyes through her tears. “ I know that you do not care for me, and you know how much I care for you.”

“ Not care for you, Lizzie?”

“ No;—that little thing at Richmond is everything to you. She is tame and quiet,—a cat that will sleep on the rug before the fire, and you think that she will never scratch. Do not suppose that I mean to abuse her. She was my dear friend before you had ever seen her. And men, I know, have tastes which we women do not understand. You want what you call—repose.”

“ We seldom know what we want, I fancy. We take what the gods send us.” Frank’s words were perhaps more true than wise. At the present moment the gods had clearly sent Lizzie Eustace to him, and unless he could call up some increased strength of his own, quite independent of the gods,—or of what we may perhaps call chance,—he would have to put up with the article sent.

Lizzie had declared that she would not touch Lord Fawn with a pair of tongs, and in saying so had resolved that she could not and would not now marry his lordship even were his lordship in her power. It had been decided by her as quickly as thoughts flash, but it was decided. She would torture the unfortunate lord, but not torture him by becoming his wife. And, so much being fixed as the stars in heaven, might it be possible that she should even yet induce her cousin to take the place that had been intended for Lord Fawn? After all that had passed between them she need hardly hesitate to tell him of her love. And with the same flashing thoughts she declared to herself that she did love him, and that therefore this arrangement would be so much better than that other one which she had proposed to herself. The reader, perhaps, by this time, has not a high opinion of Lady Eustace, and may believe that among other drawbacks on her character there is especially this,—that she was heartless. But that was by no means her own opinion of herself. She would have described herself,—and would have meant to do so with truth,—as being all heart. She probably thought that an over-amount of heart was the malady under which she specially

suffered. Her heart was overflowing now towards the man who was sitting by her side. And then it would be so pleasant to punish that little chit who had spurned her gift and had dared to call her mean. This man, too, was needy, and she was wealthy. Surely, were she to offer herself to him, the generosity of the thing would make it noble. She was still dissolved in tears and was still hysteric. "Oh Frank!" she said, and threw herself upon his breast.

Frank Greystock felt his position to be one of intense difficulty but whether his difficulty was increased or diminished by the appearance of Mr. Andy Gowran's head over a rock at the entrance of the little cave in which they were sitting, it might be difficult to determine. But there was the head. And it was not a head that just popped itself up and then retreated, as a head would do that was discovered doing that which made it ashamed of itself. The head with its eyes wide open, held its own, and seemed to say,—“Ay,—I’ve caught you, have I?” And the head did speak, though not exactly in those words. “Coosins!” said the head; and then the head was wagged. In the meantime Lizzie Eustace, whose back was turned to the head, raised her own, and looked up into Greystock’s eyes for love. She perceived at once that something was amiss, and, starting to her feet, turned quickly round. “How dare you intrude here?” she said to the head. “Coosins!” replied the head, wagging itself.

It was clearly necessary that Greystock should take some steps, if only with the object of proving to the impudent factotum that he was not altogether overcome by the awkwardness of his position. That he was a good deal annoyed, and that he felt not altogether quite equal to the occasion, must be acknowledged. “What is it that the man wants?” he said, glaring at the head. “Coosins!” said the head, wagging itself again. “If you don’t take yourself off, I shall have to thrash you,” said Frank. “Coosins!” said Andy Gowran, stepping from behind the rock and showing his full figure. Andy was a man on the wrong side of fifty, and therefore, on the score of age, hardly fit for thrashing. And he was compact, short, broad, and as hard as flint;—a man bad to thrash, look at it from what side you would. “Coosins!” he said yet again. “Ye’re mair couthie than coosinly, I’m thinking.”

“Andy Gowran, I dismiss you my service for your impertinence,” said Lady Eustace.

“It’s ae ane to Andy Gowran for that, my leddie. There’s timber and a warld o’ things aboot the place as wants protection on behalf o’ the heir. If your leddieship is minded to be quit of my sarvices, I’ll find a maister in Mr. Camper-doon, as ’ll nae allow me to be thrown out o’ employ. Coosins!”

“Walk off from this!” said Frank Greystock, coming forward

and putting his hand upon the man's breast. Mr. Gowran repeated the objectionable word yet once again, and then retired.

Frank Greystock immediately felt how very bad for him was his position. For the lady, if only she could succeed in her object, the annoyance of the interruption would not matter much after its first absurdity had been endured. When she had become the wife of Frank Greystock there would be nothing remarkable in the fact that she had been found sitting with him in a cavern by the sea-shore. But for Frank the difficulty of extricating himself from his dilemma was great, not in regard to Mr. Gowran, but in reference to his cousin Lizzie. He might, it was true, tell her that he was engaged to Lucy Morris;—but then why had he not told her so before? He had not told her so;—nor did he tell her on this occasion. When he attempted to lead her away up the cliff, she insisted on being left where she was. "I can find my way alone," she said, endeavouring to smile through her tears. "The man has annoyed me by his impudence, that is all. Go,—if you are going."

Of course he was going; but he could not go without a word of tenderness. "Dear, dear Lizzie," he said, embracing her.

"Frank, you'll be true to me?"

"I will be true to you."

"Then go now," she said. And he went his way up the cliff, and got his pony, and rode back to the Cottage, very uneasy in his mind.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LUCY MORRIS MISBEHAVES.

LUCY MORRIS got her letter and was contented. She wanted some demonstration of love from her lover, but very little sufficed for her comfort. With her it was almost impossible that a man should be loved and suspected at the same time. She could not have loved the man, or at any rate confessed her love, without thinking well of him; and she could not think good and evil at the same time. She had longed for some word from him since she last saw him; and now she had got a word. She had known that he was close to his fair cousin—the cousin whom she despised, and whom, with womanly instinct, she had almost regarded as a rival. But to her the man had spoken out; and though he was far away from her, living close to the fair cousin, she would not allow a thought of trouble on that score to annoy her. He was her own, and let Lizzie Eustace do her worst, he would remain her own. But she had longed to be

told that he was thinking of her, and at last the letter had come. She answered it that same night with the sweetest, prettiest little letter, very short, full of love and full of confidence. Lady Fawn, she said, was the dearest of women;—but what was Lady Fawn to her, or all the Fawns, compared with her lover? If he could come to Richmond without disturbance to himself, let him come; but if he felt that, in the present unhappy condition of affairs between him and Lord Fawn, it was better that he should stay away, she had not a word to say in the way of urging him. To see him would be a great delight. But had she not the greater delight of knowing that he loved her? That was quite enough to make her happy. Then there was a little prayer that God might bless him, and an assurance that she was in all things his own, own Lucy. When she was writing her letter she was in all respects a happy girl.

But on the very next day there came a cloud upon her happiness,—not in the least, however, affecting her full confidence in her lover. It was a Saturday, and Lord Fawn came down to Richmond. Lord Fawn had seen Mr. Greystock in London on that day, and the interview had been by no means pleasant to him. The Under-Secretary of State for India was as dark as a November day when he reached his mother's house, and there fell upon every one the unintermittent cold drizzling shower of his displeasure from the moment in which he entered the house. There was never much reticence among the ladies at Richmond in Lucy's presence, and since the completion of Lizzie's unfortunate visit to Fawn Court, they had not hesitated to express open opinions adverse to the prospects of the proposed bride. Lucy herself could say but little in defence of her old friend, who had lost all claim upon that friendship since the offer of the bribe had been made,—so that it was understood among them all that Lizzie was to be regarded as a black sheep;—but hitherto Lord Fawn himself had concealed his feelings before Lucy. Now unfortunately he spoke out, and in speaking was especially bitter against Frank. "Mr. Greystock has been most insolent," he said, as they were all sitting together in the library after dinner. Lady Fawn made a sign to him and shook her head. Lucy felt the hot blood fly into both her cheeks, but at the moment she did not speak. Lydia Fawn put out her hand beneath the table and took hold of Lucy's. "We must all remember that he is her cousin," said Augusta.

"His relationship to Lady Eustace cannot justify ungentleman-like impertinence to me," said Lord Fawn. "He has dared to use words to me which would make it necessary that I should call him out, only ——"

"Frederic, you shall do nothing of the kind!" said Lady Fawn, jumping up from her chair.

"Oh, Frederic, pray, pray don't!" said Augusta, springing on to her brother's shoulder.

"I am sure Frederic does not mean that," said Amelia.

"Only that nobody does call anybody out now," added the pacific lord. "But nothing on earth shall ever induce me to speak again to a man who is so little like a gentleman." Lydia now held Lucy's hand still tighter, as though to prevent her rising. "He has never forgiven me," continued Lord Fawn, "because he was so ridiculously wrong about the Sawab."

"I am sure that had nothing to do with it," said Lucy.

"Miss Morris, I shall venture to hold my own opinion," said Lord Fawn.

"And I shall hold mine," said Lucy bravely. "The Sawab of Mygawb had nothing to do with what Mr. Greystock may have said or done about his cousin. I am quite sure of it."

"Lucy, you are forgetting yourself," said Lady Fawn.

"Lucy, dear, you shouldn't contradict my brother," said Augusta.

"Take my advice, Lucy, and let it pass by," said Amelia.

"How can I hear such things said and not notice them?" demanded Lucy. "Why does Lord Fawn say them when I am by?"

Lord Fawn had now condescended to be full of wrath against his mother's governess. "I suppose I may express my own opinion, Miss Morris, in my mother's house."

"And I shall express mine," said Lucy. "Mr. Greystock is a gentleman. If you say that he is not a gentleman, it is not true." Upon hearing these terrible words spoken, Lord Fawn rose from his seat and slowly left the room. Augusta followed him with both her arms stretched out. Lady Fawn covered her face with her hands, and even Amelia was dismayed.

"O Lucy! why could you not hold your tongue?" said Lydia.

"I won't hold my tongue!" said Lucy, bursting out into tears.

"He is a gentleman."

Then there was great commotion at Fawn Court. After a few moments Lady Fawn followed her son without having said a word to Lucy, and Amelia went with her. Poor Lucy was left with the younger girls, and was no doubt very unhappy. But she was still indignant, and would yield nothing. When Georgina, the fourth daughter, pointed out to her that, in accordance with all rules of good breeding, she should have abstained from asserting that her brother had spoken an untruth, she blazed up again. "It was untrue," she said.

"But, Lucy, people never accuse each other of untruth. No lady should use such a word to a gentleman."

"He should not have said so. He knows that Mr. Greystock is more to me than all the world."

"If I had a lover," said Nina, "and anybody were to say a word against him, I know I'd fly at them. I don't know why Frederic is to have it all his own way."

"Nina, you're a fool," said Diana.

"I do think it was very hard for Lucy to bear," said Lydia.

"And I won't bear it!" exclaimed Lucy. "To think that Mr. Greystock should be so mean as to bear malice about a thing like that wild Indian because he takes his own cousin's part! Of course I'd better go away. You all think that Mr. Greystock is an enemy now; but he never can be an enemy to me."

"We think that Lady Eustace is an enemy," said Cecilia, "and a very nasty enemy, too."

"I did not say a word about Lady Eustace," said Lucy. "But Mr. Greystock is a gentleman."

About an hour after this Lady Fawn sent for Lucy, and the two were closeted together for a long time. Lord Fawn was very angry, and had hitherto altogether declined to overlook the insult offered. "I am bound to tell you," declared Lady Fawn, with much emphasis, "that nothing can justify you in having accused Lord Fawn of telling an untruth. Of course, I was sorry that Mr. Greystock's name should have been mentioned in your presence; but as it was mentioned, you should have borne what was said with patience."

"I couldn't be patient, Lady Fawn."

"That is what wicked people say when they commit murder, and then they are hung for it."

"I'll go away, Lady Fawn——"

"That is ungrateful, my dear. You know that I don't wish you to go away. But if you behave badly, of course I must tell you of it."

"I'd sooner go away. Everybody here thinks ill of Mr. Greystock. But I don't think ill of Mr. Greystock, and I never shall. Why did Lord Fawn say such very hard things about him?"

It was suggested to her that she should be down-stairs early the next morning, and apologise to Lord Fawn for her rudeness; but she would not, on that night, undertake to do any such thing. Let Lady Fawn say what she might, Lucy thought that the injury had been done to her, and not to his lordship. And so they parted hardly friends. Lady Fawn gave her no kiss as she went, and Lucy, with obstinate pride, altogether refused to own her fault. She would only say that she had better go, and when Lady Fawn over and over again pointed out to her that the last thing that such a one as Lord Fawn could bear was to be accused of an untruth, she would continue to say that in that case he should be careful to say nothing that was untrue. All this was very dreadful, and created great confusion and unhappiness at Fawn Court. Lydia came into her room that night, and the two girls talked the matter over for hours. In the morning Lucy

was up early, and found Lord Fawn walking in the grounds. She had been told that he would probably be found walking in the grounds, if she were willing to tender to him any apology.

Her mind had been very full of the subject,—not only in reference to her lover, but as it regarded her own conduct. One of the elder Fawn girls had assured her that under no circumstances could a lady be justified in telling a gentleman that he had spoken an untruth, and she was not quite sure but that the law so laid down was right. And then she could not but remember that the gentleman in question was Lord Fawn, and that she was Lady Fawn's governess. But Mr. Greystock was her affianced lover, and her first duty was to him. And then, granting that she herself had been wrong in accusing Lord Fawn of untruth, she could not refrain from asking herself whether he had not been much more wrong in saying in her hearing that Mr. Greystock was not a gentleman? And his offence had preceded her offence, and had caused it! She hardly knew whether she did or did not owe an apology to Lord Fawn, but she was quite sure that Lord Fawn owed an apology to her.

She walked straight up to Lord Fawn, and met him beneath the trees. He was still black and solemn, and was evidently brooding over his grievance; but he bowed to her, and stood still as she approached him. "My lord," said she, "I am very sorry for what happened last night."

"And so was I,—very sorry, Miss Morris."

"I think you know that I am engaged to marry Mr. Greystock?"

"I cannot allow that that has anything to do with it."

"When you think that he must be dearer to me than all the world, you will acknowledge that I couldn't hear hard things said of him without speaking." His face became blacker than ever, but he made no reply. He wanted an abject begging of unconditional pardon from the little girl who loved his enemy. If that were done, he would vouchsafe his forgiveness; but he was too small by nature to grant it on other terms. "Of course," continued Lucy, "I am bound to treat you with special respect in Lady Fawn's house." She looked almost beseechingly into his face as she paused for a moment.

"But you treated me with especial disrespect," said Lord Fawn.

"And how did you treat me, Lord Fawn?"

"Miss Morris, I must be allowed, in discussing matters with my mother, to express my own opinions in such language as I may think fit to use. Mr. Greystock's conduct to me was,—was,—was altogether most ungentlemanlike."

"Mr. Greystock is a gentleman."

"His conduct was most offensive, and most,—most ungentlemanlike. Mr. Greystock disgraced himself."

"It isn't true!" said Lucy. Lord Fawn gave one start, and then walked off to the house as quick as his legs could carry him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. DOVE IN HIS CHAMBERS.

THE scene between Lord Fawn and Greystock had taken place in Mr. Camperdown's chambers, and John Eustace had also been present. The lawyer had suffered considerable annoyance, before the arrival of the two first-named gentlemen, from reiterated assertions made by Eustace that he would take no further trouble whatsoever about the jewels. Mr. Camperdown had in vain pointed out to him that a plain duty lay upon him as executor and guardian to protect the property on behalf of his nephew, but Eustace had asserted that, though he himself was comparatively a poor man, he would sooner replace the necklace out of his own property, than be subject to the nuisance of such a continued quarrel. "My dear John; ten thousand pounds!" Mr. Camperdown had said. "It is a fortune for a younger son."

"The boy is only two years old, and will have time enough to make fortunes for his own younger sons, if he does not squander everything. If he does, the ten thousand pounds will make no difference."

"But the justice of the thing, John!"

"Justice may be purchased too dearly."

"Such a harpy as she is, too!" pleaded the lawyer. Then Lord Fawn had come in, and Greystock had followed immediately afterwards.

"I may as well say at once," said Greystock, "that Lady Eustace is determined to maintain her right to the property; and that she will not give up the diamonds till some adequate court of law shall have decided that she is mistaken in her views. Stop one moment, Mr. Camperdown. I feel myself bound to go further than that, and express my own opinion that she is right."

"I can hardly understand such an opinion as coming from you," said Mr. Camperdown.

"You have changed your mind, at any rate," said John Eustace.

"Not so, Eustace. Mr. Camperdown, you'll be good enough to understand that my opinion expressed here is that of a friend, and not that of a lawyer. And you must understand, Eustace," continued Greystock, "that I am speaking now of my cousin's right to the property. Though the value be great, I have advised her to give up the custody of it for a while, till the matter shall be clearly decided. That has still been my advice to her, and I have in no respect changed my mind. But she feels that she is being cruelly used, and with a woman's spirit will not, in such circumstances, yield anything. Mr. Camperdown actually stopped her carriage in the street."

"She would not answer a line that anybody wrote to her," said the lawyer.

"And I may say plainly,—for all here know the circumstances,—that Lady Eustace feels the strongest possible indignation at the manner in which she is being treated by Lord Fawn."

"I have only asked her to give up the diamonds till the question should be settled," said Lord Fawn.

"And you backed your request, my lord, by a threat! My cousin is naturally most indignant; and, my lord, you must allow me to tell you that I fully share the feeling."

"There is no use in making a quarrel about it," said Eustace.

"The quarrel is ready made," replied Greystock. "I am here to tell Lord Fawn in your presence, and in the presence of Mr. Camperdown, that he is behaving to a lady with ill-usage, which he would not dare to exercise, did he not know that her position saves him from legal punishment, as do the present usages of society from other consequences."

"I have behaved to her with every possible consideration," said Lord Fawn.

"That is a simple assertion," said the other. "I have made one assertion, and you have made another. The world will have to judge between us. What right have you to take upon yourself to decide whether this thing or that belongs to Lady Eustace, or to any one else?"

"When the thing was talked about I was obliged to have an opinion," said Lord Fawn, who was still thinking of words in which to reply to the insult offered him by Greystock, without injury to his dignity as an Under-Secretary of State.

"Your conduct, sir, has been altogether inexcusable." Then Frank turned to the attorney. "I have been given to understand that you are desirous of knowing where this diamond necklace is at present. It is at Lady Eustace's house in Scotland;—at Portray Castle." Then he shook hands with John Eustace, bowed to Mr. Camperdown, and succeeded in leaving the room before Lord Fawn had so far collected his senses as to be able to frame his anger into definite words.

"I will never willingly speak to that man again," said Lord Fawn. But as it was not probable that Greystock would greatly desire any further conversation with Lord Fawn, this threat did not carry with it any powerful feeling of severity.

Mr. Camperdown groaned over the matter with thorough vexation of spirit. It seemed to him as though the harpy, as he called her, would really make good her case against him,—at any rate, would make it seem to be good for so long a time, that all the triumph of success would be hers. He knew that she was already in debt, and gave her credit for a propensity to fast living which almost did her

an injustice. Of course, the jewels would be sold for half their value, and the harpy would triumph. Of what use to him or to the estate would be a decision of the courts in his favour, when the diamonds should have been broken up and scattered to the winds of heaven? Ten thousand pounds! It was, to Mr. Camperdown's mind, a thing quite terrible that, in a country which boasts of its laws, and of the execution of its laws, such an impostor as was this widow should be able to lay her dirty, grasping fingers on so great an amount of property, and that there should be no means of punishing her. That Lizzie Eustace had stolen the diamonds, as a pickpocket steals a watch, was a fact as to which Mr. Camperdown had in his mind no shadow of a doubt. And, as the reader knows, he was right. She had stolen them. Mr. Camperdown knew that she had stolen them, and was a wretched man. From the first moment of the late Sir Florian's infatuation about this woman, she had worked woe for Mr. Camperdown. Mr. Camperdown had striven hard,—to the great and almost permanent offence of Sir Florian,—to save Portray from its present condition of degradation; but he had striven in vain. Portray belonged to the harpy for her life; and moreover he himself had been forced to be instrumental in paying over to the harpy a large sum of Eustace money almost immediately on her becoming a widow. Then had come the affair of the diamonds;—an affair of ten thousand pounds!—as Mr. Camperdown would exclaim to himself, throwing his eyes up to the ceiling. And now it seemed that she was to get the better of him, even in that, although there could not be a shadow of doubt as to her falsehood and fraudulent dishonesty! His luck in the matter was so bad! John Eustace had no backbone, no spirit, no proper feeling as to his own family. Lord Fawn was as weak as water, and almost disgraced the cause by the accident of his adherence to it. Greystock, who would have been a tower of strength, had turned against him, and was now prepared to maintain that the harpy was right. Mr. Camperdown knew that the harpy was wrong,—that she was a harpy, and he would not abandon the cause; but the difficulties in his way were great, and the annoyance to which he was subjected was excessive. His wife and daughters were still at Dawlish, and he was up in town in September, simply because the harpy had the present possession of these diamonds.

Mr. Camperdown was a man turned sixty, handsome, grey-haired, healthy, somewhat florid, and carrying in his face and person external signs of prosperity and that kind of self-assertion which prosperity always produces. But they who knew him best were aware that he did not bear trouble well. In any trouble, such as was this about the necklace, there would come over his face a look of weakness which betrayed the want of real inner strength. How many faces one sees

which, in ordinary circumstances, are comfortable, self-asserting, sufficient, and even bold ; the lines of which, under difficulties, collapse and become mean, spiritless, and insignificant. There are faces which, in their usual form, seem to bluster with prosperity, but which the loss of a dozen points at whist will reduce to that currish aspect which reminds one of a dog-whip. Mr. Camperdown's countenance, when Lord Fawn and Mr. Eustace left him, had fallen away into this meanness of appearance. He no longer carried himself as a man owning a dog-whip, but rather as the hound that feared it.

A better attorney, for the purposes to which his life was devoted, did not exist in London than Mr. Camperdown. To say that he was honest, is nothing. To describe him simply as zealous, would be to fall very short of his merits. The interests of his clients were his own interests, and the legal rights of the properties of which he had the legal charge, were as dear to him as his own blood. But it could not be said of him that he was a learned lawyer. Perhaps in that branch of a solicitor's profession in which he had been called upon to work, experience goes further than learning. It may be doubted, indeed, whether it is not so in every branch of every profession. But it might, perhaps, have been better for Mr. Camperdown had he devoted more hours of his youth to reading books on conveyancing. He was now too old for such studies, and could trust only to the reading of other people. The reading, however, of other people was always at his command, and his clients were rich men who did not mind paying for an opinion. To have an opinion from Mr. Dove, or some other learned gentleman, was the everyday practice of his life ; and when he obtained, as he often did, little coigns of legal vantage and subtle definitions as to property which were comfortable to him, he would rejoice to think that he could always have a Dove at his hand to tell him exactly how far he was justified in going in defence of his clients' interests. But now there had come to him no comfort from his corner of legal knowledge. Mr. Dove had taken extraordinary pains in the matter, and had simply succeeded in throwing over his employer. "A necklace can't be an heirloom !" said Mr. Camperdown to himself, telling off on his fingers half-a-dozen instances in which he had either known or had heard that the head of a family had so arranged the future possession of the family jewels. Then he again read Mr. Dove's opinion ; and actually took a law-book off his shelves with the view of testing the correctness of the barrister in reference to some special assertion. A pot or a pan might be an heirloom, but not a necklace ! Mr. Camperdown could hardly bring himself to believe that this was law. And then as to paraphernalia ! Up to this moment, though he had been called upon to arrange great dealings in reference to widows, he had never as yet heard of a claim made by a widow for paraphernalia. But then the

widows with whom he had been called upon to deal, had been ladies quite content to accept the good things settled upon them by the liberal prudence of their friends and husbands,—not greedy, blood-sucking harpies, such as this Lady Eustace. It was quite terrible to Mr. Camperdown that one of his clients should have fallen into such a pit. *Mors omnibus est communis*. But to have left such a widow behind one!

"John," he said, opening his door. John was his son and partner, and John came to him, having been summoned by a clerk from another room. "Just shut the door. I've had such a scene here;—Lord Fawn and Mr. Greystock almost coming to blows about that horrid woman."

"The Upper House would have got the worst of it, as it usually does," said the younger attorney.

"And there is John Eustace cares no more what becomes of the property than if he had nothing to do with it;—absolutely talks of replacing the diamonds out of his own pocket; a man whose personal interest in the estate is by no means equal to her own."

"He wouldn't do it, you know," said Camperdown Junior, who did not know the family.

"It's just what he would do," said the father, who did. "There's nothing they wouldn't give away, when once the idea takes them. Think of that woman having the whole Portray estate, perhaps for the next sixty years,—nearly the fee-simple of the property,—just because she made eyes to Sir Florian!"

"That's done and gone father."

"And here's Dove tells us that a necklace can't be an heirloom, unless it belongs to the Crown."

"Whatever he says, you'd better take his word for it."

"I'm not so sure of that. It can't be. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go over and see him. We can file a bill in Chancery, I don't doubt, and prove that the property belongs to the family, and must go by the will. But she'll sell them before we can get the custody of them."

"Perhaps she has done that already."

"Greystock says they are at Portray, and I believe they are. She was wearing them in London only in July,—a day or two before I saw her as she was leaving town. If anybody like a jeweller had been down at the castle, I should have heard of it. She hasn't sold them yet, but she will."

"She could do that just the same if they were an heirloom."

"No, John. I think not. We could have acted much more quickly, and have frightened her."

"If I were you, father, I'd drop the matter altogether, and let John Eustace replace them if he pleases. We all know that he

would never be called on to do anything of the kind. It isn't our sort of business."

"Not ten thousand pounds!" said Camperdown Senior, to whom the magnitude of the larceny almost ennobled the otherwise mean duty of catching the thief. Then Mr. Camperdown rose, and slowly walked across the New Square, Lincoln's Inn, under the low archway, by the entrance to the old court in which Lord Eldon used to sit, to the Old Square, in which the Turtle Dove had built his legal nest on a first floor, close to the old gateway.

Mr. Dove was a gentleman who spent a very great portion of his life in this somewhat gloomy abode of learning. It was not now term time, and most of his brethren were absent from London, recruiting their strength among the Alps, or drinking in vigour for fresh campaigns with the salt sea breezes of Kent and Sussex, or perhaps shooting deer in Scotland, or catching fish in Connemara. But Mr. Dove was a man of iron, who wanted no such recreation. To be absent from his law-books and the black, littered, ink-stained old table on which he was wont to write his opinions, was, to him, to be wretched. The only exercise necessary to him was that of putting on his wig and going into one of the courts that were close to his chambers;—but even that was almost distasteful to him. He preferred sitting in his old arm-chair, turning over his old books in search of old cases, and producing opinions which he would be prepared to back against all the world of Lincoln's Inn. He and Mr. Camperdown had known each other intimately for many years, and though the rank of the two men in their profession differed much, they were able to discuss questions of law without any appreciation of that difference among themselves. The one man knew much, and the other little; the one was not only learned, but possessed also of great gifts, while the other was simply an ordinary clear-headed man of business; but they had sympathies in common which made them friends; they were both honest and unwilling to sell their services to dishonest customers; and they equally entertained a deep-rooted contempt for that portion of mankind who thought that property could be managed and protected without the intervention of lawyers. The outside world to them was a world of pretty, laughing, ignorant children; and lawyers were the parents, guardians, pastors and masters by whom the children should be protected from the evils incident to their childishness.

"Yes, sir; he's here," said the Turtle Dove's clerk. "He is talking of going away, but he won't go. He's told me I can have a week, but I don't know that I like to leave him. Mrs. Dove and the children are down at Ramsgate, and he's here all night. He hadn't been out so long that when he wanted to go as far as the Temple yesterday, we couldn't find his hat." Then the clerk opened the

door, and ushered Mr. Camperdown into the room. Mr. Dove was the younger man by five or six years, and his hair was still black. Mr. Camperdown's was nearer white than grey; but, nevertheless, Mr. Camperdown looked as though he were the younger man. Mr. Dove was a long, thin man, with a stoop in his shoulders, with deep-set, hollow eyes, and lanthorn cheeks, and sallow complexion, with long, thin hands, who seemed to acknowledge by every movement of his body and every tone of his voice that old age was creeping on him—whereas the attorney's step was still elastic, and his speech brisk. Mr. Camperdown wore a blue frock-coat, and a coloured cravat, and a light waistcoat. With Mr. Dove every visible article of his raiment was black, except his shirt, and he had that peculiar blackness which a man achieves when he wears a dress-coat over a high black waistcoat in the morning.

"You didn't make much, I fear, of what I sent you about heirlooms," said Mr. Dove, divining the purport of Mr. Camperdown's visit.

"A great deal more than I wanted, I can assure you, Mr. Dove."

"There is a common error about heirlooms."

"Very common, indeed, I should say. God bless my soul! when one knows how often the word occurs in family deeds, it does startle one to be told that there isn't any such thing."

"I don't think I said quite so much as that. Indeed, I was careful to point out that the law does acknowledge heirlooms."

"But not diamonds," said the attorney.

"I doubt whether I went quite so far as that."

"Only the Crown diamonds."

"I don't think I ever debarred all other diamonds. A diamond in a star of honour might form a part of an heirloom; but I do not think that a diamond itself could be an heirloom."

"If in a star of honour, why not in a necklace?" argued Mr. Camperdown almost triumphantly.

"Because a star of honour, unless tampered with by fraud, would naturally be maintained in its original form. The setting of a necklace will probably be altered from generation to generation. The one, like a picture or a precious piece of furniture —"

"Or a pot or a pan," said Mr. Camperdown, with sarcasm.

"Pots and pans may be precious, too," replied Mr. Dove. "Such things can be traced, and can be held as heirlooms without imposing too great difficulties on their guardians. The Law is generally very wise and prudent, Mr. Camperdown;—much more so often than are they who attempt to improve it."

"I quite agree with you there, Mr. Dove."

"Would the Law do a service, do you think, if it lent its authority to the special preservation in special hands of trinkets only to be

used for vanity and ornament? Is that a kind of property over which an owner should have a power of disposition more lasting, more autocratic, than is given him even in regard to land? The land, at any rate, can be traced. It is a thing fixed and known. A string of pearls is not only alterable, but constantly altered, and cannot easily be traced."

"Property of such enormous value should, at any rate, be protected," said Mr. Camperdown indignantly.

"All property is protected, Mr. Camperdown;—although, as we know too well, such protection can never be perfect. But the system of heirlooms, if there can be said to be such a system, was not devised for what you and I mean when we talk of protection of property."

"I should have said that that was just what it was devised for."

"I think not. It was devised with the more picturesque idea of maintaining chivalric associations. Heirlooms have become so, not that the future owners of them may be assured of so much wealth,—whatever the value of the thing so settled may be,—but that the son or grandson or descendant may enjoy the satisfaction which is derived from saying, My father or my grandfather or my ancestor sat in that chair, or looked as he now looks in that picture, or was graced by wearing on his breast that very ornament which you now see lying beneath the glass. Crown jewels are heirlooms in the same way, as representing not the possession of the sovereign, but the time-honoured dignity of the Crown. The Law, which, in general, concerns itself with our property or lives and our liberties, has in this matter bowed gracefully to the spirit of chivalry and has lent its aid to romance;—but it certainly did not do so to enable the discordant heirs of a rich man to settle a simple dirty question of money, which, with ordinary prudence, the rich man should himself have settled before he died."

The Turtle Dove had spoken with emphasis and had spoken well, and Mr. Camperdown had not ventured to interrupt him while he was speaking. He was sitting far back on his chair, but with his neck bent and his head forward, rubbing his long thin hands slowly over each other, and with his deep bright eyes firmly fixed on his companion's face. Mr. Camperdown had not unfrequently heard him speak in the same fashion before, and was accustomed to his manner of unravelling the mysteries and searching into the causes of Law with a spirit which almost lent a poetry to the subject. When Mr. Dove would do so, Mr. Camperdown would not quite understand the words spoken, but he would listen to them with an undoubting reverence. And he did understand them in part, and was conscious of an infusion of a certain amount of poetic spirit into his own bosom. He would think of these speeches afterwards, and would

entertain high but somewhat cloudy ideas of the beauty and the majesty of law. Mr. Dove's speeches did Mr. Camperdown good, and helped to preserve him from that worst of all diseases,—a low idea of humanity.

"You think, then, we had better not claim them as heirlooms?" he asked.

"I think you had better not."

"And you think that she could claim them—as paraphernalia."

"That question has hardly been put to me,—though I allowed myself to wander into it. But for my intimacy with you, I should hardly have ventured to stray so far."

"I need hardly say how much obliged we are. But we will submit one or two other cases to you."

"I am inclined to think the court would not allow them to her as paraphernalia, seeing that their value is excessive as compared with her income and degree; but if it did, it would do so in a fashion that would guard them from alienation."

"She would sell them—under the rose."

"Then she would be guilty of stealing them,—which she would hardly attempt, even if not restrained by honesty, knowing, as she would know, that the greatness of the value would almost assuredly lead to detection. The same feeling would prevent buyers from purchasing."

"She says, you know, that they were given to her, absolutely."

"I should like to know the circumstances."

"Yes;—of course."

"But I should be disposed to think that in equity no allegation by the receiver of such a gift, unsubstantiated either by evidence or by deed, would be allowed to stand. The gentleman left behind him a will, and regular settlements. I should think that the possession of these diamonds,—not, I presume, touched on in the settlements——"

"Oh dear no;—not a word about them."

"I should think, then, that, subject to any claim for paraphernalia, the possession of the diamonds would be ruled by the will." Mr. Camperdown was rushing into the further difficulty of the chattels in Scotland and those in England, when the Turtle Dove stopped him, declaring that he could not venture to discuss matters as to which he knew none of the facts.

"Of course not;—of course not," said Mr. Camperdown. "We'll have cases prepared. I'd apologise for coming at all, only that I get so much from a few words."

"I'm always delighted to see you, Mr. Camperdown," said the Turtle Dove, bowing.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.¹

MR. FORSTER has cultivated a natural gift for biography to a very high point, and it is difficult to speak with too much approval of the tact and skill with which he places before his readers this portrait of Dickens in his earlier days. We all know the usual error of writers of lives—their idolatry, their exaggerated love for their hero, their refusal to see him from any but the one point of view, their belief that the most commonplace little notes or facts are of value because connected with him: these faults are exemplified every month in biographies poured from the press, to the delight of political or religious cliques. It must be admitted, of course, that an essential qualification for a biographer is love for the hero of his work, otherwise the task would never be undertaken, except by those literary journeymen whom the old Grub Street booksellers called Hands. Had the task of writing the life of Dickens fallen to the lot of one of his literary satellites or imitators, we should have had pages of uncritical eulogy and long chapters of personal praise. But Mr. Forster was Dickens's personal and intimate friend, bound to him in relations of mutual regard and respect, with, happily, an independent literary position of his own, and dealing himself, as a rule, with a kind of literature calling out, above all things, faculties of personal criticism, and demanding judicial qualities of mind. We have in this book evidence enough of the two qualifications. His love for Dickens shines through every chapter. His knowledge of him was great. They were close friends for twenty-three years. "You know me better," wrote Dickens in 1862, "than any other man does, or ever will." But of as great importance for the reader is the very tolerable fairness and impartiality with which Mr. Forster allows us to observe, rather than points out, the defects in the character of Dickens: we can see that he draws the veil reluctantly, and is full of affectionate apology as he does so. All lives of men of letters labour under a disadvantage—that the works of the author tend to dwarf the man himself—and too many biographers become, in the main, compilers of a catalogue, with dates and criticisms appended. Mr. Forster does not err in this way. There is a fascination in the portrait; though it is easy enough to conceive a greater man, it is difficult to conceive one more interesting to observers, or more lovable to his friends. The outer traits—"a firm nose, with full nostrils, eyes running over with humour and cheerfulness, and a rather prominent mouth, strongly marked with sensibility," "the

(1) "The Life of Charles Dickens." By John Forster. Vol. I. Chapman and Hall.

eager, restless, energetic outlook on every feature," are not merely physical signs—they render the character itself. Of his face, Mr. Forster says besides, "Light and motion flashed from every part of it." "It was as if made of steel," said Mr. Carlyle. "It has the life and soul of fifty human beings," said Leigh Hunt. There was a great deal in the works of Dickens himself to correspond with these suggestions: the very best things he ever did, the flashes of humour, the instantaneous recognition of human oddities, were born within him, not acquired. He believed himself that when a mere boy he was as keen an observer as in after-days; and this is singularly borne out by the freshness, and power, and instructive humour of "Pickwick," never, to our mind, surpassed by anything he did in later life—though Mr. Forster seems to be of a different opinion, but circumstances and growth developed in him other qualities more latent than the less natural sensibility to the humorous and the grotesque. He was forced when a boy of ten to accept employment at some miserable, almost menial drudgery in a blacking warehouse, and of this he says himself:—

"No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sank into this companionship; compared these everyday associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that day by day what I had learned and thought and delighted in and raised my fancy and my emulation up by was passing away from me never to be brought back any more; cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated by the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life."

Mr. Forster indicates, delicately enough, the results on his character of his early experiences:—

"He had derived great good from them, but not without alloy. . . . What it was that in society made him often uneasy, shrinking, and over-sensitive, he knew; but all the danger he ran in bearing down and over-mastering the feeling, he did not know. A too great confidence in himself, a sense that everything was possible to the will that would make it so, laid occasionally upon him self-imposed burdens greater than might be borne by any one with safety. In that direction there was in him at such times something even hard and aggressive; in his determination, a something that had almost the tone of fierceness; something in his nature that made his resolves insuperable, however hasty the opinions on which they had been formed. . . . When I have seen strangely present at such chance intervals a stern and even cold isolation of self-reliance side by side with a susceptibility almost feminine, and the most eager craving for sympathy, it has seemed to me as though his habitual impulses for everything kind and gentle had sunk for the time under a sudden hard and inexorable sense of what fate had dealt to him in those earlier days."

It seems to us, though Mr. Forster will probably not admit it, that some unhappy results of his earlier troubles came out in his writings,

as well as in his life. While his humour was entirely undimmed by his sufferings as a boy, it is a question whether his sense of the pathetic was not unduly stimulated, or even distorted. Nothing can be more natural, fresh, and bright than his fun ; while, on the other hand, his pathos is scarcely ever simple or pure. His humour gushes out as from a surface well ; his pathetic situations are drawn with labour and art from great depths. Naturally a great humorist, he resolved to be pathetic, and against the bent of his mind achieved success ; but we think the effort is apparent enough. He seems to us as if driven into this line by recollections of his own past : it superinduced a sensibility almost morbid to the sufferings of unhappy children and unhappy people amongst the poor. It impressed a combative spirit into his social ideas ; and it marred his catholicity as an artist. Then his fame was so suddenly great that he became a " lion " before he grew a beard, and knew little interval between the boy neglected and the man famous and caressed. Hence he never had, as a man, the opportunities of observation possessed by writers who rose less rapidly into fame ; his was not " the harvest of a quiet eye," but the quick perception of humours and oddities and peculiarities which he saw at a glance and remembered for ever. Considering what he was when he did go into general society, it was difficult for " society " to appear at its ease ; not only was he a noted man, but he was noted for observancy ; and it would have been difficult for the most unconscious people to be quite at ease even before so keen and untiring an eye. But when to this great power of observing oddities of face, or manner, or bearing, we add the stern, and almost fierce, resolution of Dickens to execute whatever he willed, we perhaps see a clue to his literary character.

Some writers give the reader the effect of unfolding only a portion of their thoughts—of giving us, as it were, gracious gifts out of an abundant store ; but Dickens, in some of his books, and especially in high-wrought and serious passages, seems as if he poured forth his whole soul and mind on the page, leaving himself for the time exhausted. The little touches of his literary habits indicated by Mr. Forster bear out this idea—derivable, we think, on intrinsic evidence from the writings themselves. The man depicted has in him something of what Goethe calls " storm and stress." With him life appeared to be a battle and a march. If he had a friend whom he loved, he seemed to " grapple him to his soul with hooks of steel ;" even in notes written to Mr. Forster when their friendship was only a few weeks old, there is a passionate eagerness to love and to be loved rare in the rather cold intimacies of Englishmen. He evidently carried the same intensity into business.

It was not only in business, in friendship, and in enmity that Dickens was intense. He put his heart into everything. He was

energetic in amusements, in festivity, in society, in acting, in reading, in thinking, in talking, in writing: he never did anything by halves: he over-walked himself, he over-worked himself—he even over-dressed himself, as Mr. Forster, too kind to speak of it himself, lets us know by a little foot-note, copied from the letter of an American lady. Of course some of this was due to overflowing animal energy, but some also to the fierce resolve, born in the days of his poverty, not to sink under any difficulty, and to fight his way up against all and every odds. There is a certain charm about the warfare in the world of this bright, keen, eager, clever, successful man—a charm not like that which gives repose to the story of Goethe, or lends sadness to the homely pathos of Scott's life; but a charm derived from his fulness of life, his flashing sight, and the conquest he seemed to seek, and so often achieved in every literary task.

J. HERBERT STACK.

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THE RELIGION OF AN INDIAN PROVINCE.

THE general form and complexion of Hinduism is familiar enough to those who take interest in the subject of Asiatic religions. Many persons know that the Hindus are divided, as to their theology, into various sects, schools, and orders; that their orthodox Brahmanical doctrines express an esoteric Pantheism by an exoteric Polytheism; and that the mass of the people worship innumerable gods with endless diversity of ritual. A few students of India in England know a great deal more than this; but I doubt whether any one who has not lived among Hindus can adequately realise the astonishing variety of their ordinary religious beliefs, the constant changes of shape and colour which these beliefs undergo, the extraordinary fecundity of the superstitious sentiment—in short, the scope, range, depth, and height of religious ideas and practices prevailing simultaneously among the population of one country, or of one not very extensive province. It is not easy, indeed, for Europeans of this century to realise the condition even of a great continent in which there are no nationalities; or to perceive how in a mere loose conglomeration of tribes, races, and castes the notion of religious unity, or even of common consent by a people as to the fundamental bases of worship, can hardly be comprehended, much less entertained. For nationality is, as we know, a thing of modern growth; when Charlemagne restored the Western Empire, he swept within its pale not nations but tribes—Franks and Saxons, Lombards and Gauls—just as we have subdued and now rule, in India, Sikhs, Pathâns, Rajpûts, and Marathas. It is therefore, perhaps, from India that we at this day can best represent to ourselves and appreciate the vast external reform worked upon the heathen world by Christianity, as it was organised and executed throughout Europe by the combined authority of the Holy Roman Empire and the Church Catholic. From this Asiatic standpoint, looking down upon a tangled jungle of

disorderly superstitions, upon ghosts and demons, demigods, and deified saints ; upon household gods, tribal gods, local gods, universal gods—with their countless shrines and temples, and the din of their discordant rites ; upon deities who abhor a fly's death, upon those who delight still in human victims, and upon those who would not either sacrifice or offering—looking down upon such a religious chaos, throughout a vast region never subdued or levelled (like all Western Asia) by Mahomedan or Christian monotheism, we realise the huge enterprise undertaken by those who first set forth to establish one Faith for all mankind, and an universal Church on earth. We perceive more clearly what classic paganism was by realising what Hinduism actually is. We have been so much habituated in Europe to associate any great historic religion with the idea of a Church (if not in its mediæval sense, then in the sense of a congregation of the faithful), that most of us assign this kind of settled character and organic form to paganism, modern or ancient, so long as it is not barbarism. We are thus prone to assume that a people like the Hindus, with their history, literature, sacred books, and accumulated traditions, must by this time have built up some radical dogmas, or at least some definite conceptions of divinity, which the upper classes would have imposed on the crowd as limits to mere superstitious phantasy. For centuries Christianity has marched, along its entire settled frontier, with no other religion beside Mahomedanism, which has distinctive tenets and a firmly-set pale ; therefore we do not readily appreciate the state of millions of Hindus to whom any such common bond or circumscription is altogether wanting. We can scarcely comprehend an ancient religion, still alive and powerful, which is a mere troubled sea, without shore or visible horizon, driven to and fro by the winds of boundless credulity and grotesque invention.

I have supposed, therefore, that it might be worth while to attempt a brief description of the actual condition, character, and tendencies of the religious beliefs now prevailing in one province of India. It will present, I believe, a fair average sample of Hinduism as a whole, like a pail of water taken out of a pond. But I do not purpose to draw the well-known figures of Brahmanic theology, nor to rehearse standard myths and heroic fables common to all India. The doctrine of Brahmanism, and the whole apparatus of its ceremonial, with its sects, orthodox or heterodox, flourish in this particular province much as they do in all others ; I assume that the outline of them has been studied and understood. My present plan is to try whether the different superstitious notions and forms of worship which fall under everyday observation in an Indian district, can be arranged so as to throw any light upon recent theories as to the gradual upward growth and successive development of religion

through connected stages. That the sphere of observation has, for the purposes of this essay, been mostly confined within provincial limits, is a condition not without certain advantages. By comparing different ages, diverse societies, and men under dissimilar physical environment, we may collect without difficulty every species and variety of superstition required to fit up our respective theories of religious evolution; and people have thus been accustomed to connect such hypotheses with the supposition of infinite diversity of habitation or race scattered over long periods of time. But if the living specimens can all be gathered from one country, then their affinity may seem more probable, and the manner of their sequence or descent more intelligible. At any rate, the study of such theories may be found easier and more within compass of accurate research; while it may be interesting (setting aside all theories) to observe a whole vegetation of cognate beliefs sprouting up in every stage of growth beneath the shadow of the great orthodox traditions and allegories of Brahmanism.

The province (commonly called Berar) from which I have drawn my facts is situated nearly in the centre of India; it is almost identical in area with the present kingdom of Greece on the mainland; and it contains 2,250,000 inhabitants, of whom 155,000 are Musalmans, and the rest (of the natives) are loosely called Hindus. Now just as the word Hindu is no national or even geographical denomination, but signifies vaguely a fortuitous conglomeration of sects, tribes, races, hereditary professions, and pure castes; so the religion of this population of Hindus is at first sight a heterogeneous confusion. Without doubt much of this miscellany may be at once referred, for its source, to the composite character of the people. The Hindus proper, who can be ranged in known castes, have come in by migrations from North, South, and West; there is a strong non-Aryan leaven in the dregs of the agricultural class, derived from the primitive races which have gradually melted down into settled life and thus become fused with the general community; while these same races are still distinct tribes in the wild tracts of hill and jungle. Nevertheless, the various superstitions have long ceased to correspond with ethnic varieties; they have even little accordance with gradations of social position or of civil estate. Moreover, the characteristic which, after close examination, most strikes an European observer, is not so much the heterogeneity of the popular religion taken at a glance, as the fact that it is a thing which is constantly growing; that it is perceptibly following certain modes of generation, transmutation, and growth, which point toward and lead up from the lower toward the higher kinds of belief. Here, as everywhere in like conditions, the floating and molecular state of society has prevented religious consolidation; while

again the multiformity of religion reacts continually upon the society, subjecting its constitution to a perpetual *morcellement*. And the wedges which have riven asunder and are keeping separate the general mass of the Indian people are furnished and applied by the system of Caste. The two great outward and visible signs of caste fellowship, intermarriage and the sharing of food, are the bonds which unite or isolate groups. Now Caste seems to be the stereotype mould which has in India preserved those antique prejudices of blood and religion that have been worn out or destroyed in almost all countries of equal or inferior civilization; and so far as caste is by origin Ethnological, Political, or Professional, its tendency in modern India is to subside and fade away out of active life. But to this threefold classification (by Professor Max Müller)¹ of the source of Indian caste must be added, I submit, a fourth term—Sectarian—meaning the castes which are produced by difference of religion, by new gods, new rites, new views, and new dogmas. While the three first-named sources are virtually closed, this fourth source is still open and flowing, and its effect upon the social fabric is still actively dissolvent. Where tribal and political distinctions are blending and amalgamating according to the ordinary operation of civilizing forces, this process is in India continually interrupted and foiled by the religious element of dissection; the community, instead of coalescing, is again split up by divergencies of doctrine, of ritual, or by some mere caprice of superstition, into separate bodies which eat and intermarry only among themselves, thus establishing and preserving isolation. New objects of Fetich adoration are continually being discovered and becoming popular; certain shrines get into fashion, or an image is set up, or a temple built; new prophets arise with fresh messages to deliver, or with fresh rules for a devout life. Holy men are canonized by the *vox populi* after death, or even attain apotheosis as incarnations of the elder gods; and these also have usually their recognised disciples. In fact, the chief among these moralists and miracle-workers are the founders of sects, and sects always tend to become sub-castes. Thus the objects of Hindu adoration are constantly changing, so that the Indian Pantheon, like the Eastern palace in the Persian parable, is but a caravanserai; the great dome endures with little change, but its occupants come and go. And these novelties of teaching or practice mark off the persons who adopt them; the devotees often become known by a separate denomination which denotes a peculiar discipline or tenet, or perhaps only the exclusive worship of one god or deified man. So that, if a metaphor may be borrowed from physical science, we may say that in India all Hindu religions belong to the *fissiparous* order—they have the property of dissection into minute portions, each of which retains life and growth. And as each sect slowly, but

(1) "Chips from a German Workshop."

surely, gravitates towards a caste, the result is that continual piecemeal dissection by religious anarchy of the body politic, which I have endeavoured to describe.

We can perceive the vestiges of similar tendencies even in Great Britain, where very peculiar sectaries like the Quakers have lived and married for generations among themselves, and where any radical antagonism of creeds is still a serious bar to matrimony. But the state of things in India can only be realised by supposing that the Irvingites, for instance, should have become, as an inevitable and obvious consequence of their distinctive tenets, a class so entirely apart from the rest of England that marriage beyond the communion would be illegal, and dining with them an intolerable scandal to Churchmen.¹

To give any intelligible account of beliefs and liturgies thus complicated, some system of classification appears necessary. I have therefore attempted to adopt one, though I do not pretend to much confidence in the hypothesis which it involves. Taking as the lowest stage of religious thought that conception which seems the most narrow and superficial, and proceeding upward as the ideas which I suppose to lie at the root of each conception become wider and more far-fetched, I should distribute the popular worship that can now be witnessed within Berar into the grades here following. I should explain that *these* divisions in no way denote separate bodies of exclusive votaries, nor do they correspond even with any parallel steps of civilized intelligence or of social position. The average middle-class Hindu might be brought by one part or another of his everyday religious practice, within any or many of these classes, namely:—

1. The worship of mere stocks and stones and of local configurations, which are unusual or grotesque in size, shape, or position.
2. The worship of things inanimate, which are gifted with mysterious motion.
3. The worship of animals which are feared.
4. The worship of visible things animate or inanimate which are directly or indirectly useful and profitable, or which possess any incomprehensible function or property.
5. The worship of a *Deo*, or spirit, a thing without form and void

(1) Much might be suggested here (in support of what Sir Henry Maine has recently pointed out) upon the peculiar influence of the English law in arresting in India this process of constant change; in stereotyping institutions once found to exist, or perhaps only found by books to *have* existed; the facts having been long since transformed. A very notable example of this may be seen in the history and present state of the new sect called *Brahmo Samaj*. They are philosophical deists, who disapprove of the common Hindu marriage ceremonies; but they dare not disregard them, because any omission of rites might invalidate their marriage in an English court of law. Had no court existed, they would have gone their own way, and become a sub-caste, with matrimonial rules of their own, which would have been recognised as perfectly valid, for Brahmins, by all Hindus.

—the vague impersonation of the *uncanny* sensation that comes over one at certain places.

6. The worship of dead relatives and other deceased persons known in their lifetime to the worshipper.

7. The worship of persons who had a great reputation during life, or who died in some strange or notorious way—at shrines.

8. The worship, in temples, of the persons belonging to the foregoing class, as demigods or subordinate deities.

9. The worship of manifold local incarnations of the elder deities, and of their symbols.

10. The worship of departmental deities.

11. The worship of the ancient incarnations and personifications handed down by the Hindu scriptures.

This category comprises, I think, all the different kinds of Fetichism and Polytheism which make up the popular religion of Berar. With the inner and higher sides of Hindu teaching and belief known in the country I do not now pretend to deal, except so far as these doctrines have degenerated into mere idolatry of symbols, a relapse to which they are constantly liable. And with regard to the varieties of worship in the catalogue just finished, they are of course deeply tinged throughout by the strong sky-light reflection of over-arching Brahmanism; whence the topmost classes now pretend to derive their meaning immediately. Yet it may be said of all (except perhaps of the latest classes in the series) that these ideas are not so much the offspring of Brahmanism as its children by adoption—they have not sprung out of any authoritative teaching or revelation which would control and guide their development, nor are they the decaying survivals either of a higher faith or of a lower superstition. They are living and fertile conceptions; of species constantly germinating and throwing up new shoots, in the present age and in the country where they are found.

The Worship of Stocks or Stones, for instance, is an active species which incessantly spreads and reproduces itself before our eyes, with different modifications that all eventually find their place and meaning in the general order of the people's religion. I have placed this worship in my lowest class, because I take it to represent the earliest phase of Indian Fetichism now existing. Let Fetichism be defined as the straightforward objective adoration of visible substances fancied to possess some mysterious influence or faculty; then I suppose that the intelligence which argues that a stock or stone embodies divinity, only because it has a queer, unusual form, expresses a very low type of Fetichism. And to this type I am disposed to refer, for their original idea and motive, all such practices as the worship of a stone oddly shaped, of a jutting bit

of rock, a huge boulder lying alone in the plain, a circle of stones, a peculiar mark on the hill-side or a hummock atop, an ancient carved pillar, a milestone unexpectedly set up where none was before, with strange hieroglyphics, a telegraph post, fossils with their shell marks; in fact, any object of the kind that catches attention as being out of the common way. Now the Brahmanic explanation of this reverence for curious-looking things, especially for things conical and concave, is very well known; but these interpretations appear to belong to a later symbolism, which is always invented by the more ingenious to account with orthodoxy for what is really nothing but primitive Fetichism rising into a higher atmosphere. I mean that this worship would prevail in India if the Brahmanic symbolism had never been thought of—does prevail, as a fact, in other far-distant countries. For the feeling which actuates the uninitiated Indian worshipper of stocks and stones, or of what are called freaks of nature, is in its essence that simple awe of the unusual which belongs to no particular religion. It survives in England to this day in the habit of ascribing grotesque and striking landmarks or puzzling antiquities to the Devil, who is, or has been, the residuary legatee of all obsolete Pagan superstitions in Christian countries. In any district of India such objects or local configurations as the Devil's Quoits (near Stanton), the Devil's Jumps (in Surrey), or the Devil's Punch-bowl (in Sussex), would be worshipped; similar things are actually worshipped all over Berar, and in every case some signification, either mythical or symbolical, is contrived by some expert Brahman to justify and authorise the custom. Yet I feel certain that among the vulgar there is at first no *arrière pensée*, or second meaning, in their adoration. The worshipper requires no such motive, he asks for no sign, offers no prayer, expects no reward. He pays reverent attentions to the Unaccountable Thing, the startling expression of an unknown power, and goes his way. It is not difficult to perceive how this original downright adoration of queer-looking objects is modified by passing into the higher order of imaginative superstition. First, the stone is the abode of some spirit; its curious shape or situation betraying *possession*. Next, this strange form or aspect argues some *design*, or handiwork, of supernatural beings, or is the vestige of their presence on earth; and one step further lands us in the world-wide regions of mythology and heroic legend, when the natural remarkable features of a hill, a cleft rock, a cave, or a fossil, commemorate the miracles and feats of some saint, demi-god, or full-blown deity. Berar is abundantly furnished with such fables, and beyond them we get, as I think, to the regarding of stones as emblems of mysterious attributes, to the phallic rites, to the Saligram or fossil in which Vishnu is manifest, and to all that class of notions which entirely separate the outward

image from the power really worshipped. So that at last we emerge into pure symbolism, as when anything appears to be selected arbitrarily to serve as a visible point for spiritual adoration. I know a Hindu officer of great shrewdness and very fair education, who devotes several hours daily to the elaborate worship of five round pebbles, which he has appointed to be his symbol of Omnipotence. He believes in One all-pervading Divinity, but he must have something to handle and address.

It may be affirmed that the adoration of Things Inanimate having motion is, even in its rudest expression, more *reasonable* than the habit of staring with awe at a big stone, and may therefore be held to mark a slight advance toward higher levels. In Berar we have the worship of elements as Fetich, of elements inhabited and directed by local spirits, and of elements with mythological origin or descent from the gods. Water runs up this whole gamut or scale of religious expression. The honours paid to a running brook, a hot spring, or to a river that alternately floods and falls—causing famine or abundance, bringing riches or ruin—are intended for the living water itself by a large class of votaries; and this notion of material identity seems preserved by the customs of bathing in sacred streams, of self-drowning, and of witch-dipping, which last custom resembles exactly that of England.¹ Suicide and witch-dipping in rivers present both sides of the same conception—acceptance or rejection by the divine element. Further on, the water-power is no longer deified nature, but controlled by a supernatural spirit—we have the Kelpie who inhabits rivers under the form of a buffalo and personifies their effects. His name is *Mahisoba*, he has no image, but a buffalo's head is cut off and deposited on his altar. After this we ascend to mythologic fictions about the origin and descent of the greater rivers from the Hindu heaven, and to legends of streams turned, stopped, or otherwise engineered by interposition of the divine energy incarnate. The Southern Berar country is much tossed about by intersecting ridges and devious hill-ranges. The rivers pierce their way down from the watersheds by sharp angles and deep cuttings which suggest mighty forces. A torrent goes struggling and rushing through its channel choked by huge rocks and broken by rapids. The muffled roar of its waters, which cease not night or day, affect the mind with a sense of endless labour and pain; you might well fancy that the river-god was moaning over his eternal task of cleaving stony barriers and drawing down the tough basalt hills. *Fire* is a great Hindu Fetich, but it is nowhere in Berar generated spontaneously; and I believe that even the worship of *Agni*, the fire-god, has fallen to desuetude. The sun is the tribal god, as Fetich, of the aboriginal *Korkus* who live apart among

(1) It will be recollected that an old Frenchman was drowned in Essex, on suspicion of sorcery, so late as the year of grace 1863.

the northern hills of Berar; of course he is also worshipped by all Hindus under different conceptions and doctrines regarding his personality. Tree-worship has a wide range. A tree is first revered as a thing to be feared, having sentient existence and mysterious potency, as proved by waving branches and weird sounds. Next, fruitful trees are honoured for yielding good fruits, which are bestowed yearly in more or less quantity according to some hidden caprice that may possibly be propitiated; then a particular species becomes sacred to a well-known god; or a great solitary trunk becomes the abode of a nameless impalpable spirit; or a dark grove or thicket may be his habitation. Soon this is perceived to be ground sacred to one of the acknowledged Hindu deities, with recognised titles and attributes; either by having got woven into some myth or local legend, or because some pious person sets up a temple therein, or because an anchorite fixes his hermitage there and devotes himself to a particular divinity. There are several thickets and clumps of trees in Berar, from which no stick is ever cut, nor even the dead wood picked up, though firewood is scarce and timber valuable. You will usually find a temple or shrine among the trees; but the sanctity of the spot does not necessarily derive from the building, the converse is more likely to be the case; and I conjecture that these dim and dusky retreats have usually been at first consecrated to the gods by some alarming accident or apparition which betokened the presence of a deity.

It does not seem hard to trace up thus in India, from the root of primitive tree-worship, the growth and ramification of the innumerable customs which, in the East as once in England, ascribe essential virtues to certain trees in matters of ritual use and magic practice. In Berar different families are said to pay exclusive honour to certain kinds of trees; the rod of a special wood still divines water, and witches are scourged with switches of the castor-oil plant, which possesses sovereign virtue in the exorcising and dislodging of the evil power. I think the English held hazelwood to be of specific efficacy in both cases, for detecting water and witches; while the Maypole and the misletoe are supposed to be relics of early Keltic tree-worship. But in England the pedigree of these customs is dim, dubious, and disputable; the Church has for ages been denouncing and stamping out the ancient indigenous superstitions. Whereas in India the aboriginal autochthonic ideas of the country folk have been subjected to no persecution by dominant faiths, so that the entire concatenation of these ideas may be exhibited and tested within one province; the various practices and beliefs are alive before us; the sequence of them is close; we can collect the evidence of our eyes and verify it by cross-examination of devout believers, men far above the mental calibre of ignorant savages and rude peasants.

The worship of Animals, which by their appearance or habits

alarm and startle human beings, is so obvious in its primitive reason, and so common throughout India, that it needs no detailed description for Berar. Of course the tiger, wolf, monkey, serpent, and, above all serpents, the *cobra di capella*, are the most prominent objects of reverence. Some modifications and later aspects of the primordial instinct toward propitiation of a fearsome beast may be noticed. For instance, a malignant tiger's body may be possessed by the unquiet ghost of a dead man; or it may be the disguise adopted by a living sorcerer of evil temper. In another province an old witch, suspected of roving at night under a striped skin, had all her teeth knocked out to disable her. Here we have the transition from a simple Fetich to the idea of a disembodied spirit, and of possession. Then the idea gets completely metaphysical; the tiger is an evil demon, without antecedent connection with humanity; and the terror spread abroad by such a pest become wholly supernatural has led to the institution of a Departmental god, just as a violent epidemic necessitates a special administration to control it. Any application having reference to the ravages of a tiger, may be addressed to *Waghdeo*, though the particular beast who vexes you should also be cajoled with offerings. But the most complete and absolute elevation of an animal to the higher ranks of deified beings is to be seen in the case of *Hanumàn*, who from a sacred monkey has risen, through mists of heroic fable, to be the universal tutelary God of all village settlements. The setting up of his image in the midst of a hamlet is the outward and visible sign and token of fixed habitation, so that he is found in every township. Ward, in his work on the Hindu religion, says that the monkey is venerated in memory of the demigod Hanumàn, which seems to be plainly putting the cart before the horse; Hanumàn is now generally supposed to have been adopted into the Hindu heaven, from the Non-Aryan or aboriginal idolatries; though, to my mind, any Indian of this day, Aryan or Non-Aryan, would surely fall down and worship at first sight of such a beast as the ape. Then there is the modern idea that this god was really a great chief of some such aboriginal tribe as those which to this day dwell almost like wild creatures in the remote forests of India; and this may well be the nucleus of fact at the bottom of the famous legend regarding him. It seems as if hero-worship and animal-worship had got mixed up in the myth of Hanumàn. At any rate his traditions and attributes illustrate curiously the process by which a mere animal Fetich, dreaded for his ugliness and half-human ways, soon rises to be an elfin king of the monkey tribe, next becomes a powerful genius, and latterly emerges into the full glory of divine *Avatâr*, surrounded by the most extravagant fables to explain away the simian head and tail which have stuck to him through all his metamorphoses.

Some examples may be given of the simple and superficial indica-

tions which suffice to prove divine manifestations in animals. The goat has a peculiar trick of shivering at intervals, and this is taken to be the *afflatus*. In the North of India he is turned loose along a disputed border-line, and where he shivers there is the mark set up; the Thugs would only sacrifice a goat if their patroness *Deri* had signified acceptance by one of these tremors, but then they washed the animal to make him shake himself the quicker. Obviously this habit (like the bray of an ass, which is one of the strongest omens) is ascribed to supernatural seizure, because it is uncertain, inexplicable, and apparently motiveless. I remark, in passing, that the scapegoat is an institution widely known and constantly used in India. The cat is, I think, comparatively unnoticed by Indian credulity, though her squalling at night boded ill to Thugs. I infer that only in lands where the great carnivora have been exterminated does she keep up the last faint relics of primitive animal-worship. With wild beasts that are a real plague and horror she has no chance in competition for the honours of *diablerie*; but her nocturnal wanderings, her noiseless motions, and her capacity for sudden demoniac fierceness distinguish her from other domesticated animals; so that her uncanny reputation still survives among the obscure pagan superstitions yet haunting us under the name of witchcraft.

The worship of *Things and creatures beneficial* might be classed apart from and after that of puzzling and menacing things, dead or alive, because the idea of gratitude and of boons attainable by propitiations seems a step in advance of the idea of averting ills. I have already alluded to the reverence paid to fruitful trees; and every one knows that horned cattle, the wealth of a simple society, are adored throughout India. Comte remarks that this feeling has preserved certain species of plants and animals through the ages when no ownership existed to protect them; but after all they were really preserved by the universal appreciation of their value; and worship was only the savage man's expression of his sense of that value, combined with his ignorance of the laws which gave or withheld it.

Next after Plants and Animals, in the order of progress from the simple to the more complex notions—I should place the grotesque practice of worshipping Implements, Utensils, and the Tools of the trade or craft by which one subsists. Not only does the husbandman pray to his plough, the fisher to his net,¹ the weaver to his loom; but the scribe adores his pen, and the banker his account books. Each sets up the thing itself as a Fetich, does it homage, and makes offering before it. To ascribe to the implements the power which lies in the guiding hand or brain, is at least a thought farther

(1) Compare Habakkuk, i. 16, "Therefore they sacrifice unto their net," &c. Of this custom, the most sensational example was to be found among the Thugs, who used to worship the pickaxe which they carried for speedy burial of their victims on the spot of the murder.

fetched than to adore the generation of fruit on a tree, or the swelling udders of a cow. Of course the image survives and is reflected over and over again in the legends of mediæval magic, of magic swords, enchanted armour, seven-leagued boots, and the like. Moreover, I take this tool-worship of the Hindus to be the earliest phase or type of the tendency which later on leads those of one guild or of the same walk in life to support and cultivate one god who is elected, in lieu of individual tool-fetiches melted down, to preside over their craft or trade interests.

Up to this point I have been trying to classify the different kinds of worship of palpable objects, or, at farthest, of substances which by their shape or their qualities appear to evidence possession by a spirit, or the working of a superhuman occult power. The idea which suggests fear and (consequently) worship of Spiritual beings invisible, without form, name, or specific substantiality—is, I suppose, deeper and more abstract. It pervades the whole religious atmosphere of Central India. Every mysterious grewsome-looking dell, cavern, steep pass, and wild desolate hill-top or ridge has its *Deo*; never seen of man, but *felt* by those who visit the spot—by shepherds and herdsmen camping out far amid the melancholy wolds, or by travellers along the lonely tracks. The notion of fixed habitation in and identity with some object has now expanded into the notion of a *haunting*. But the whereabouts is sometimes marked by a heap of stones, sometimes by rags tied to a bush; occasionally by chains suspended mystically from a cliff or a tree; or the spirit wanders round a huge old banyan-tree or ruined temple.¹ As yet, however, he has no name, no history or distinct origin, and his range is limited territorially. Yet within the uncertain limits of his *haunt* he can make himself very obnoxious if not duly propitiated; and fortunately there are always to be found pious men who have devoted themselves to decyphering (for a consideration) the signs of his displeasure.

This is, I conjecture, the dim *penumbra*, the vague floating *deisidaimonia*, which envelops embryonic conceptions of positive forms belonging to deities recognisable by name and character. I surmise that this misty zone must have been passed through before a clearer air was first reached; before people gradually evolved out of these shadowy terrors the definite outline of their anthropomorphism. And I suspect this stage to mark the first imaginings of superhuman beings finally dissociated from their visible shells, that is, from their manifestations as individuals through natural substances, a stone, a tree, or a beast. The next step after this may be guessed to be the investing of this unseen intangible spirit with a *man's* individuality,

(1) Mr. Bowring, in his "Eastern Experiences" (1871), describes the Spirit-houses found in the Mysore forests—little sheds built over the white ant-hills, and dedicated (as I understand) to the wood-demons generally. Captain Forsyth, writing about the highlands of Berar, mentions that when the Gonds fell the wood on a hill-side, they leave a little clump, to serve as a refuge for the elf or spirit whom they have dialogued.

though without a visible body ; and thus the transition to anthropomorphism—from unseen spirits in general to unseen spirits in particular—is represented, as I venture to infer, by the worship of the ghosts of dead relatives. For it is easier to imagine that the active intelligence and familiar soul which have just left a corpse still exist round you in an invisible personality, than to abstract the notion of definite spiritual beings belonging by origin to an order quite distinct from humanity. Thus in Berar the aboriginal tribes, which are as yet little touched by Brahmanic doctrines, practise most elaborate and singular obsequies known by a name which may be accurately translated into the Irish term *wake*, meaning a vigil. The ceremony includes that very suggestive practice (known also to Brahmanic rites) of bringing back to his house the dead person's soul, supposed to have lost its home by the body's death. A stone, or some such object, is picked up at the grave, and carried reverentially back to the house, where it is worshipped for a few days, and then decently disposed of. There are also libations and a funeral banquet, sacrifices over the grave to an effigy, and the mourners sing an elegy, of which this is the curiously familiar burden—

“Naked he came, and naked has gone.

This dwelling-place belongs neither to you nor to me,
To the life which has gone.”

Now the direct motive and purpose of these earliest and most primitive mortuary rites are, I believe, the *laying of the ghost* ; but from the wailing adoration of these Non-Aryan woodlanders, up to the ceremonious annual oblations and invocations of the high-caste Hindu, they are throughout more or less a kind of worship. The point at which I aim is some explanation of the process by which I conjecture other less narrow and less obvious ideas of supernaturalism to have developed out of this universal necrolatry. The reverent mind appears to me to rise, by a natural method of selection, from the indiscriminate adoring of dead persons known or akin to the worshipper's family during life, to the distinctive worship of persons who were of high local repute while they lived, or who died in some remarkable way. I mean that the honours which are at first paid to all departed spirits come gradually to be concentrated, as *divine* honours, upon the Manes of notables ; probably the reasoning is that they must continue influential in the spirit-world. For so far as I have been able to trace back the origin of the best-known minor provincial deities, they are usually men of past generations who have earned special promotion and brevet rank among disembodied ghosts by some peculiar acts or accident of their lives or deaths, especially among the rude and rough classes. With the communities of a higher mental level different motives for the selection prevail ; but of this more hereafter.

Popular deifications appear to have been founded, in their simplest form, on mere wonder and pity, as for mental and bodily afflictions; or an affecting incident, such as the death of a boy bridegroom (now the god *Dulha Deo*) in the midst of his own marriage procession; or on horror at terrible and lamentable deaths, as by suicide, by wild beasts, by murder, or by some hideous calamity. Human sacrifice has always been common in India as a last resort for appeasing divine wrath, and it is suspected to be still the real motive of occasional mysterious murders. *Chând Khan* is a demon rather than a deity, but his tomb is worshipped on one bastion of every mud-fort in the Dehkan. The legend (without doubt founded on fact) is that a man thus named was buried alive under some bastion of which the building had been supernaturally thwarted until this sacrifice was made, when all hindrance and mysterious opposition ceased at once.

The Bunjâras, a tribe much addicted to highway robbery, worship a famous bandit, who probably lived and died in some notorious way. Any renowned soldier would certainly be worshipped after death, if his tomb were well known and accessible. M. Raymond the French commander who died at Hyderabad, has been there canonised after a fashion; and General Nicholson (who died in the storming of Delhi, 1857) was adored as a hero in his lifetime, in spite of his violent persecution of his own devotees. Nor do I make out that the origin and conception of these local deities are at first connected with the Brahmanic doctrines by the unlettered and unsophisticated crowd who set up these shrines at their own pleasure. The immediate motive is nothing but a vague inference from great natural gifts or from strange fortunes to supernatural visitation, or from power during life to power prolonged beyond it, though when a shrine becomes popular the Brahmans take care to give its origin an orthodox interpretation.

Between the class of dead men who are worshipped from feeling of admiration, surprise, pity, or terror, and the class of deified *Saints* the line which might be drawn would, I consider, make a step upward. The common usage of adoring the spirit of a *Sati* (a widow who has burnt herself on the pyre of her husband) at the cenotaph put up on the spot, may perhaps be taken as an intermediate link; for she has been exalted both by the horror of her ending and the supreme merit of her devotion.

Of the numerous local gods known to have been living men by far the greater portion derive from the ordinary canonisation of holy personages. This system of canonising has grown out of the world

(1) Compare the legends of Thammuz, Adonis, Ganymede, and Hylas. Mere grief and bereavement may be another motive. See "Wisdom of Solomon," xiv. 15: "For father afflicted with untimely mourning, when he hath made an image of his child see taken away, now honoured him as a god which was then dead. Thus, in course of time, an ungodly custom grown strong was kept as a law."

wide sentiment that rigid asceticism and piety combined with implicit faith gradually develop a miraculous faculty. The saint or hermit may have deeper motives—the triumph of the spirit over corrupt matter, of virtue over vanity and lusts, or the self-purification required of mediæval magicians and mystical alchemists before they could deal with the great secrets of nature; but the popular belief is that his relentless austerity extorts thaumaturgic power from reluctant gods. And of him who works miracles do they say in India, as in Samaria they said of Simon Magus, “This man is the great power of God;” wherefore after death (if not in life) he is honoured as divine indeed. Now the word “miracle” must not be understood in our sense of an interposition to alter unvarying natural laws, for in India no such laws have been ascertained; it means only something that passes an ordinary man’s understanding, authenticated and enlarged by vague and vulgar report. And the exhibition of marvellous devotion or contempt for what is valued by the world stimulates inventive credulity. He who does such things is sure to be credited with miracles, probably during his life, assuredly after his death. When such an one dies his body is not burnt, but buried; a disciple or relative of the saint establishes himself over the tomb as steward of the mysteries and receiver of the temporalities; vows are paid, sacrifice is made, a saint’s day is added to the local calendar, and the future success of the shrine depends upon some lucky hit in the way of prophecy or fulfilment of prayers. The number of shrines thus raised in Berar alone to these anchorites and persons deceased in the odour of sanctity is large, and it is constantly increasing. Some of them have already attained the rank of temples, they are richly endowed, and collect great crowds at the yearly pilgrim gatherings, like the tombs of celebrated Christian martyrs in the Middle Ages. But although the shrines of a Hindu ascetic and of St. Thomas of Canterbury may have acquired fame among the vulgar and ignorant by precisely the same attribute—their reputation for miraculous efficacy—yet the only point of resemblance between the two cases is this common inference from eminent sanctity in the world to wonder-working power in the grave. For whereas the great Catholic Church never allowed the lowest English peasant to regard St. Thomas or St. Edmund as anything higher than glorified intercessors, with a sort of delegated miraculous power, the Indian prophet or devotee does by the patronage of the Brahmans rise gradually in the hierarchy of supernatural beings, until his human origin fades and disappears completely in the haze of tradition, and he takes rank as a god. We see by this example of India what the Church did for the medley of Pagan tribes and communities which came within her pale in the dark ages of anarchic credulity, before great Pan was quite dead. In those days when, according to Milman,¹ saints were “multiplied and

(1) “Latin Christianity,” vol. vi. pp. 413, 417.

deified" by popular suffrage, when "hardly less than divine power and divine will was assigned to them," when the "wonder-fed and wonder-seeking worship" of shrines and relics actually threatened to "supersede the worship of God and his Son," it may be almost surmised that nothing but a supreme Spiritual authority saved Christianity from falling back into a sort of Polytheism.

But, in India, whatever be the original reason for venerating a deceased man, his upward course toward deification is the same. At first we have the grave of one whose name, birthplace, and parentage are well known in the district; if he died at home, his family often set up a shrine, instal themselves in possession, and realize a handsome income out of the offerings; they become hereditary keepers of the sanctuary, if the shrine prospers and its virtues stand test. Or if the man wandered abroad, settled near some village or sacred spot, became renowned for his austerity or his afflictions, and there died; the neighbours think it great luck to have the tomb of a holy man within their borders,¹ and the landholders administer the shrine by manorial right.² In the course of a very few years, as the recollection of the man's personality becomes misty, his origin grows mysterious, his career takes a legendary hue, his birth and death were both supernatural; in the next generation the names of the elder gods get introduced into the story, and so the marvellous tradition works itself into a myth, until nothing but a personal incarnation can account for such a series of prodigies. The man was an *Aratâr* of Vishnu or Siva; his supreme apotheosis is now complete, and the Brahmans hasten to provide for him a niche in the orthodox Pantheon.

It is scarcely worth while to enumerate for English readers the instances upon which this sketch of religious growth in Berar has been drawn out. I could only give a list of barbarous-sounding names; but the details on which I rely could be produced, if want of space did not prevent my doing so. Of wonder-working saints, hermits, and martyrs (for Mahomedan and even Christian tombs are worshipped occasionally by Hindus) the name is legion. There are some potent devotees still in the flesh who are great medicine men, others very recently dead who exhale power, and others whose name and local fame have survived, but with a supernatural tinge rapidly coming out. Above these we have obscure local deities who have entirely shaken off their mortal taint;

(1) A good instance will be found in the history of Mira Bâi, an authentic princess of the Jypore house, who is now worshipped by a sect as their patron saint. They say that she vanished from earth through the fissure of a rock. So did a woman in West Berar, not many years ago.

(2) In Afghanistan, certain villagers close to our frontier recently arranged to strangle a saint who abode among them, in order to secure his tomb within their lands. There is a similar story in Southey's ballads, of a design upon St. Romuald, which is styled by the Spanish chronicler a "determinacion bestial y indiscreta."

while beyond these again are the great provincial gods. Four of the most popular gods in Berar, whose images and temples are famous in the Dehkan, are *Kandoba*, *Vittoba*, *Beiroba*, and *Bâlâji*. These are now grand incarnations of the Supreme Triad; yet by examining the legends of their embodiment and appearance upon earth, it is easy to perceive that all of them must have been notable living men not so very long ago.

This is, so far as I can rely upon my own observation, the regular process of Theogony, or the Generation of local gods, which is constantly going on before our eyes in the districts of Central India. We have before us there the worship of dead kinsfolk and friends, then the particular adoration of notables recently departed; then of people divinely afflicted or divinely gifted, of saints and heroes known to have been men; next, the worship of demigods, and, finally, that of powerful deities retaining nothing human but their names and their images. It is suggested that all these are links along one chain of the development of the same idea; and that out of the crowd of departed spirits whom primitive folk adore, certain individuals are elevated to a larger worship by notoriety in life or death. At this point a different selecting agency comes into play, that of Successful Wonder Working; and it is by the luck of acquiring a first-class reputation for efficacious answers to vows that some few Manes emerge into a still higher and more refined order of divinity. This is the kind of success which has made the fortune of some of the most popular, the richest, and the most widely-known gods in Berar, who do all the leading business, and possess the confidence of the respectable and substantial professions. It should be remarked that the earliest start of even a first-rate god may have been exceedingly obscure; but if he or his shrine make a few good cures at the outset (especially among women and valuable cattle), his reputation goes rolling up like a snowball. One of the largest annual fairs in Berar now gathers round the grave of an utterly insignificant hermit.

Thus successful thaumaturgy, with lapse of time sufficient to evaporate the lingering flavour of mortal origin, are the two qualifications which lead to a high status among gods. But interest and a good connection open out short cuts to distinction for gods as well as for men. When the original saint or hero belonged in the flesh to a particular tribe, caste, or profession, in such case he may become the tutelary deity of that community, and is less dependent on continual proof of his efficacy, because the worship of him by his constituents is a point of honour, tradition, and *esprit de corps*. On the other hand, a god patronised exclusively by one trade or calling is liable to drop into a department, by contracting a speciality for the particular needs and grievances of his congregation. But this is so far from being the

natural ultimate mould into which polytheism falls, that gods now universally venerated have occasionally expanded, like Diana of the Ephesians, far beyond the circle of departmental practice. Comte's view of the development of polytheism is that man gradually generalised his observations of nature, grouping all the phenomena which resembled each other as the acts or characteristics of a Person; so that a cluster of similar Fetiches were amalgamated into one personification of the natural department to which they all belonged, which thus came forth as a god with special attributes. But this Departmental system is only one side of polytheism, which in no time or country has been rigidly distributed into bureaux or departments with one supreme Jupiter, like the French Imperial Government. The Hindus, at any rate, have a multitude of gods very high in estimation and with a large *clientèle*, who preside over no special forces of nature, and have no exclusive province, but subsist solely upon their general reputation for good or bad influence over human affairs. The names of these deities are gradually noised abroad, the circle of their local notoriety widens, the crowd at their annual holy-day increases, the offerings attract Brahmans and the leading ascetic orders, who sing their praise, proclaim their miracles, and invent for them orthodox pedigrees. Soon a great prince visits, and perhaps endows, their temple; until at last the deity throws aside all separate functions, and is set up firmly as an all-powerful manifestation of the great Creators and Rulers of the Hindu universe.

I may say, finally, that the extravagant and unconscionable use made by Brahmans of their doctrine of divine embodiment is quite enough to account for the creation of the greater number of personal gods actually worshipped, without drawing upon any other source of polytheism. Nor are they always content with posthumous identification of a remarkable man as a god. They still occasionally refuse even to admit that the dissolution of the first mortal body was a sign that the god had departed from among them; and they employ that astonishing device, so notorious in India, of a perpetual succession of incarnations. At least two persons are now living in Central India who are asserted to be the tenements or vessels which the deity, who originally manifested himself in some wonderful personage, has now chosen for his abode on earth. This is, however, an inordinate use of the mystery. Its main employment is to keep up the prestige and privileges of the classical deities, by declaring all wonderful and famous personages to be embodiments of them; and thus have many great prophets and moral teachers been identified and absorbed, except those who actually attacked Brahmanism. One of the most numerous sects in Berar, and throughout the Dehkan, is that of the *Lingâyets*; they wear constantly the Linga, as Siva's

emblem, and their founder was one *Chamba Basāpa*, evidently a great man in his day, who preached high morality, though probably tinged with mysticism. He is now universally recognised to have been an incarnation of Siva, and his followers are merely a peculiar section of Siva-worshippers. The other leading sect is that of the Jains, who adore certain deified saints that have traversed a series of metempsychoses. But the Jains deny the Vedas, and are seriously, though not exclusively, heretical; so their saints have never been exalted or absorbed into the Hindu Pantheon.

Then we have in Berar an anomalous sect, called the *Mānbhaus*, part of whom are laymen, and the rest live by strict rule as wandering friars and nuns, clothed in black. Their teaching is quite anti-Brahmanical, and the consequence is that their founder, one Krishna, is vindictively declared by the Brahmans to have been a Brahman who disgraced himself by a terrible *mésalliance*, not by any means an incarnation of the god Krishna, as his more enthusiastic and less spiritual votaries say. This real Krishna must have been a person of some mark—one of those true religious reformers who have arisen from time to time in India out of the humblest classes, and have caused great spiritualistic revivals.¹

Men of this temperament have constantly come forth in India, who, by their active intellectual originality, joined to a spiritual kind of life, have stirred up great movements and aspirations in Hinduism, and have founded sects that endure to this day; but it has almost invariably happened that the later followers of such a teacher have undone his work of moral reform. They have fallen back upon evidences of miraculous birth, upon signs and wonders, and a super-human translation from the world; so that gradually the founder's history becomes prodigious and extra-natural, until his real doctrines shrink into mystical secrets known only to the initiated disciples, while the vulgar turn the iconoclast into a new idol.

But this line of disquisition would bring us out upon that other vast field of religious ideas in India which have for their base, not religion, but morality; and for their object, not propitiation of the unseen powers, but an ethical reformation. Upon that ground it is not possible here to enter, nor am I competent to discuss the real doctrines of the earliest Indian scriptures. I am only drawing an outline of the external popular superstitions, and hazarding some conjectures as to the way in which the monstrous system which now exists has grown up. Nowhere but in India can we now survey with our eyes an indigenous polytheism in full growth, flourishing like a secular green bay-tree among a people of ancient culture; and the spectacle may be thought to present many interesting features

(1) Compare the life and doctrines of Rām Dās, the tanner; Dādu, cotton-cleaner; Kabir, Mussulman weaver (?); Tuka Rām, farmer; Nām Deo, tailor.

and analogies. It would seem as if the old order had been continually, though slowly, changing, giving place to new, as if the manifold deities from below had always been pressing upon the earlier divinities, until, like Saturn and Hyperion, they were more or less superseded. The classic personifications of the elements, and of their grand operations, are now obsolete as gods of the people. Even the Supreme Triad of Hindu allegory, which represent the almighty powers of creation, preservation, and destruction, have long ceased to preside over any such corresponding distribution of functions. Nor are these three Persons now directly or primarily worshipped; their original names have gone mostly out of ritual use, mainly, I believe, because the original types have been melted down and divided piecemeal among a variety of emanations and embodiments. Perhaps the gods who have suffered least from the wear and tear, during centuries of religious caprice, and who have longest held their ancient forms and places in the front rank of popular imagination, are the gods of heroic legend. Poetry has, of course, been a powerful agent in India (as in ancient Europe) for developing heroes into demi-gods, for spreading the fame of the deeds of gods, and for defining their attributes.

To my mind the end of all these things is near at hand in India. The beliefs of the multitude are the reflections of their social and political history through many generations. But now that the Hindus have been rescued by the English out of a chronic state of anarchy, insecurity, lawlessness, and precarious exposure to the caprice of despots, they will surely introduce, at least, some ideas of rule, organised purpose, and moral law, into their popular conceptions of the ways of their gods towards men. It seems certain, at any rate, that wider experience, nearer and more frequent intercourse with the outer world, and the general education of modern life, must soon raise even the masses above the mental level that can credit contemporary miracles and incarnations, however they may still hold by the prodigies of elder tradition. And this will be enough to sever the tap-root of a religion which now, like the banyan-tree which it venerates, strikes fresh root from every branch, discovers a new god under every mystery and wonder. Moreover, the evidences of a general turning away from gross idolatry and a religion of the senses are already to be seen high and low, in the popularity among the wandering aboriginal tribes of certain spiritual teachers, in the spread among the middle classes of certain mystical opinions, and in the perceptible proclivity toward the faith of Islam exhibited by some of the leading princes of Rajputâna.

A. C. LYALL.

DICKENS IN RELATION TO CRITICISM.

THE old feud between authors and critics, a feud old as literature, has not arisen on the ground of chariness in praise, but rather on the ground of deficient sympathy, and the tendency to interpret an author's work according to some standard which is not his. Instead of placing themselves at his point of view, and seeing what he has attempted, how far he has achieved the aim, and whether the aim itself were worthy of achievement, critics have thrust between his work and the public some vague conception of what they required, and measured it by an academic or conventional standard derived from other works. Fond as an author necessarily is of praise, and pained as he must always be by blame, he is far more touched by a sympathetic recognition of his efforts, and far more hurt by a misrepresentation of them. No hyperbole of laudation gives a tithe of the delight which is given by sympathetic insight. Unhappily for the author, this can but sparingly be given by critics, who trust less to their emotions than to their standards of judgment; for the greater the originality of the writer, and the less inclination he has for familiar processes and already-trodden tracks, the greater must be the resistance he will meet with from minds accustomed to move in those tracks, and to consider excellence confined within them. It is in the nature of the critical mind to judge according to precedent; and few minds have flexibility enough to adopt at once a novelty which is destined in its turn to become a precedent.

There is another source of pain. Besides the very great difficulties of independent judgment, of adjusting the mental focus to new objects under new perspectives, and the various personal considerations which trammel even open minds—considerations of friendship, station, renown, rivalry, &c.—there is the immense difficulty which all men find in giving anything like an adequate expression to their judgments. It is easy for us to say that a book has stirred, or instructed us; but it is by no means easy to specify the grounds of our pleasure, or profit, except in a very general way; and when we attempt to do so we are apt to make ludicrous mistakes. Thus it is that the criticism which begins with a general expression of gratitude to the author, will often deeply pain him by misplaced praise, or blame misdirected.

Longinus declares that criticism is the last result of abundant experience; he might have added that even the amplest experience is no safeguard against utter failure. For it is true in Art as in the

commonest details of life, that our perceptions are mainly determined by our pre-perceptions, our conceptions by our preconceptions. Hence I have long maintained the desirability of preserving as far as possible the individual character of criticism. The artist in his work gives expression to his individual feelings and conceptions, telling us how Life and Nature are mirrored in his mind ; we may fairly state how this affects us, whether it accords with our experience, whether it moves or instructs us ; but we should be very chary of absolute judgments, and be quite sure of our ground before venturing to assume that the public will feel, or ought to feel, as we feel. Now it is the tendency of criticism to pronounce absolute verdicts, to speak for all ; and the exasperation of the artist at finding individual impressions given forth as final judgments is the main cause of the outcry against criticism. The writer who would feel little irritation on hearing that A. and B. were unmoved by his pathos, dead to his humour, unenlightened by his philosophy, may be excused if he writhe under the authoritative announcement that his pathos is maudlin, his humour flat, his philosophy shallow. He may be convicted of bad grammar, bad drawing, bad logic ; and if the critic advances reasons for particular objections, these reasons may be weighed, and perhaps accepted with resignation if not without pain ; but no verdict which does not distinctly carry its evidence can be accepted as more than an individual judgment ; and in matters of Art there is always a great difficulty, sometimes a sheer impossibility, in passing from the individual to the universal. It is impossible to resist feeling. If an author makes me laugh, he is humorous ; if he makes me cry, he is pathetic. In vain will any one tell me that such a picture is not laughable, not pathetic ; or that I am wrong in being moved.

While from these and other causes, especially from the tendency to exaggerate what is painful, authors have deeply resented "the malevolence" of critics—a malevolence which has been mostly incompetence, or inconsiderateness—it is not less true that there has been much heartfelt gratitude given by authors to critics who have sympathised with and encouraged them ; and many lasting friendships have been thus cemented. It was thus that the lifelong friendship of Dickens and his biographer began, and was sustained. Nor is it just to object to Mr. Forster's enthusiasm on the ground of his friendship, since he may fairly answer, "Dickens was my friend because I so greatly admired him." One thing is certain : his admiration was expressed long before all the world had acknowledged Dickens's genius, and was continued through the long years when the majority of writers had ceased to express much fervour of admiration, preferring rather to dwell on his shortcomings and exaggerations.

And this brings me to the noticeable fact that there probably never was a writer of so vast a popularity whose genius was so little *appreciated* by the critics. The very splendour of his successes so deepened the shadow of his failures that to many eyes the shadows supplanted the splendour. Fastidious readers were loath to admit that a writer could be justly called great whose defects were so glaring. They admitted, because it was indisputable, that Dickens delighted thousands, that his admirers were found in all classes, and in all countries; that he stirred the sympathy of masses not easily reached through Literature, and always stirred healthy, generous emotions; that he impressed a new direction on popular writing, and modified the Literature of his age, in its spirit no less than in its form; but they nevertheless insisted on his defects as if these outweighed all positive qualities; and spoke of him either with condescending patronage, or with sneering irritation. Surely this is a fact worthy of investigation? Were the critics wrong, and if so, in what consisted their error? How are we to reconcile this immense popularity with this critical contempt? The private readers and the public critics who were eager to take up each successive number of his works as it appeared, whose very talk was seasoned with quotations from and allusions to these works, who, to my knowledge, were wont to lay aside books of which they could only speak in terms of eulogy, in order to bury themselves in the "new number" when the well-known green cover made its appearance—were nevertheless at this very time niggard in their praise, and lavish in their scorn of the popular humorist. It is not long since I heard a very distinguished man express measureless contempt for Dickens, and a few minutes afterwards, in reply to some representations on the other side, admit that Dickens had "entered into his life."

Dickens has proved his power by a popularity almost unexampled, embracing all classes. Surely it is a task for criticism to exhibit the sources of that power? If everything that has ever been alleged against the works be admitted, there still remains an immense success to be accounted for. It was not by their defects that these works were carried over Europe and America. It was not their defects which made them the delight of grey heads on the bench, and the study of youngsters in the counting-house and school-room. Other writers have been exaggerated, untrue, fantastic, and melodramatic; but they have gained so little notice that no one thinks of pointing out their defects. It is clear, therefore, that Dickens had powers which enabled him to triumph in spite of the weaknesses which clogged them; and it is worth inquiring what those powers were, and their relation to his undeniable defects.

I am not about to attempt such an inquiry, but simply to indicate

two or three general points of view. It will be enough merely to mention in passing the primary cause of his success, his overflowing fun, because even uncompromising opponents admit it. They may be ashamed of their laughter, but they laugh. A revulsion of feeling at the preposterousness or extravagance of the image may follow the burst of laughter, but the laughter is irresistible, whether rational or not, and there is no arguing away such a fact.

Great as Dickens is in fun, so great that Fielding and Smollett are small in comparison, he would have been only a passing amusement for the world had he not been gifted with an imagination of marvellous vividness, and an emotional, sympathetic nature capable of furnishing that imagination with elements of universal power. Of him it may be said with less exaggeration than of most poets, that he was of "imagination all compact;" if the other higher faculties were singularly deficient in him, this faculty was imperial. He was a seer of visions; and his visions were of objects at once familiar and potent. Psychologists will understand both the extent and the limitation of the remark, when I say that in no other perfectly sane mind (Blake, I believe, was not perfectly sane) have I observed vividness of imagination approaching so closely to hallucination. Many who are not psychologists may have had some experience in themselves, or in others, of that abnormal condition in which a man hears voices, and sees objects, with the distinctness of direct perception, although silence and darkness are without him; these *revivées* impressions, revived by an internal cause, have precisely the same force and clearness which the impressions originally had when produced by an external cause. In the same degree of vividness are the images *constructed* by his mind in explanation of the voices heard or objects seen: when he imagines that the voice proceeds from a personal friend, or from Satan tempting him, the friend or Satan stands before him with the distinctness of objective reality; when he imagines that he himself has been transformed into a bear, his hands are seen by him as paws. In vain you represent to him that the voices he hears have no external existence; he will answer, as a patient pertinently answered Lélut: "You believe that I am speaking to you because you hear me, is it not so? Very well, I believe that voices are speaking to me because I hear them." There is no power of effacing such conviction by argument. You may get the patient to assent to any premises you please, he will not swerve from his conclusions. I once argued with a patient who believed he had been transformed into a bear; he was quite willing to admit that the idea of such a transformation was utterly at variance with all experience; but he always returned to his position that God being omnipotent there was no reason to doubt his power of transforming men into bears: what remained fixed in his mind was the image of himself under a bear's form.

The characteristic point in the hallucinations of the insane, that which distinguishes them from hallucinations equally vivid in the sane, is the coercion of the image in *suppressing comparison* and all control of experience. Belief always accompanies a vivid image, for a time; but in the sane this belief will not persist against rational control. If I see a stick partly under water, it is impossible for me not to have the same feeling which would be produced by a bent stick out of the water—if I see two plane images in the stereoscope, it is impossible not to have the feeling of seeing one solid object. But these beliefs are rapidly displaced by reference to experience. I know the stick is not bent, and that it will not appear bent when removed from the water. I know the seeming solid is not an object in relief, but two plane pictures. It is by similar focal adjustment of the mind that sane people know that their hallucinations are unreal. The images may have the vividness of real objects, but they have not the properties of real objects, they do not preserve consistent relations with other facts, they appear in contradiction to other beliefs. Thus if I see a black cat on the chair opposite, yet on my approaching the chair feel no soft object, and if my terrier on the hearthrug looking in the direction of the chair shows none of the well-known agitation which the sight of a cat produces, I conclude, in spite of its distinctness, that the image is an hallucination.

Returning from this digression, let me say that I am very far indeed from wishing to imply any agreement in the common notion that "great wits to madness nearly are allied;" on the contrary, my studies have led to the conviction that nothing is less like genius than insanity, although some men of genius have had occasional attacks; and further, that I have never observed any trace of the insane temperament in Dickens's works, or life, they being indeed singularly free even from the eccentricities which often accompany exceptional powers; nevertheless, with all due limitations, it is true that there is considerable light shed upon his works by the action of the imagination in hallucination. To him also *revived* images have the vividness of sensations; to him also *created* images have the coercive force of realities, excluding all control, all contradiction. What seems preposterous, impossible to us, seemed to him simple fact of observation. When he imagined a street, a house, a room, a figure, he saw it not in the vague schematic way of ordinary imagination, but in the sharp definition of actual perception, all the salient details obtruding themselves on his attention. He, seeing it thus vividly, made us also see it; and believing in its reality however fantastic, he communicated something of his belief to us. He presented it in such relief that we ceased to think of it as a picture. So definite and insistent was the image, that even while knowing it was false we could not help, for a moment, being affected, as it were, by his hallucination.

- This glorious energy of imagination is that which Dickens had in common with all great writers. It was this which made him a creator, and made his creations universally intelligible, no matter how fantastic and unreal. His types established themselves in the public mind like personal experiences. Their falsity was unnoticed in the blaze of their illumination. Every humbug seemed a Pecksniff, every nurse a Gamp, every jovial improvident a Micawber, every stunted serving-wench a Marchioness. Universal experiences became individualised in these types; an image and a name were given, and the image was so suggestive that it seemed to *express* all that it was found to *recall*, and Dickens was held to have depicted what his readers supplied. Against such power criticism was almost idle. In vain critical reflection showed these figures to be merely masks,—not characters, but personified characteristics, caricatures and distortions of human nature,—the vividness of their presentation triumphed over reflection: their creator managed to communicate to the public his own unhesitating belief. Unreal and impossible as these types were, speaking a language never heard in life, moving like pieces of simple mechanism always in one way (instead of moving with the infinite fluctuations of organisms, incalculable yet intelligible, surprising yet familiar), these unreal figures affected the uncritical reader with the force of reality; and they did so in virtue of their embodiment of some real characteristic vividly presented. The imagination of the author laid hold of some well-marked physical trait, some peculiarity of aspect, speech, or manner which every one recognised at once; and the force with which this was presented made it occupy the mind to the exclusion of all critical doubts: only reflection could detect the incongruity. Think of what this implies! Think how little the mass of men are given to reflect on their impressions, and how their minds are for the most part occupied with sensations rather than ideas, and you will see why Dickens held an undisputed sway. Give a child a wooden horse, with hair for mane and tail, and wafer-spots for colouring, he will never be disturbed by the fact that this horse does not move its legs, but runs on wheels—the general suggestion suffices for his belief; and this wooden horse, which he can handle and draw, is believed in more than a pictured horse by a Wouvermanns or an Ansdell. It may be said of Dickens's human figures that they too are wooden, and run on wheels; but these are details which scarcely disturb the belief of admirers. Just as the wooden horse is brought within the range of the child's emotions, and dramatizing tendencies, when he can handle and draw it, so Dickens's figures are brought within the range of the reader's interests, and receive from these interests a sudden illumination, when they are the puppets of a drama every incident of which appeals to the sympathies. With a fine felicity of

instinct he seized upon situations having an irresistible hold over the domestic affections and ordinary sympathies. He spoke in the mother-tongue of the heart, and was always sure of ready listeners. He painted the life he knew, the life every one knew; for if the scenes and manners were unlike those we were familiar with, the feelings and motives, the joys and griefs, the mistakes and efforts of the actors were universal, and therefore universally intelligible; so that even critical spectators who complained that these broadly painted pictures were artistic daubs, could not wholly resist their effective suggestiveness. He set in motion the secret springs of sympathy by touching the domestic affections. He painted nothing ideal, heroic; but all the resources of the bourgeois epic were in his grasp. The world of thought and passion lay beyond his horizon. But the joys and pains of childhood, the petty tyrannies of ignoble natures, the genial pleasantries of happy natures, the life of the poor, the struggles of the street and back parlour, the insolence of office, the sharp social contrasts, east-wind and Christmas jollity, hunger, misery, and hot punch—these he could deal with, so that we laughed and cried, were startled at the revelation of familiar facts hitherto unnoted, and felt our pulses quicken as we were hurried along with him in his fanciful flight.

Such were the sources of his power. To understand how it is that critics quite competent to recognise such power, and even so far amenable to it as to be moved and interested by the works in spite of all their drawbacks, should have forgotten this undenied power, and written or spoken of Dickens with mingled irritation and contempt, we must take into account two natural tendencies—the bias of opposition, and the bias of technical estimate.

The bias of opposition may be illustrated in a parallel case. Let us suppose a scientific book to be attracting the attention of Europe by the boldness, suggestiveness, and theoretic plausibility of its hypotheses; this work falls into the hands of a critic sufficiently grounded in the science treated to be aware that its writer, although gifted with great theoretic power and occasional insight into unexplored relations, is nevertheless pitifully ignorant of the elementary facts and principles of the science; the critic noticing the power, and the talent of lucid exposition, is yet perplexed and irritated at ignorance which is inexcusable, and a reckless twisting of known facts into impossible relations, which seems wilful; will he not pass from marvelling at this inextricable web of sense and nonsense, suggestive insight and mischievous error, so jumbled together that the combination of this sagacity with this glaring inefficiency is a paradox, and be driven by the anger of opposition into an emphatic assertion that the belauded philosopher is a charlatan and an ignoramus? A chorus of admirers proclaims the author to be a great

teacher, before whom all contemporaries must bow ; and the critic observes this teacher on one page throwing out a striking hypothesis of some geometric relations in the planetary movements, and on another assuming that the hypotenuse is equal to its perpendicular and base, because the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of its sides—in one chapter ridiculing the atomic theory, and in another arguing that carbonic acid is obtained from carbon and nitrogen—can this critic be expected to join in the chorus of admirers ? and will he not rather be exasperated into an opposition which will lead him to undervalue the undeniable qualities in his insistence on the undeniable defects ?

Something like this is the feeling produced by Dickens's works in many cultivated and critical readers. They see there human character and ordinary events portrayed with a mingled verisimilitude and falsity altogether unexampled. The drawing is so vivid yet so incorrect, or else is so blurred and formless, with such excess of *effort* (as of a showman beating on the drum) that the doubt arises how an observer so remarkably keen could make observations so remarkably false, and miss such very obvious facts ; how the rapid glance which could swoop down on a peculiarity with hawk-like precision, could overlook all that accompanied and was organically related to that peculiarity ; how the eye for characteristics could be so blind to character, and the ear for dramatic idiom be so deaf to dramatic language ; finally, how the writer's exquisite susceptibility to the grotesque could be insensible to the occasional grotesqueness of his own attitude. Michael Angelo is intelligible, and Giotto is intelligible ; but a critic is nonplussed at finding the invention of Angelo with the drawing of Giotto. It is indeed surprising that Dickens should have observed man, and not been impressed with the fact that man is, in the words of Montaigne, *un être ondoyant et diverse*. And the critic is distressed to observe the substitution of mechanisms for minds, puppets for characters. It is needless to dwell on such monstrous failures as Mantalini, Rosa Dartle, Lady Dedlock, Esther Summerson, Mr. Dick, Arthur Gride, Edith Dombey, Mr. Carker—needless, because if one studies the successful figures one finds even in them only touches of verisimilitude. When one thinks of Micawber always presenting himself in the same situation, moved with the same springs, and uttering the same sounds, always confident on something turning up, always crushed and rebounding, always making punch—and his wife always declaring she will never part from him, always referring to his talents and her family—when one thinks of the “catchwords” personified as characters, one is reminded of the frogs whose brains have been taken out for physiological purposes, and whose actions henceforth want the distinctive peculiarity of organic action, that of

fluctuating spontaneity. Place one of these brainless frogs on his back and he will at once recover the sitting posture; draw a leg from under him, and he will draw it back again; tickle or prick him and he will push away the object, or take *one* hop out of the way; stroke his back, and he will utter *one* croak. All these things resemble the actions of the unmutated frog, but they differ in being *isolated* actions, and *always the same*: they are as uniform and calculable as the movements of a machine. The uninjured frog may or may not croak, may or may not hop away; the result is never calculable, and is rarely a single croak or a single hop. It is this complexity of the organism which Dickens wholly fails to conceive; his characters have nothing fluctuating and incalculable in them, even when they embody true observations; and very often they are creations so fantastic that one is at a loss to understand how he could, without hallucination, believe them to be like reality. There are dialogues bearing the traces of straining effort at effect, which in their incongruity painfully resemble the absurd and eager expositions which insane patients pour into the listener's ear when detailing their wrongs, or their schemes. Dickens once declared to me that every word said by his characters was distinctly *heard* by him; I was at first not a little puzzled to account for the fact that he could hear language so utterly unlike the language of real feeling, and not be aware of its preposterousness; but the surprise vanished when I thought of the phenomena of hallucination. And here it may be needful to remark in passing that it is not because the characters are badly drawn and their language unreal, that they are to be classed among the excesses of imagination; otherwise all the bad novelists and dramatists would be credited with that which they especially want—powerful imagination. His peculiarity is not the incorrectness of the drawing, but the vividness of the imagination which while rendering that incorrectness insensible to him, also renders it potent with multitudes of his fellowmen. For although his weakness comes from excess in one direction, the force which is in excess must not be overlooked; and it is overlooked or undervalued by critics who, with what I have called the bias of opposition, insist only on the weakness.

This leads me to the second point, the bias of technical estimate. The main purpose of Art is delight. Whatever influences may radiate from that centre,—and however it may elevate or modify,—the one primary condition of influence is stirred emotion. No Art can teach which does not move; no Art can move without teaching. Criticism has to consider Art under two aspects, that of emotional pleasure, and that of technical pleasure. We all—public and critics—are susceptible of the former, are capable of being moved, and are delighted with what stirs the emotions, filling the mind with images having emotional influence; but only the critics are much affected

by technical skill, and the pleasure it creates. *What* is done, *what* is suggested, constitutes the first aspect; *how* it is done the second. We all delight in imitation, and in the skill which represents one object in another medium; but the refinements of skill can only be appreciated by study. To a savage there is so little suggestion of a human face and form in a painted portrait that it is not even recognised as the representation of a man; whereas the same savage would delight in a waxwork figure, or a wooden Scotchman at the door of a tobacconist. The educated eye sees exquisite skill in the portrait, a skill which gives exquisite delight; but this eye which traces and estimates the subtle effects of colour and distribution of light and shade in the portrait, turns with disgust from the wax figure, or the wooden Highlander. In the course of time the pleasure derived from the perception of difficulty overcome, leads to such a preponderance of the technical estimate, that the sweep of the brush, or the composition of lines, becomes of supreme importance, and the connoisseur no longer asks, *What* is painted? but *How* is it painted? The *what* may be a patch of meadow, the bend of a river, or a street boy munching bread and cheese, and yet give greater delight by its *how*, than another picture which represented the Andes, Niagara, or a Madonna and Child. When the critic observes technical skill in a picture, he pronounces the painter to be admirable, and is quite unmoved by any great subject badly painted. In like manner a great poet is estimated by the greatness of his execution of great conceptions, not by the greatness of his intention.

How easily the critic falls into the mistake of overvaluing technical skill, and not allowing for the primary condition, how easily he misjudges works by applying to them technical rules derived from the works of others, need not here be dwelt on. What I wish to indicate is the bias of technical estimate which, acting with that bias of opposition just noted, has caused the critics to overlook in Dickens the great artistic powers which are proved by his immense success; and to dwell only on those great artistic deficiencies which exclude him from the class of exquisite writers. He worked in delf, not in porcelain. But his prodigal imagination created in delf forms which delighted thousands. He only touched common life, but he touched it to "fine issues;" and since we are all susceptible of being moved by pictures of children in droll and pathetic situations, and by pictures of common suffering and common joy, any writer who can paint such pictures with sufficient skill to awaken these emotions is powerful in proportion to the emotion stirred. That Dickens had this skill is undisputed; and if critical reflection shows that the means he employs are not such as will satisfy the technical estimate, and consequently that the pictures will not move the cultivated mind, nor give it the deep content which perfect Art continues to create, making the work a "joy for ever,"

we must still remember that in the present state of Literature, with hundreds daily exerting their utmost efforts to paint such pictures, it requires prodigious force and rare skill to impress images that will stir the universal heart. Murders are perpetrated without stint, but the murder of Nancy is unforgettable. Children figure in numberless plays and novels, but the deaths of little Nell and little Paul were national griefs. Seduction is one of the commonest of tragedies, but the scene in Peggotty's boat-house burns itself into the memory. Captain Cuttle and Richard Swiveller, the Marchioness and Tilly Slowboy, Pecksniff and Micawber, Tiny Tim and Mrs. Gamp, may be imperfect presentations of human character, but they are types which no one can forget. Dr. Johnson explained the popularity of some writer by saying, "Sir, *his nonsense suited their nonsense*;" let us add, "and his sense suited their sense," and it will explain the popularity of Dickens. Readers to whom all the refinements of Art and Literature are as meaningless hieroglyphs, were at once laid hold of by the reproduction of their own feelings, their own experiences, their own prejudices, in the irradiating splendour of his imagination; while readers whose cultivated sensibilities were alive to the most delicate and evanescent touches were, by virtue of their common nature, ready to be moved and delighted at his pictures and suggestions. The cultivated and uncultivated were affected by his admirable *mise en scène*, his fertile invention, his striking selection of incident, his intense vision of physical details. Only the cultivated who are made fastidious by cultivation paused to consider the pervading commonness of the works, and remarked that they are wholly without glimpses of a nobler life; and that the writer presents an almost unique example of a mind of singular force in which, so to speak, sensations never passed into ideas. Dickens sees and feels, but the logic of feeling seems the only logic he can manage. Thought is strangely absent from his works. I do not suppose a single thoughtful remark on life or character could be found throughout the twenty volumes. Not only is there a marked absence of the reflective tendency, but one sees no indication of the past life of humanity having ever occupied him; keenly as he observes the objects before him, he never connects his observations into a general expression, never seems interested in general relations of things. Compared with that of Fielding or Thackeray, his was merely an *animal* intelligence, *i.e.*, restricted to perceptions. On this ground his early education was more fruitful and less injurious than it would have been to a nature constructed on a more reflective and intellectual type. It furnished him with rare and valuable experience, early developed his sympathies with the lowly and struggling, and did not starve any intellectual ambition. He never was and never would have been a student.

My acquaintance with him began soon after the completion of

"Pickwick." Something I had written on that book pleased him, and caused him to ask me to call on him. (It is pleasant for me to remember that I made Thackeray's acquaintance in a similar way.) He was then living in Doughty Street; and those who remember him at that period will understand the somewhat disturbing effect produced on my enthusiasm for the new author by the sight of his bookshelves, on which were ranged nothing but three-volume novels and books of travel, all obviously the presentation copies from authors and publishers, with none of the treasures of the bookstall, each of which has its history, and all giving the collection its individual physiognomy. A man's library expresses much of his hidden life. I did not expect to find a bookworm, nor even a student, in the marvellous "Boz;" but nevertheless this collection of books was a shock. He shortly came in, and his sunny presence quickly dispelled all misgivings. He was then, as to the last, a delightful companion, full of sagacity as well as animal spirits; but I came away more impressed with the fulness of life and energy than with any sense of distinction. I believe I only saw him once more before I went to Germany, and two years had elapsed when next we met. While waiting in his library (in Devonshire Terrace) I of course glanced at the books. The well-known paper boards of the three-volume novel no longer vulgarised the place; a goodly array of standard works, well-bound, showed a more respectable and conventional ambition; but there was no physiognomy in the collection. A greater change was visible in Dickens himself. In these two years he had remarkably developed. His conversation turned on graver subjects than theatres and actors, periodicals and London life. His interest in public affairs, especially in social questions, was keener. He still remained completely outside philosophy, science, and the higher literature, and was too unaffected a man to pretend to feel any interest in them. But the vivacity and sagacity which gave a charm to intercourse with him had become weighted with a seriousness which from that time forward became more and more prominent in his conversation and his writings. He had already learned to look upon the world as a scene where it was the duty of each man in his own way to make the lot of the miserable. Many a little less miserable; and, having learned that his genius gave him great power, he was bent on using that power effectively. He was sometimes laughed at for the importance he seemed to attach to everything relating to himself, and the solemnity with which he spoke of his aims and affairs; but this belonged to his quality. *Il se prenait au sérieux*, and was admirable because he did so. Whatever faults he may have committed there were none attributable to carelessness. He gave us his best. If the effort were sometimes too strained, and the desire for effect too obtrusive, there was no lazy indulgence, no trading on a great renown, no "scumbling" in his work. "What-

ever I have tried to do in life," he said, speaking through Copperfield, "I have tried with all my heart to do well. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I now find to have been my golden rules."

Since I have been led in the course of argument to touch upon my personal acquaintance with Dickens, I may take advantage of the opening to introduce a point not mentioned in Mr. Forster's memoir, though he most probably is familiar with it. Mr. Forster has narrated Dickens's intense grief at the death of his sister-in-law, Mary—a grief which for two months interrupted the writing of "Pickwick," and which five years afterwards thus moves him in a letter to Mr. Forster on the death of her grandmother. The passage itself is in every way interesting, displaying a depth and delicacy of feeling, combined with a tenderness towards the sacredness due to the wishes of the dead, which is very noticeable:—

"It is a great trial to me to give up Mary's grave; greater than I can possibly express. I thought of moving her to the catacomb, and saying nothing about it; but then I remembered that the poor old lady is buried next her at her own desire, and could not find it in my heart directly she is laid in the earth to take her grandchild away. The desire to be buried next her is as strong upon me now as it was five years ago; and I know (for I don't think there ever was love like that I bear her) that it will never diminish. I cannot bear the thought of being excluded from her dust; and yet I feel that her brothers and sisters and her mother have a better right than I to be placed beside her. It is but an idea. I neither hope nor think (God forbid) that our spirits would ever mingle there. I ought to get the better of it, but it is very hard. I never contemplated this; and coming so suddenly, and after being ill, it disturbs me more than it ought. It seems like losing her a second time."

Again, when writing from America and describing his delight at the Niagara Falls, he says:—

"What would I give if you and Mac were here to share the sensations of this time! I was going to add, what would I give if the dear girl whose ashes lie in Kensal Green had lived to come so far along with us; but she has been here many times, I doubt not, since her sweet face faded from my earthly sight."

Several years afterwards, in the course of a quiet chat over a cigar, we got on a subject which always interested him, and on which he had stored many striking anecdotes—dreams. He then narrated, in his quietest and most impressive manner, that after Mary's death her image not only haunted him by day, but for twelve months visited his dreams every night. At first he had refrained from mentioning it to his wife; and after deferring this some time, felt unable to mention it to her. He had occasion to go to Liverpool, and as he went to bed that night, there was a strong hope that the change of bed might break the spell of his dreams. It was not so however. That night as usual the old dream was dreamt. He resolved to unburthen his mind to his wife, and wrote that very

morning a full account of his strange experience. From that time he ceased to dream of her. I forget whether he said he had never dreamt of her since ; but I am certain of the fact that the spell had been broken then and there.

Here is another contribution to the subject of dreams, which I had from him shortly before his death. One night after one of his public readings, he dreamt that he was in a room where every one was dressed in scarlet. (The probable origin of this was the mass of scarlet opera-cloaks worn by the ladies among the audience, having left a sort of *afterglow* on his retina.) He stumbled against a lady standing with her back towards him. As he apologised she turned her head and said, quite unprovoked, "My name is Napier." The face was one perfectly unknown to him, nor did he know any one named Napier. Two days after he had another reading in the same town, and before it began, a lady friend came into the waiting-room accompanied by an unknown lady in a scarlet opera cloak, "who," said his friend, "is very desirous of being introduced." "Not Miss Napier?" he jokingly inquired. "Yes; Miss Napier." Although the face of his dream-lady was not the face of this Miss Napier, the coincidence of the scarlet cloak and the name was striking.

In bringing these detached observations to a close, let me resume their drift by saying that while on the one hand the critics seem to me to have been fully justified in denying him the possession of many technical excellencies, they have been thrown into unwise antagonism which has made them overlook or undervalue the great qualities which distinguished him ; and that even on technical grounds their criticism has been so far defective that it failed to recognise the supreme powers which ensured his triumph in spite of all defects. For the reader of cultivated taste there is little in his works beyond the stirring of their emotions—but what a large exception ! We do not turn over the pages in search of thought, delicate psychological observation, grace of style, charm of composition ; but we enjoy them like children at a play, laughing and crying at the images which pass before us. And this illustration suggests the explanation of how learned and thoughtful men can have been almost as much delighted with the works as ignorant and juvenile readers ; how Lord Jeffrey could have been so affected by the presentation of *Little Nell*, which most critical readers pronounce maudlin and unreal. Persons unfamiliar with theatrical representations, consequently unable to criticise the acting, are stirred by the suggestions of the scenes presented ; and hence a great philosopher, poet, or man of science, may be found applauding an actor whom every play-going apprentice despises as stagey and inartistic.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

WARBURTON.

IN the course of the once celebrated controversy between Warburton and Lowth, Lowth made one hit which must have told forcibly upon his opponent. He quoted the following passage from Clarendon's history:—"Colonel Harrison was the son of a butcher near Nantwich, in Cheshire, and had been bred up in the place of a clerk, under a lawyer of good account in those parts; which kind of education introduces men into the language and practice of business, and if it be not resisted by the great ingenuity of the person, inclines young men to more pride than any other kind of breeding, and disposes them to be pragmatical and insolent." "Now, my Lord," says Lowth, "as you have in your whole behaviour, and in all your writings, remarkably distinguished yourself by your humility, lenity, meekness, forbearance, candour, humanity, civility, decency, good manners, good temper, moderation with regard to the opinions of others, and a modest diffidence of your own, this unpromising circumstance of your early education" (that, namely, of being educated in the same way as Harrison) "is so far from being a disgrace to you, that it highly redounds to your praise." Which piece of irony, being translated, expresses the most conspicuous fact in Warburton's character—namely, that he was as "proud, pragmatical, and insolent" as might be expected from a man who brought to theological controversies the habits of mind acquired in an attorney's office. Warburton, in fact, is the most perfect specimen of a type not infrequent amongst clergymen. We may still, though less often than formerly, observe a man in the pulpit who obviously ought to be at the bar; and though the legal habit of mind may be a very useful corrective to certain theological tendencies, the more common result of thus putting the square man in the round hole is to produce that kind of incongruity which in another profession gives rise to the opprobrious term of sea-lawyer. Warburton was, as we shall presently see, a lawyer to the backbone in more senses than one; but the most prominent and least amiable characteristic, which suggested Lowth's sarcasm, was his amazing litigiousness.

For many years together he led the life of a terrier in a rat-pit, worrying all theological vermin. His life, as he himself observed in more dignified language, was "a warfare upon earth, that is to say, with bigots and libertines, against whom I have denounced eternal war, like Hannibal against Rome, at the altar." Among bigots and libertines we must reckon everybody, Christian or infidel, whose form of belief differed from Warburton's, and add that Warburton's form of belief was almost peculiar to himself. To entertain a diffe-

rent opinion, or to maintain the same opinion on different ground was an equal title to his hostility. He regrets in one place the necessity of assailing his friends. "Why," he asks pathetically "did I not rather choose the high road of literary honours, and put out some poor critic or small philosopher of this (the Deist) school offer up at the shrine of violated sense and virtue?" "Then," thinks, "he might have flourished in the favour of his superiors, & the goodwill of all his brethren." Alas! it could not be. His credit had that unique merit which he ascribes to the Jewish religion, namely, that it "condemned every other religion as an imposture. To disagree with him was to be not merely a fool, but a rogue. His universal, indeed, was his intolerance of any difference of opinion. That bigot and libertine, wide as is the sweep of those damnatory epithets, can by no means include all the objects of his aversion. He makes frequent incursions into regions where abuse is not satisfied by theology. The argument of the Divine Legation wanders through all knowledge, sacred and profane, and every step brings him into collision with some fresh antagonist. Glancing at the index, we find a series of such summaries as these:—"Sir Isaac Newton's chronology of the Egyptian empire confuted, and shown to contradict all sacred and profane antiquity, and even the nature of things;" "Herman Witsius' arguments examined and confuted;" "prophecy vindicated against the absurd interpretation of the rabbis and Dr. Shuckford;" the Jews "vindicated from the calumnious falsehoods of the poet Voltaire;" "An objection of Mr. Collins examined and confuted;" "Lord Bolingbroke's accusation examined and exposed;" "The Bishop of London's discourse examined and confuted;" and, in short, his course is marked, if we will take his word for it, like that of an ancient hero, by the corpses of his opponents. Deists, atheists, and pantheists, are, of course, his natural prey. Hobbes, "the infamous Spinoza," and Bayle, Shaftsbury, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Chubb, Morgan, and Mandeville, above all his detested enemy, Bolingbroke, are "examined and confuted" till we are weary of the slaughter. But believers do not escape much better. If, as he elegantly expresses it, he "disarms Hume's jacket" for not believing in miracles, he belabours Wesley still more vigorously for believing that miracles are not extinct. From Conyers Middleton, the Essayist and Reviewer of that day who, indeed, long escaped as a private friend, up to Lowth, Sherlock, and Jortin, he spared neither dignity nor orthodoxy. The rank and file of the controversial clergy, Sykes, and Stebbing, and Webster fell before his "desperate hook" like corn before the sickle. And when the boundless field of theological controversy was insufficient to his energies, he would fall foul of the poet Akenside for differing from him as to the proper use of ridicule, or of Crousaz for misinterpret

the Essay on Man, or of Bolingbroke for his assault upon the memory of Pope, or of a whole list of adversaries who gathered to defend Shakspeare from his audacious mangling. The innumerable hostilities which did not find expression in any of these multitudinous conflicts, struggled to light in the notes on the Dunciad. Probably no man who has lived in recent times has ever told so many of his fellow-creatures that he held them to be unmitigated fools and liars. He stalks through the literary history of the eighteenth century, ostentatiously displaying the most outrageous paradoxes, and bringing down his controversial shillelagh on the head of any luckless mortal who ventures to hint a modest dissent. There is, to me at least, a certain charm about this overflowing and illimitable pugnacity. We have learnt to be so civil to each other, that one sometimes fancies (and I suspect with some reason) that the creeds which excite so languid a defence are not very firmly held. At any rate, it is refreshing, in this milder epoch, to meet with a gentleman who proposes to cudgel his opponents into Christianity, and thrusts the Gospel down their throats at the end of the bludgeon.

Even Warburton, many-sided and complicated as were his hostilities, was not above the necessity of finding allies. No man, though gifted with the most perverse ingenuity, can stand quite alone; and Warburton formed two remarkable connections. As is usual with boisterous persons, both these friends were men of a temperament very different from his own; as, indeed, two Warburtons would have formed a combination more explosive and unstable than any hitherto known to chemists. Both Pope and Hurd were suited to him by force of contrast. Warburton was well fitted to be Pope's bully, and Hurd to serve as the more decorous assistant of Warburton's vengeance. Pope seems to have been really touched by Warburton's blustering championship. It is a very pleasant thing to discover that you have been talking deep religious philosophy, when, in the innocence of your heart, you fancy that you have been versifying second-hand infidelity. The thin-skinned poet welcomed with almost infantile joy the aid of his pachydermatous defender, and naturally supposed that the man who had discovered him to be an orthodox philosopher, must be himself a profound divine. Warburton took a natural pride in having cut out so rich a prize from under the guns of the infidel Bolingbroke, and raised himself in general esteem by acquiring a right of spiritual proprietorship in the foremost writer of the time. The friendship with Hurd is more curious and characteristic. Hurd is a man for whom, though he has attracted a recent biographer, animated by the ordinary biographical spirit, it is difficult to find a good word. He was a typical specimen of the offensive variety of university don; narrow-minded, formal, peevish, cold-blooded, and intolerably conceited. In short, as Johnson said of Harris, "he was

a prig, and a bad prig." Even Warburton, we are told, could never talk to him freely. In his country vicarage he saw nobody snubbed his curate, and never gave an entertainment except on one occasion, when Warburton, who was staying with him, was forced to rebel against the intolerable solitude. When a bishop, he never drove a quarter of a mile without his episcopal coach and his servant in full liveries. He rose to that eminent position chiefly on the reputation of writing in Addisonian style and being a good critic of Horace. The virtue which he particularly affected was filial affection, and, after three years' acquaintance, his Christian humility led him to confide to Warburton, who was the son of an attorney, that his own father had been a farmer. He was sufficiently amiable to mention his mother in endearing terms; and in a letter to Warburton, after touching upon certain presentation copies of his own book, and on Sir John Dalrymple's newly-published memoirs, he observes quite pathetically that the good old woman "fell asleep almost literally" about a fortnight before. Warburton, though not a very noble creature, had at least a little more human nature about him. The relations between the pair of theologians naturally recalled in some degree those between Johnson and Boswell. Warburton, however, is but a feeble-jointed and knock-kneed giant compared with the lexicographer, and Hurd a very dry representative of Boswell. The flattery, too, was in this case reciprocal; and perhaps the great man pours out more mouthfilling compliments than his satellite. If Hurd thinks that Warburton's memory will be endeared to the wise and good for ever, Warburton regards Hurd as one of the first men of the day, and holds him to be Addison's equal in elegance, while for his superior in all solid merits. The two together looked out with condescension upon Warburton's humbler followers, and with infinite contempt on all the world beside. The general principle of their common creed is neatly expressed by Hurd, who says that "one hardly meets with anything else" in this world but coxcombs; to which Warburton adds an admiring comment that no coxcomb has a grain of gratitude or generosity. The particular application of this maxim shows that Walpole is an insufferable coxcomb; Hume cold, conceited, treacherous rogue; Johnson full of malignity, folly and insolence; Garrick a writer below Cibber, whose "sense when ever he deviates into it is more like nonsense;" Young "the finest writer of nonsense of any of this age;" Smollett a "vagabond Scot;" Priestley "a wretched fellow;" and Voltaire "a scoundrel." Hurd carefully preserved the letters containing these beautiful specimens of Billingsgate, and left them for publication after his death. The mode in which these congenial spirits co-operated during their lives is sufficiently illustrated by their quarrel with Jortin. Jortin, who had been on excellent terms with Warburton, mildly observed, in a

Dissertation on the State of the Dead as described by Homer and Virgil, that Warburton's "elegant conjecture" as to the meaning of the sixth book of the *Æneid* (a conjecture which, I believe, no one has ever accepted) was not satisfactorily established. Hereupon Hurd published a pamphlet, bitterly assailing Jortin for his audacity. Hurd's elaborate irony, as translated by a contemporary writer, amounted to presenting the following rules by which the conduct of all men should be regulated when in presence of the great master:—

"You must not write on the same subject that he does. You must not write against him. You must not glance at his arguments even without naming him. You must not oppose his principles though you let his arguments alone. You must not pretend to help forward any of his arguments that may seem to fall lame. When you design him a compliment, you must not refuse it in full form, without impertinently qualifying your civilities by assigning a reason why you think he deserves them. You must never call any of his arguments by the name of conjectures, for you ought to know that this capital genius never proposed anything to the judgment of the public with diffidence in all his life."

The infringement of such rules as these was, in fact, all that Hurd could lay to Jortin's charge. Warburton welcomed this assistance of his jackal with a perfect shout of delight. He knew but of one man from whose heart or whose pen so fine a piece of irony could come. Next to his pleasure in seeing himself "so freely praised" was the pleasure he took "in seeing Jortin mortified." And in another letter he remarks that "they must be dirty fellows indeed who can think I have no reason to complain of Jortin's mean, low, and ungrateful conduct towards me;" the whole crime of whom, be it observed, consisted in Jortin's differing from him as to the value of a critical conjecture. Jortin some time afterwards revenged himself on Hurd's master by pointing out certain blunders of which he had been guilty in a classical translation. Warburton, unable to deny the error, made a kind of surly overture to Jortin, which was coldly accepted, but no real reconciliation took place. The two conspirators abused Jortin in private, but did not again attack him for the abominable audacity of holding an opinion of his own.

The almost incredible arrogance, of which this is a pleasing specimen, breathes through most of Warburton's writings. Mr. Pattison says, rather broadly, that "Warburton's stock argument is a threat to cudgel any one who disputes his opinion." Though he does not often appeal thus explicitly to the *argumentum baculinum*, the cudgel is, in fact, never far from his hand. His style is too cumbrous and diffuse to produce many of the terse epithets which Swift discharged at his enemies; but as we plod through his pages we come across some flowers of the eloquence supposed to be characteristic of Billingsgate, of which a specimen or two may be formed

into a malodorous bouquet. I gather a few at random from different parts of his writings. In the course of his assault upon mystics, he informs us that the Moravian hymn-book is "a heap of blasphemous and beastly nonsense." Of William Law, a man, as he admits, of great abilities, he says, the "poor man is here fallen into a trap which his folly laid for his malice." Coming to less offensive writers, we may quote his character of Dr. Richard Grey, whom he had once called the "truly learned and worthy writer on the Book of Job." Grey offended him, and he spoke of his commentaries on *Hudibras* as the "most execrable heap of nonsense" that almost ever appeared in any learned language. In one of his controversial writings he falls foul of him again. "Though I had the caduceus of peace in my hands," he observes, "yet it was only in cases of necessity I made use of it. And, therefore, I chose to let pass, without any chastisement, such impotent railers as Richard Grey and one Bate zany to a mountebank." Bate was a respectable Hebrew scholar. We will turn to what Warburton calls the "pestilent herd of libertine scribblers, with which the island is overrun, whom I would hunt down, as good King Edgar did his wolves, from the mighty author of 'Christianity as Old as the Creation,' to the drunken blaspheming cobbler, who wrote against 'Jesus and the Resurrection;'" or, as he elsewhere calls them, "the agents of public mischief, which not only accelerate our ruin, but accumulate our disgraces, wretches the most contemptible for their parts, the most infernal for their manners." Two great names will be enough. Of Hume he says in a tract, which is perhaps the weakest he ever wrote, as it took him furthest out of his depth, that he merely run "his usual philosophic course from knavery to nonsense," and add that Hume's "great philosophic assertion of one of the prime master wheels of superstition labours with immovable nonsense." Of a statement of Voltaire about the Jews, he remarks, "I believe it will not be easy to find, even in the dirtiest sink of free-thinking, so much falsehood, absurdity, and malice heaped together in a few words." It is almost pathetic to find Warburton throwing dirt at such men, in the placid conviction of his immeasurable superiority. A couple of instances of delicate irony shall close the selection. "Ever this choice piece of the first philosophy, his lordship's" (Bolingbroke's) "sacred pages, is ready," he says, "to be put to very different uses, according to the tempers in which they have found his few admirers on the one side, and the public on the other; like the china utensil in the 'Dunciad,' which one has used for a — pot, and another carried home for his head-piece." And here is his retort to the unlucky Dr. Stebbing, who conceived himself to have shown that the sacrifice of Isaac would be equally prophetic of Christ's death whether Warburton's interpretation be admitted or

not. "He hath shown it, indeed," snorts his antagonist, "as the Irishman showed his ——." The decorum of this passage in a grave theological discussion is perhaps unrivalled.

Nothing could exceed Warburton's confidence in the result of the warfare carried on by such weapons. Every now and then he announces that he pledges himself that some argument shall never again be regarded in "the learned world" as anything but an ignorant prejudice; whilst a similar boast from one of his antagonists is declared to be worthy only of some "wild conventicle of Methodists or Hutchinsonians." Warburton, indeed, trusts so implicitly in the efficacy of his arguments, that he ventures to take the dangerous line of insisting on the strength of the case against him. Nobody had thoroughly confuted Collins, until Warburton searched the matter to the bottom. Nay, it might be doubted whether the weight of the argument was not, on the whole, against Christianity until he turned the scale. For want of the master-key by which he unlocked all difficulties, "the Mosaic dispensation had lain for ages involved in absurdities, and the Christian had become subject to insuperable difficulties." It is time to consider what was this marvellous expedient which had been concealed from the eyes of all theologians till the middle of the eighteenth century, and was now for the first time to base the evidences of revealed religion on an immovable foundation. The general principles on which he reasoned, and the special arguments which justified these amazing pretensions, well deserve a little examination.

By way of preface to a more detailed statement, I may venture a word or two upon Warburton's special intellectual characteristic—his ardent passion for a paradox. He admits it himself with a quaint complacency. After stating that "if the Scriptures have," as Middleton had said, "every fault which can possibly deform a language, this is so far from proving such language was not divinely inspired, that it is one certain mark of its original;" he winds up his demonstration by asserting that the Koran is "as real and substantial a pattern of eloquence as any whatsoever;" and adds that this is a paradox "which like many others that I have had the odd fortune to advance, will presently be seen to be only another name for truth." He is never so proud as when he has hit upon some proposition so ingeniously offensive to all parties, that, as he puts it, "believers and unbelievers have combined, by some blind chance or other," to pronounce his arguments absurd. The Warburtonian paradox is one of a peculiar class. He is not paradoxical, like some eminent thinkers—Hobbes, for example, or Berkeley—from a certain excess of acuteness. To such men, intellectual progress owes much, because their error consists chiefly in attaching too much importance to some half truth, and serves, at any rate, to impress it upon us by

force of exaggeration. Warburton's most audacious speculations seldom strike new light out of his subject; and, to say the truth, few men of equal vigour have ever shown less real acuteness. He was paradoxical as a deaf man writing upon music, or a blind man writing upon painting might be paradoxical. He blunders into the strangest criticisms upon Shakspeare from sheer want of even a rudimentary poetical faculty; and in the same way, he plays the queerest tricks with the Bible, from his deficiency in spiritual insight. Or we may say—and the analogy is perhaps closer—that his paradoxes are like those of a pettifogging lawyer, who strains the language of statutes into the most unexpected conclusions, in complete disregard of their spirit. He reads the Bible precisely like an Act of Parliament; and to him one argument is pretty much as good as another, so long as it can be wholly deduced from any clause of the inspired text, in due syllogistic form. It matters nothing that the whole meaning should have evaporated in the strange contortions to which the words of his documents have been subjected. He is fond of quoting Hobbes' inimitable maxim, that words are the counters of wise men and the money of fools. It exactly expresses his own practice. Give him a text which can be fitted into his argument, and he uses it with the most audacious confidence, caring nothing for the context or for the sense in which it must have been used by the original author. Although an argument constructed on such principles is devoid of any intrinsic value—and, indeed, it may be doubted whether Warburton ever made a single genuine convert—there is yet an interest in the result. He brings into the most startling relief the current opinions of his day. A man of genius, even when using very dangerous arguments, is guarded by a certain unconscious instinct from pressing them into the most offensive conclusions. Warburton, from his utter want of tact, blurts out the absurdities which a more acute writer judiciously throws into the background. Without attributing the slightest conscious dishonesty to many eminent reasoners, we may say that they know how to glide safely over the weaker parts of their system. An obtuse thinker of the Warburton order splashes indiscriminately through thick and thin, and unintentionally reveals to us the errors which perhaps exist, though in a latent form, in the theories of more judicious writers. From this point of view, he may be studied as illustrating the uglier tendencies of eighteenth-century theology. It may be added that we find in uncouth forms and in their native absurdity some arguments which still pass muster by the help of a little philosophical varnish. The Divine Legation of Moses Demonstrated, is an attempt to support one gigantic paradox by a whole system of affiliated paradoxes. Warburton was a man of multifarious reading but inaccurate scholarship, or, as Bentley more forcibly expressed it

of "monstrous appetite and bad digestion." He has tumbled out his intellectual spoils into his ponderous pages with endless prodigality. Starting with the professed intention of proving the divine authority of Moses, he diverges into all manner of subsidiary inquiries. He discourses at length on the origin and nature of morality; he gives the true theory of the alliance of Church and State; he devotes many pages to elucidating the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, and the nature of the ancient mysteries; he discusses the origin of writing and the meaning of hieroglyphics; he investigates the chronology of Egypt; he runs up an elaborate argument to determine the date of the Book of Job; he assails all manner of freethinkers, orthodox divines, Jews, Turks, Socinians, classical scholars, antiquarians, and historians, who happen to differ with him on some subsidiary question. At every stage in the argument some new vista of controversy opens before us; but every phenomenon in the universe, so it is said, is more or less connected with every other; and Warburton easily finds an excuse for rambling from one end of the whole field of human knowledge to the other, whenever there is an adversary to be encountered, or an instance of his reading to be illustrated, or, in short, any kind of caprice to be gratified. It is no wonder that a man pursuing so vast a plan, and stirring up so many hostile prejudices at every step, wearied of his task before its conclusion, and dropped into calm episcopal repose long before the edifice had received its crowning ornaments.

The whole method involves an assumption, which is accepted, though seldom so ostentatiously put forward by the so-called evidential school.¹ Warburton maintains, in a curious passage, that it is as possible to make discoveries in religion as in science; but, as usual, his discoveries savour more of a legal than a scientific investigation. The truth of a religious doctrine is to be decided by a judicial inquiry. The devil's advocates are to be upset by the sudden turning up of some new bit of evidence or a novel interpretation of an old statute. Or we may consider the contest between the two parties as resembling a game of chess. Warburton is the discoverer of a new gambit (I apologise if my terms are wrong), which is to give the adversary a most unexpected checkmate. It had always been assumed that if one side were deprived of a leading piece, victory would incline to the other. Warburton shows how the apparent disadvantage may be converted, by skilful manipulation, into a means of assured triumph. The infidel pressing on in the highest security, suddenly finds himself, as it were, stalemated, and the game is, in vulgar language, pulled out of the fire. The position, in fact, was this. Deists had made a great point of the supposed absence from the Old Testament of any distinct reference to a future life. Apologists of Christianity had been put to rather

awkward shifts, and had endeavoured, by forced interpretations, to relieve the Bible from this imputation. Warburton's discovery consisted in a new argument, by which the absence of the promise of immortality was to be admitted, but to be converted into what his title characteristically describes as a "demonstration" of the truth of the Mosaic religion. For this purpose he erects his demonstration—one, as he informs us, which falls "very little short of mathematical certainty, and to which nothing but a mere physical possibility of the contrary can be opposed"—on three very clear and simple propositions. The first is, that the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is necessary to the well-being of society; the second, that the utility of this doctrine has been acknowledged by all mankind, and pre-eminently by the wisest and most learned nations of antiquity; the third, that this doctrine was not to be found in the Mosaic dispensation. Hence, he says, one would think that "we might proceed directly to our conclusion that therefore the law of Moses is of divine original." Yet as some persons may be stupid enough to miss the logic of this argument, he draws it out more fully in elaborate syllogisms. Substantially they come to this. Moses would not have omitted a sanction which he knew to be essential, unless he had the certainty of a miraculous interference. The statement that he ventured into the desert without any adequate provision of food, might, perhaps, be urged as a proof that he reckoned upon a supply of quails and manna; and in the same way, the fact that he started his legislation without so essential a spiritual provision as a belief in hell, is taken by Warburton to show that he knew that a supernatural substitute for hell would be provided. What that was will be seen directly. Meanwhile, grotesque as the argument sounds when thus bluntly expressed, it may yet be said that, after all, it is scarcely more than a caricature of a highly respectable and still surviving line of argument. Some modern apologists are fond of arguing that Christianity was revolting to the ordinary mind, in order to prove that its success was miraculous. They are afraid to admit that it was adapted to the wants of the time, lest its growth should be regarded as spontaneous. And, therefore, they do their best to prove that human nature is naturally revolted by purity and humility, just as Warburton declared it to be so corrupt that nothing but the fear of hell could preserve it from utter decay.

The argument of the Divine Legation is drawn into so elaborate a system, that any complete account of it would be impossible within moderate limits. Probably, however, it will be enough to notice two or three of its critical and characteristic points. Thus the whole edifice obviously rests on the assumption that nothing but a belief in a future world can make men moral. The very fact which Warburton

seeks to explain would apparently confute the theory at once. The Jews, he says, knew nothing of a future world; yet the Jewish economy prospered. Therefore, is the natural inference, the belief is unnecessary. No, says Warburton in substance. The facts contradict my theory; therefore, the facts are miraculous. His reliance upon the infallibility of an *à priori* argument, or rather upon a round assertion, gives at once the key to the whole character of the book. Warburton's attempt to prove the necessity of the doctrine in question is in fact as feeble as most of his speculative flights. It amounts simply to asserting in a great many words, that human beings will not be virtuous unless they are paid for it in another world. Neither a moral sense, nor a perception of the eternal fitness of things, will be sufficient motives without the obligation of a superior will. Nothing else, indeed, can "make actions moral, *i.e.*, such as deserve reward and punishment." In this view of morality, Warburton is of course merely anticipating Paley, and expressing the most current opinion of his time. No one, however, will dispute the originality of his application of the doctrine. That Moses, being well acquainted with the vital importance of the belief—for Warburton always speaks as if Moses was a highly intelligent politician of the eighteenth century, and fully acquainted with all its heresies—should have omitted to preach it, is sufficiently strange. But the paradox, pretty enough as it stands, is heightened by a further argument. The ancient philosophers, as he informs us, generally disbelieved the doctrine, and yet systematically preached it for its utility. And thus we have the strange phenomenon that the one inspired teacher of the world neglected to preach, and all the false teachers elaborately preached, the doctrine on which morality essentially depends, and in both cases acted in opposition to their real belief.

In endeavouring to account for the singular fact, that a man of great intellectual vigour should have cheated himself into a state of mind so far resembling a genuine belief in this grotesque paradox as to stake his reputation on maintaining it—it is better not to decide how close a resemblance to belief that fact implies—we come to the best illustration of the stage of opinion at which he had arrived. Sir John Lubbock has lately observed that the best test of civilization is the conception which a race is able to form of the Deity. This remark may be extended far beyond savages. In one of his fierce assaults upon Bolingbroke, Warburton says, "I should choose to have the clergy's God, though made of no better stuff than artificial theology (because this gives him both justice and goodness) rather than his Lordship's God, who has neither, although composed of the most refined materials of the first philosophy. In the meantime, I will not deny . . . that his Lordship's God and the clergy's

God are equally faithful copies of themselves." Warburton's view of the Mosaic dispensation will enable us to form a tolerably adequate portrait of this deity, formed of artificial theology, who was a "faithful copy" of the Bishop of Gloucester. If any word, unintentionally savouring of irreverence, should escape me in such an attempt, I must beg for pardon on the ground that I am only endeavouring to tread in episcopal footsteps.

We have already seen that the Warburtonian deity served in the first place as an omnipotent and supernatural Chief Justice. His duty was to sentence to condign punishment the Bolingbrokes, Spinozas, Tindals, and all other offenders against morality. But there is, at first sight, a capriciousness in his behaviour towards the Jews, for which, as the author of the hypothesis is silent, it is difficult to account. Warburton promised to clear the matter up to the meanest comprehension in the final book of the "Divine Legation." Unluckily, he became too weary of his work ever to finish up the argument satisfactorily. Even Archdeacon Towne, one of Warburton's humble friends, who was pronounced by the bishop to understand his works better than their author, is grieved at this omission. He can only make the rather lame remark, "It is certain that a system may be true and well-founded, notwithstanding objections to it never have been and never can be answered." He admits that adversaries will triumph, and will even urge that the bishop could not answer the difficulties he had raised. Nothing is more probable; but, declining the task of accounting for that which the faithful Towne admits to be unaccountable, we may observe and wonder at the fact. For some reason, then, the Deity resolved to manage the Jews on a peculiar system; or, as Warburton calls it, by an extraordinary Providence. The meaning of which words appears to be as follows:—The ordinary human being is punished or rewarded in a future world according to his merits in this. In the case of the Jews, however, a system of cash payments was adopted. Every man had his accounts finally settled before death; and therefore the necessity of any belief in a future world, or indeed, as it would seem, of a future world at all, was entirely obviated. The proof that so marvellous a state of things actually existed, is touched with characteristic lightness. "It would be absurd," he says, "to quote particular texts, when the whole Bible is one continued proof of it." But his knockdown argument is as usual of the *a priori* kind; it must have been so, "for a people in society, without both a future state and an equal Providence" (that is, a Providence equally working in this world) "could have no belief in the moral government of God," and would have relapsed into a savage state. Thus, as the Jews had no future state, they must have had an equal Providence. Q. E. D. Perhaps this heresy is the supreme expression of the popular creed, that the Bible

generally refers to a state of things altogether beside and apart from any thing that comes within our ordinary experience. As Warburton naively says in attacking Plutarch, "we know (though he did not) that all things" (in the Jewish history) "were extraordinary, and nothing to be brought to example, any more than to imitation." Warburton has an unequalled talent for caricaturing the most absurd opinions.

There are, however, some difficulties in realising so strange a condition. One or two corollaries from his doctrine require elaborate defence. Thus, for example, the Deity found it necessary to adopt certain regulations which savour of hardship. Though he punished evil-doers in this world, there are some "men of stronger complexions superior to all the fear of personal temporal evil." The knowledge that an Almighty power would punish them, a knowledge which, as he assures us, rested on the immediate evidence of their senses, would not keep them out of mischief. And, therefore, these hardened persons were to be reached through their "instinctive fondness to their offspring." That a man who would not be restrained by the fear of tortures inflicted by an Almighty ruler, should be restrained out of love for his children, is strange; but the morality of the proceeding is still more questionable than its efficiency. Warburton's explanation on this head is characteristic. God, he says, was here acting, not as the Almighty governor of the universe, but as the "civil governor" of the Jews. In a theocracy sins were treasonable. "Now we know it to be the practice of all states to punish the crime of leze-majesty in this manner. And, to render it just, no more is required than that it was in the compact (as it certainly was here) on men's free entrance into society." He proceeds to defend the system more fully by appealing to the English laws of forfeiture for high treason. In short, God Almighty would have been perfectly justified for his conduct under the British constitution, and what more could the Deist require?

Other difficulties, of course, abound when it is attempted to work out the details of this remarkable system. What, for example, was to become of the Jews in another world, after receiving their full recompense in this? How could future punishments or rewards be fair? Bolingbroke made a great point of this objection; and Warburton blusters more than usual in seeking to evade it. In the case of future punishments, he escapes, according to the ordinary theological device, by admitting that it is a mystery, and boasting of his admission as a complete solution of the difficulty. As to rewards, he says that he does not grudge the Jews the advantage of being paid twice over. To a similar difficulty as to the fate of men in the ages before Moses, he calmly invents "a secret reprieve" (kept "hid, indeed, from the early world," and, it may be added, from everybody

till the days of Warburton) "passed along with the sentence of condemnation. So that they who never received their due in this world would still be kept in existence till they had received it in the next; such being in no other sense sufferers by the administration of an unequal Providence than in being ignorant of the reparation which attended them." God is thus supposed to have acted like some of the kings a few centuries ago, who, whilst agreeing to a treaty in public, made a private reservation for breaking it at their own convenience.

The God of Warburton, in fact, may be regarded as occupying a position towards the universe something like that of George III towards the British people. Speaking generally, he was a constitutional ruler with a scrupulous regard for the exigencies of his position; he resorted to miracles as little as possible, just as a king would seldom bring his personal influence to bear; but in certain cases, which, so far as human knowledge can reveal, were capriciously selected, he chose to govern, as well as to reign, and his action in those cases brought about a variety of complicated relations which it taxes all Warburton's legal skill to unravel. Once, after a long argument destined to vindicate the "wisdom, purity, and justice" of the Almighty, he asks pathetically: "How can I hope to be heard in defence of the God of Israel, when even the believing part of those whom I oppose seem to pay so little attention to the reasoning of Jesus Himself?" And, truly, it is rather a sad case for his client when Warburton has to appear as the only counsel for the defence. The extraordinary perplexity of his system is due in part to that metaphysical conception of the law of nature which assumes great prominence in Warburton. This was, in fact, the common law of the universe, and, like that of England, was supposed to be a concrete embodiment of the perfection of wisdom. Its details, moreover, were capable of being marked out with mathematical accuracy, and Warburton has ascertained its precise provisions with a minuteness which is not a little astonishing. It is, for example, rather odd at the present day to find a man declaring, and that in capital letters—a favourite device with Warburton—that "an ESTABLISHED RELIGION, with a TEST LAW, is the universal voice of nature." The original compact between the Church and State is drawn out in all its provisions with the accuracy of a conveyancer; and it is probable that no other human being ever discovered that a test law was an immediate consequence of the eternal fitness of things. The law of nature, however, has more bearing upon Warburton's main purpose in another direction. The essence of all religion, as he frequently states, is belief in a divine system of rewards and punishments; a proposition which he generally illustrates by St. Paul's words, containing, as he thinks, the most concise statement of natural religion, that God is :

“rewarder of them who diligently seek Him.” But it does not follow on principles of natural religion, that punishments or rewards should be more than temporary. With characteristic audacity he goes so far as to assert that the notion of eternal penalties, instead of being discoverable by the unassisted reason, is absolutely revolting to it; and that “fancy even when full plumed by vanity” could scarcely rise to the idea of infinite rewards. Some kind of future state might, he thinks, be inferred by the light of nature; but we could know nothing as to its conditions; and the doctrine of immortality, which is the most essential spirit of the Christian revelation, was rather repulsive than probable. When, therefore, the Almighty interferes by his direct action with the constitutional laws of the universe, a distinction has to be drawn, like that between the king as a person and the crown as a mere official figment. The results are complicated in the extreme. Mankind, for example, occupied a different legal position in regard to their Maker before the Fall, and in the interval between the Fall and the appearance of Moses; and the divine prerogatives differed as they affected Jews and Gentiles. The great change took place when the Almighty “took upon himself the office of Supreme Magistrate of the Jewish people.” We have seen, He resolved for some inscrutable reason to govern them by temporal, instead of eternal punishments, and it is a delicate problem to say how this would affect their position in the world to come. He “proceeded,” says Warburton, “on the most equitable grounds of civil government;” He became king (of the Jews) “by free choice;” and He thus acquired certain privileges, as, for example, that of prosecuting idolators as traitors. As, however, direct punishments, even when inflicted upon posterity, proved to be inadequate, he enacted a cumbrous ceremonial destined to distract popular attention from the claims of pretenders, that is to say, of false gods. A certain Herman Witsius had the audacity to say that this theory implied that God stood in need of the “tricks of crafty politicians;” and Warburton admits that the wisdom thus displayed was identical in kind, though different in degree, from “what we call human policy.” He excuses it on the ground that God used his miraculous power as little as possible (a very convenient theological principle), though he is arguing at the same time that all Jewish history is one stupendous miracle. The difficulties, however, increase. After a time God appointed an “under-agent or instrument;” the Jewish kings became his viceroys; and Warburton has to prove at length that the change did not alter the essence of the form of government. David, he says, was called the man after God’s own heart, because he “seconded God’s views in support of the theocracy.” He was, in fact, like Lord Bute, a thoroughgoing King’s friend. Although the Jews persisted in behaving badly, they could not

withdraw from the covenant, which occupied the place of the original contract in the theocracy; for it is against all principles of equity that one party to a bargain should be allowed to repudiate it at pleasure. God, therefore, retained his rights; but, in consequence of the misbehaviour of his subjects, he declined to exercise them. Thus we have the curious result that, although the theocracy was still existing *de jure*, it ceased to operate *de facto*. Penalties and rewards were no longer exacted in this world, and though a revelation had hitherto been made of a future life, the prophet began to discover its existence. From this fact we may discover amongst other things, the precise date of the book of Job. The great purpose of that book is to discuss the difficult problem raised by the prosperity of the wicked and the misfortunes of the virtuous and, as Warburton says, no satisfactory conclusion is reached. It must therefore have been written just at the point of time when rewards and punishments ceased to be administered in this world and when the existence of another world had failed to obtain recognition. Gradually, however, the new doctrine became clear: till the theocracy was finally broken up, and the Almighty ceased to be, as Warburton calls it, the "family God of the race of Abraham," or, as he elsewhere puts it, the "tutelary deity, gentilitia and local," and became simply the constitutional ruler of the universe, governing only through second causes and interfering directly only upon critical occasions. The new set of obligations introduced by the Christian dispensation need not be noticed; but the general nature of the theory is, perhaps, sufficiently clear. Man, it is plain, stands in all kinds of varying relations to his Maker. Some of his claims are dependent upon law, and others on equity; sometimes he must stick to the terms of a particular bargain, and occasionally he may go upon the general principles of the law of nature; immortality is a free gift (sometimes, it must be said, of very questionable benefit), and may therefore be granted, subject to any regulations which the Giver may please to impose; some kind of future reward is a strict legal right, and must necessarily be granted on condition of repentance; persecution is lawful under a theocracy, and becomes intolerable in all other circumstances where the voice of nature unfortunately demands a test-law, but forbids any more stringent discouragement of dissent; eternal punishment is detestably cruel if we depend upon ordinary reasoning, but quite justifiable if it has been the subject of a revelation; and the Jews were governed by God Almighty on principles of (as human intelligence would say) a most eccentric kind, varying naturally at different stages of their history, and totally different from anything that has prevailed before or since. Warburton's modest, though not very orthodox, conclusion that they could not be adduced as a

warning or an example, is amply justified. Mr. Matthew Arnold says that Calvinists and Arminians think of God as of a man in the next street. Warburton seems to have improved upon the definition, and regarded Him as a very shrewd, but rather capricious, lawyer, dwelling at about the same distance. Certainly, the attorney's clerk did not lose the marks of his early training.

One other peculiarity of Warburton's theories must be considered, to give anything like a complete picture of the singular logical edifice in which he trusted. Among his innumerable controversies one of the most vehement was his assault upon Wesley. In the course of it he remarks that "the power of working miracles and not the conformity of Scripture doctrines to the truth is the great criterion of a divine mission." Accordingly we find throughout that he has an intense affection for a miracle, tempered by a strong desire to show that all other people take erroneous views of any particular miracle alleged. In his defence, for example, of the supposed miracle wrought to prevent Julian's reconstruction of the Temple at Jerusalem, he argues valiantly for the truth of the main incident. He is almost equally anxious to prove that certain subsidiary phenomena were not miraculous. For example, it is stated that crosses appeared in the sky and on the garments of the spectators. He produces some curious instances, which I commend to the consideration of natural philosophers, where such crosses are said to have actually appeared in consequence of a thunderstorm and an eruption of Vesuvius. But the main facts he stoutly maintains must have been miraculous. "The Fathers," he says, "are so impatient to be at their favourite miracles, the crosses in the sky and on the garments, that they slip negligently over what ought principally to have been insisted on, the fiery eruption; and leave what was truly miraculous, to run after an imaginary prodigy." The poor Fathers who believe too much and the poor infidels who believe too little are equally censured; though it seems rather hard to expect the Fathers to have known of events which happened in the seventeenth century. The same eccentricity appears in his other writings. He seems actually to have believed in an absurd prophecy said to have been uttered by one Arise Evans under the Commonwealth, though he admits the said Evans to have been a notorious rogue; and he published a preface to one of Jortin's works containing an interpretation of its meaning. But when poor Wesley was rash enough to publish those accounts of miracles with which his journals are so curiously stuffed, the episcopal wrath knew no bounds. That a man living in the eighteenth century, and that man a rebel against the Church of England, should produce a few wretched miracles to confirm his foolish fancies was indeed intolerable. To pass over his ridicule, some of which is not unfairly bestowed, or at

least would not be unfair in the mouth of a man who exaggerated the sphere of the miraculous beyond all other his ending arguments are exquisitely characteristic. the true secret slips out in a very *naïve* remark. And he says, are no longer required. Something was wanted to the martyrs in the early ages; "but now the profession Christian faith *is attended with ease and honour*; and the confidence which the weight of human testimony and the conclusions of reason afford us, of its truth, is abundantly sufficient to support in our religious perseverance." It is, in fact, easy enough severe when the defence of Christianity is the direct responsibility of the bishopric; but Wesley must have smiled at the quiet assurance that Warburton rather than the poor Methodists present the closest analogy to the early Christian martyrs. His great argument, however, is even more to the purpose. His treatise on the doctrine of Grace is, like most others, ambidextrous. He is satisfied unless he is hitting the freethinker with one hand and the enthusiast with the other. Accordingly, he begins by attacking Middleton at great length for having maintained that the gift of tongues was temporary. He argues that, far from disappearing at the first occasion of its manifestation, it persisted through the apostolic age. But, having overthrown this antagonist, he is vigorous against the other antagonist who goes upon diametrically opposite sentiments. His method is simple. He quotes a single Scripture; he interprets it precisely as if he were interpreting an Act of Parliament; and, as Wesley had no difficulty in showing his very calm reply, he violates the sense in the most glaring manner. The decisive passage, he says, is this: "Charity faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." This passage, after being put through the Warburtonian mill, comes out as follows:—"The virtue of the gift of tongues is to accompany the Christian Church through all its stages on earth, whereas the gifts of prophecy, of strange tongues, of natural knowledge, are only transitory graces, bestowed upon the Church during its infirm and infant state, to manifest its birth and to support it against the delusions of the powers of darkness." He explains the statement that "when that which is in part shall come, then that which is in part shall be done away" in the same spirit; perfection, it appears, being attained when the age of prophecy had ceased; and he thus has the pleasure of administering a smart blow in passing at one additional enemy, the unlucky Jew of Rome, in whose pretences, he observes, "the blunder seems as glaring as the imposture." On such grounds the man who maintained that the whole Jewish history was one continued miracle for centuries, and who was willing to believe in the absurdities of

Evans, denounces Wesley for his folly and impiety in believing that **God** doubtless interfered in the eighteenth century as He had done in the first. It would be difficult to find a better explanation of the influence of Wesley than in the contrast thus exhibited between the man who really believed that his creed represented an active and living power, and the man who thought that the same power had left the world to itself for many hundred years, inasmuch as good kings now supplied by patronage the zeal which was formerly produced by miracles.

It is scarcely necessary, in conclusion, to touch upon Warburton's merits as a reasoner. Of speculative power he had absolutely none, though as a mere verbal logician he shows unusual symptoms of genuine vigour. His method of argument is precisely that of the pettifogging lawyer, who holds it to be his duty to contradict every statement and every inference put forward by his opponent on the chance that he may be somewhere successful. He takes the argument, cuts it up into sections, and undertakes to refute every particular section, and to show that even if true they would lead to a different conclusion. Yet, with all this apparatus of demonstration, we generally feel that even where he wins an apparent victory it is merely verbal, and fails to touch the real point at issue. It was, for example, a favourite argument of the deists that the Christian commentators evaded the difficulty of fitting prophecies to events by the device of a double sense or by some allegorical mode of interpretation. Warburton elaborately proves that allegory is at times permissible, and that signs are a legitimate mode of speech, and then boasts of having upset the fundamental assumption of his antagonists. Of course, he has not really come in sight of the question. Not unfrequently he misrepresents his opponents in the most outrageous manner. It is constantly evident, for example, on the very face of his own statements, that he is perverting Wesley's meaning, and Wesley has no difficulty in triumphing over the misstatements. A single instance, taken from another part of his writings, will be sufficient. Hume, he says, confesses "that there are popular religions in which it is expressly declared that nothing but morality can gain the divine favour." Hume's words are:—"If we should suppose, *what never happens*, that a popular religion were found in which it was confessedly declared that nothing but morality could gain divine favour." After such a specimen of what it is moderate to call misrepresentation, one's faith in Warburton's candour vanishes with considerable rapidity. Probably he had glanced at the passage too hastily to observe the qualifying clause.

Yet, in spite of all his unfairness, his coarseness, his paradoxes, and the perverse audacity of his whole writings, I feel a sneaking affection for some of Warburton's productions. He lays about him

with such vigour; he tumbles out his miscellaneous reading with such apparent fulness of mind; he ventures so gallantly into the breach to meet any and every assailant; that, though one knows him to be as empty of sound judgment as he is blustering in claiming infallibility, he excites a kind of queer attraction. The Divine Legation is often intolerably pompous, and often lengthened beyond the endurance of human patience; even his biographer, Mr. Watson admits that nobody, except Hurd, ever got through his examination of Bolingbroke's philosophy; and, though stimulated by this challenge, I have done my best to be the second explorer of that unknown desert, I must confess to having stopped midway. Yet by judicious skipping, this big book is more endurable than most works of theological controversy; not for its genuine merits, for probably it advances no new proposition which is at once new and true; but from the variety of its contents and the courage of its ingenious blundering. It may be studied with some profit by the lovers of eccentric productions of the human intellect, by those who would see an unintentional caricature of the tendencies of the age. And in this last respect, a few concluding remarks may be permitted, in the briefest possible compass.

The great end of the English writers who took part in the deistical controversy, was to form a body of religious doctrine independent of those disputes between Catholics and Protestant sects which had wearied the world in the preceding century. It was thought possible to extract a kind of essence of Christianity, something like that which appears to be floating before the minds of people who argue about denominational education, and the modern gospel which seems to be revealed in the *Pickwick Papers*. The deists proposed to construct such a scheme without the help of revelation. The divines maintained that revelation was essential. The difficulty was to show in what respect the religion of nature, whose existence was assumed, and whose tenets were supposed to be discovered by some simple *a priori* reasonings, was to be distinguished from revealed religion. Was the belief in a future life, for example, demonstrable by unassisted reason, or was the aid of revelation necessary? and were the sanctions of natural religion sufficient without the belief in heaven and hell supported by the authority of the Bible? Warburton attempted to prove that the existence of a revelation was necessary to afford a solid support to morality; that it differed essentially from natural religion, not as inculcating different doctrines, but as providing new sanctions and involving a system of divine legislation; and that the evidence of a supernatural superintendence of the world was sufficient to convince a reasonable man that religion was thoroughly natural in its teaching, and that the interference of an Almighty Sovereign was proved by the miracles which he

had wrought. But then he was quite convinced that the deity was not in the habit of interfering actively at present. The rational spirit was too strong to admit of any modern miracles being seriously adduced, except by ignorant Methodists. He could, however, detect such an interference at a sufficient distance of time not to come into awkward collision with the prejudices of the day. His total absence of any true historical spirit made it easy for him to accept the belief that the people described in the Bible lived under totally different conditions from any which prevail at present. It is only in this generation that we are beginning to hear without offence that Abraham was an Arab sheikh, or, in fact, that the Jews were really human beings and not mere characters in a book. A distance of eighteen centuries was enough to soften any contrast with the ordinary laws of nature. And his unlucky disposition to paradox prepared him to set up the grotesque scheme, which we have been engaged in considering, however artificial and preposterous it might appear to be. In so unreal a world as that which existed in the pre-Christian period, he found ample scope for any quantity of miracles, and for a deity who carried out the principles of paternal government into the minutest details. And such a plan allowed him to reconcile a complete disbelief in any modern exhibitions of divine agency with the wildest conception of its former intensity. As the old geologists believed in the most violent catastrophes at a sufficient distance of time, Warburton would believe in a God who had formerly been an active personal despot, and had now subsided into a great orderly constitutional King, who had once influenced men by miracles and now by Church preferment. The particular scheme which he adopted was more preposterous and unreal than that of any of his contemporaries; but the whole evidential school were ready to accept a compromise between the rationalist and the orthodox principles, conceived in the same spirit. They took the Biblical narrative for the scene of all the wondrous facts of their belief, and left the modern world to the sanctuary of the critical faculty. Now that the domain of historical criticism has extended further, the plan is impossible, and professors of the progressive kind endeavour to accommodate Christianity to the demands of critics after a different fashion. They admit the authority of history, and do not even hold that all other religions than their own were necessarily impostures. How far they will be successful remains to be seen. Meanwhile Warburton marks the extreme point reached by his school; and perhaps the thought which seems most probable to his readers is that it is hard to decide whether the advocates or the opponents of Christianity in that age did most injury to the orthodox faith. Was the enmity of Voltaire, or the friendship of Warburton, the most damaging?

LESLIE STEPHEN.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE PEOPLE.

SOME things are already recognised on nearly every hand. There are those who strongly desire the abolition of the State Churches and such, and there are those who deprecate and even dread it. Nevertheless, it has advocates within those churches as well as outside of them, just as it has opponents beyond in addition to others inside their pale. The fair presumption is, that all, whether advocates or opponents, who are themselves Churchmen, members of the churches in debate, are actuated in the formation and furtherance of their opinions by religious motives, as religion is understood among themselves and their ecclesiastical associates. It may be otherwise with respect to those friends and foes to a State Church who are not members of any State Church. The probability is, that a portion of both, greater or smaller, are either disbelievers in the creeds of the State Churches, or, at least, utterly indifferent to them with relation to the revelations of theological truth accepted by many as contained in the Old and New Testaments. But it may be taken for certain, that the generality of those Englishmen and Scotchmen who, not being members of any State Church, are some friendly and others opposed to the maintenance of such churches in a State condition, are as thoroughly imbued with what we mean by Christian beliefs as any who are members of them, and, between themselves, the foes as much as the friends.

Even such men as Sir Roundell Palmer admit that a man's religion, negatively as well as affirmatively, is an affair solely between his Maker and himself. "No State authority ought to interfere with any man's religious belief." By no other portion of the community is this rule better understood than by the working men, and by none besides is the liberty which it brings or should bring to every individual more highly prized. The difference of opinion among those of us all who receive the axiom begins when we discern the consequences to which it leads. Sir Roundell Palmer is a type of those who think we should be content with being allowed to stay away from church, and not compelled to go as by the Rochdale justices a few years ago; but a great many are sturdily of opinion, and cannot be shaken in it, that the principle admitted is violated by every instance in which men who never go near church are forced to be contributors to its maintenance. Church-rates, we know, are gone, but what is arrogantly styled Church property remains; that is to say, my property as a member of the State goes, whether

I like it or not, to support modes of religion which I either do not choose or do not use.¹

An assumption often made, and with too much simplicity to be suspected of insincerity, is, that the bulk of the people of England are avowed adherents of the Established Church. How little of the people can anybody know who takes this for granted? In so far as not merely supposed, but built upon actual knowledge, the notion must be formed from what its entertainers see and hear in exceptional nooks and corners. No man with open eyes and open ears can have even stayed at one of the great centres of population without understanding quite clearly that the State Church is not an institution which either possesses the love or interests the sympathy of the masses. The working men know as well as other persons how to discriminate between men and systems, and they never refuse their tribute of respect to any man, lay or clerical, who manifestly merits it; but of the State Church as an institution they, with comparatively few and rare exceptions, are most undoubtedly very far from approving.

It would ill become the present writer to appear to think lightly of anything that such a man as Mr. Gladstone deliberately says. Towards the close of his speech on the question under examination, he gave his view on the comparative strength of State-Churchmen and men of the adverse party. Not content with the more cautious claim of Sir Roundell Palmer to a number of members equal to those of all the other religious bodies in England and Wales, he was going to say he thought the State Church had a good many more :—

“I must own,” he said, “it is my conviction that in professed friends the Church of England has a considerable majority of the people of this country. But then,” he added, with characteristic candour, “I at once admit to my honourable friend, that the Dissenters, as such, represent a higher average of religious observance. There is no doubt at all about that. There are, happily, vast numbers of persons in the Church of England who are deeply attached to their Church as what may be called practising Christians; but there are also

(1) Mr. J. D. Lewis, in seconding Mr. Miall's opinion, put the money question in this form : “Enjoying a revenue equal to one-tenth of the whole taxation of the country, and yet followed by only one-half of the people: I think it is more like two-fifths of the whole people.” A Parliamentary paper was issued August 23, 1871, making returns “of the approximately estimated value in fee-simple of all estates belonging to the Bishops, and of all estates belonging to Deans and Chapters which have passed into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.” Eight Episcopal estates have so recently come into the Commissioners' hands, that they say they cannot estimate their value; but they set down the fifteen other estates which they manage as worth ten millions and a half; and to two a note is appended stating that the estimate is “exclusive of house property in the neighbourhood of London!” The value of twenty capitular estates is estimated at twelve millions and a half; and three of the richest—Westminster, Lincoln, and Ely—are not reckoned. “On the most moderate computation,” observes the *English Independent*, “the value of the landed estates devoted to the support of the hierarchy of the Establishment may be set down at thirty millions of money.”

vast numbers not so deeply attached to her, who occasionally conform to her communion, not because they belong to any other religious body, but because they are not in the constant and habitual observance of religious ordinances. What view are we to take with regard to them? Are we to say that, because they only rarely appear within the walls of the church, they only come there to be christened, to be married, or to be buried? Are we to say that the case of those persons is to be put out of the account?"

Answering his own question, Mr. Gladstone added :—

"It is unjust to that community to say, that its members, being more cold in religious matters, ought not to be taken into account. When we look at the relations of the Church of England to those masses who have grown up almost unheeded, but who retain a certain relation to it, and towards whom the Church performs almost a missionary work, it is impossible that I can admit the proposition that we ought to cast those masses out of the account. I cannot help perceiving the great changes that may occur in the religious condition of those persons in relation to the Church."

Without entering upon special controversy, the distinction set up by Mr. Gladstone between professed members and practising members may be left where it is. Only it will be well for himself and for others to have an eye in what direction and to what issues the inclusion of both in one account would lead them. First of all, if every person christened at church is to be for all time a Churchman or a Churchwoman, so also must every child once received into a Dissenting Sunday-school be reckoned among Dissenters; in which case, "vast numbers of persons" would be at once Churchmen and Dissenters. In the next place, the generality of the most criminal men and the most profligate women are Churchmen and Churchwomen.

But let it be granted, as, indeed, it cannot be denied, that a certain percentage of the working men are in the habit of attending church, these are absolutely outweighed by the portions of the mass who may be found from Sunday to Sunday in the chapels and meeting-houses of different denominations of Dissenters or in the places of Roman Catholic worship. What, then, is likely to be the feeling of the working men who decline going to either church or chapel as to the allotment of immense property to the State Church, under the pretext of its being the church of the nation? If they regard it as unjust that the money of the whole people should be taken to maintain a church used chiefly by the upper and the middle classes, on the ground that they, as part of the people, have no desire to avail themselves of it, must they not feel in their consciences that the injustice is yet greater upon those of their fellow-workmen who prefer chapel to church, and who pay out of their own private pockets for the enjoyment of that preference? "That which is the common property of the whole nation—such, for example, as the nation's influence, the nation's authority, the nation's honour, the nation's wealth—cannot be exclusively made over to a part of the nation without inflicting manifold wrong upon the residue." Thus argues

Mr. Miall, and the working men fully appreciate the force of his reasoning.

The working men, for their part, are not blinded by the sophisms that are vented upon the subject of the many doctrinal and practical disagreements among the clergy of the State Church and their respective lay followers. If the Articles remain, so also does the Act of Uniformity. If those Articles were in some respects a compromise, will any one affirm that they have either secured agreement to the extent intended, or prevented disagreement from passing the bounds which, after all, they prescribed. If they were worded with a design, for example, to keep the Church open to both Calvinists and Arminians, were they meant to "comprehend" Unitarians and Free-thinkers, or to leave ajar a door through which, in spite of the Reformation, there might creep in again those notions mentioned in Parliament by Mr. J. D. Lewis as having been inculcated in a periodical publication under the avowed patronage of that stray slip from the Clapham Sect, the Bishop of Winchester—namely, "the real presence in the Eucharist, the forgiveness of sins through saintly intercession, the divinity of the Virgin Mary, and the efficacy of confession" ? If our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen believe in the things meant under these names, they have a perfect right to do so ; but that doctrines and practices so plainly denounced by the standards of the State Church should be allowed to be taught and used within it is a scandalous breach of faith with the nation ; and that we should all of us be called upon to regard this allowance, with other allowances in the opposite extreme of rationalistic "breadth," as constituting a claim to our admiration, no less than to our acquiescence, is nothing less than an insult to the common sense of the public. And yet Mr. Bruce gets up, and combines in one short speech the damaging admission that "a very large portion of the community has become alienated from the State Church," with the preposterous assertion that she "affords greater securities for freedom of conscience than are given by any other religious body." The working men of England have their deficiencies like other people, but they are much too clear-eyed to be persuaded that freedom of conscience can ever be promoted by an immoral mixture of incongruous beliefs for the sake of personal participation in emoluments. The unprincipled character of such "freedom" as Mr. Bruce patronises and holds up to admiration is unwittingly held up to the censure which it better deserves in some of the very terms of his own defence or boast of it. "Did he (Mr. Miall) mean to contend that the members of any Christian denomination outside would be allowed to maintain principles so divergent from one another as were held by distinguished leaders of opposite parties in the Church of England, who still continued to be members of it ?" Of course he did not.

It seems to be the peculiar glory of the State Church that Dr. Close is Dean of Carlisle and Dr. Stanley Dean of Westminster, Dr. Pusey canon of Christ Church and Dr. Kingsley canon of Chester.

It is surprising to hear so careful a reasoner as Sir Roundell Palmer following in the same line of observation as Mr. Bruce. "I believe," he said in the speech with which he came next to the Home Secretary in debate, "that the general operation of the system of an Established Church is to increase individual liberty, especially in the clergy." One should have thought that the laity would be the more free. But, as to the clergy, has not Mr. Voysey, at least, found the limit of this boasted liberty? At what point, then, does allowed liberty pass into unpardonable licence? As between the State Church and the sects, Sir Roundell gives the palm to the former in terms of singular character. "I do not believe," he says, "there is a religious body in the country"—meaning, it is evident, *another* such body—"which does not call its ministers to account on matters of doctrine." Surely a church calling itself Christian, that claims credit for being in any great degree indifferent to the diversities of doctrine taught by its ministers, may be justly described as "glorying in its shame." This unguarded sentence—unguarded, if rightly reported—from the lips of Sir Roundell was well answered by Mr. Watkin Williams when he said, "I suppose it will not be denied that no free church would be tolerated which carried divergence of opinion so far as is the case in the Church of England." If, however, Mr. Gladstone caught the real drift of his friend's words, it was not what has been above supposed. "It is certainly," said the Premier, "a church eminently favourable to liberty of thought, while I think my honourable and learned friend, the member for Richmond, is right in repudiating on its behalf the claim of those who wish to construe that liberty as if it meant an unbounded licence." Leaving indeterminate the precise meaning of Sir Roundell, where would Mr. Gladstone and himself agree to fix the "Thus far and no farther"? Mr. Voysey, for his part, declares that he clung to his position in the Church of England until driven out of it by law—his sole object being to liberate the clergy and to break their bonds. Though his exclusion was brought about by the persistency of "a crowd of angry bigots," whom, clergy as they are, he likens to a pack of clamorous hounds, yet he is confident that had he succeeded in further widening the liberties of the clergy at large, "nothing but acclamations of applause would have followed." Those shouts might indeed have outclamoured the bark of his opponents; but he, too, is constrained to leave this testimony behind him—that though he has been got rid of, "the most opposite opinions and doctrines are still taught in the pulpits" of the State Church—"that great bundle of sects," as Mr. Leatham puts the fact, "which calls itself the Church."

The State Church used to be called by the clergy the poor man's church. Does the disuse of that phrase imply a tacit consciousness that it does not apply? Is it not, in fact, the rich man's church? "The share," as Mr. Miall said, "which the undermost section of society has in that portion of the national estate which is appropriated by the State Church, does chance to be so employed as to throw nearly the whole benefit of it into the hands of the sections that are better off than itself." One must always be understood as ready to grant what may have been done, in individual instances, for the benefit of all classes indifferently. But what are the facts? Where are the best livings? Are they not in the thinly-peopled rural districts? Does it not frequently, if not generally, happen, that where population is largest the parson's pay is least, and among the fewest people the fattest fee? In the country the church room exceeds the demand for it; in the towns, there is a want of church room. So, at least, we often hear. But, if so, why is not more provided? The zeal of private individuals is admitted. New churches, large and handsome, are here and there springing up; but at whose expense are they built? Every one knows that no statesman of any party would dare propose to answer the cry for church accommodation by bringing forward a vote of public money for the purpose. The time when that could be done is gone, and gone finally. From the hour when this became a settled point in the House of Commons, the doom of State Churches was sealed, and all that remained to fix was the day and mode of execution.

The details of the question are too numerous even to be raised, much more touched. If, indeed, talk might avert doom, the condemned institution would yet have a long reprieve; but, as in the vision of the Apostle concerning the Seven Churches, the only chance of escape depended upon the "doing of just works," so here deeds, not words, are called for. And why are they not forthcoming? Manifestly because there are too many who "hold the doctrine of Balaam," or who "suffer that woman Jezebel," or who "have a name that they live, but are dead," or who are "neither cold nor hot," or who, having gained their end, say, "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing." "Take, for example," as Mr. Miall said, "the right and responsibility of appointing to a benefice; that is, of choosing the pastor for a parish. It is property; it has a marketable value; it is advertised in the papers, and is bought and sold every day." Any man who had the least hope of saving the State Church, would have struck out this abuse long ago. But what wonder that parsons of parishes should get appointments in this simoniacal fashion, when it is remembered by what steps bishops mount to their thrones? The minister of the day nominates to the vacant see, and, it being thus fixed who shall fill it, the dean and

chapter are ordered to pray to God in heaven for direction in a choice which has been wholly taken out of their hands. Talk of blasphemy ! Talk of taking God's name in vain ! Where else can be found so flagitious an instance of these heinous sins as in this State-Church farce ?

When stupid peasants and superstitious craftsmen were but too happy to go down on both knees to receive a priest's blessing, and would have made a pilgrimage with peas in their shoes to be touched by a mitred abbot, such flagrancies might easily pass muster. But even the farmers' men, to say nothing of better instructed artisans, now look at these things with different eyes. Neither royal nor prelatie pageantry can draw away their minds from comparing service rendered with cost incurred. They scoff at the notion of a Church's entertaining any serious intention to supply their moral and spiritual needs, which, having at its disposal an amount of money that but to hear named brings the waters of longing desire to the lips of the next best-endowed priesthood in all the world, goes and gives the gold by five and ten thousands a year to its bishops, with thousands and thousands more to its minor dignitaries ; devotes its richest benefices to incumbents who, having scarcely any parishioners, are fain to hunt, fish, or catch butterflies in order to fill up the time, and dooms to a state of semi-starvation the really working clergy, who slave at marrying, christening, and burying in cities.

A favourite argument in support of the State Church is founded upon the residence of the parochial clergy in rural districts, and the supposed moral effects of their contact with the peasantry. No fair-minded man would be so illiberal as to refuse just weight to the fact. But note the difference of men's observation and experience on the point :—

"With regard to the working classes in the country," says Sir Roundell Palmer, "I believe, speaking generally, they are members of the Church, and, through the Church, they are partakers of benefits of every description, spiritual, moral, and even temporal."

After praising the rustic poor for their virtues, he proceeds :—

"I cannot imagine any institution to which this character of the labouring poor is due more than to that which has placed in the centre of the population of every part of the country a man educated and intelligent, whose business it is to do them good, whose whole and sole business is to take care of their souls as far as by God's help he is enabled to do so, in every way and in all circumstances of life to be their friend and counsellor."

Turn now to the speech of Mr. Watkin Williams on the same occasion :—

"This argument," he replies, "is certainly a very captivating and taking one ; but I believe, from my own observation in my own country, Wales, that the argument is practically not a true one ; and for this reason : the grown-up people will not submit to be taught in matters of religion by persons who are

regarded merely as their social superiors. They will listen to and be guided by persons who are, in that sense, to some extent, in sympathy with them, who are not too far in advance of them, and who, to some extent, partake of their own prejudices and imperfections. My experience has been, that, whilst country people in Wales, as a matter of fact, will listen with attention and reverence to their local preachers, who are persons considerably in advance of themselves, but possibly not so well educated or cultivated as the clergy,—that, while they will listen and attend to these persons, and be influenced by them, they will not listen to the more cultivated and educated country clergymen."

This opposition of testimony between member and member would be very incompletely represented without adding what Mr. Miall said on this very point. Mr. Disraeli having charged him with going to blue-books instead of observing and inquiring for himself, he stated, in his reply, that "for upwards of ten years he had been a Dissenting minister in the rural districts; that he had been among the people, and had seen the actual working of the system he had proposed to put an end to; and that it was what he had then learnt that had induced him to apply himself to the task of endeavouring to bring about the separation of the Church from the State."

Mr. Miall spoke significant truth when he told the House of Commons that the question embraces issues affecting numbers of persons who sympathise with neither Churchmen nor Dissenters. In every grade of British society there are "absentees"—men who pass for Churchmen, who have no care for the teaching of the State Churches, who never darken their doors, or who, though sometimes attending, pay no heed to what they hear; and, in every grade likewise, there are men who have not been attracted at all to the meeting-places of any sect, or, having once gone to them, have not been favourably or permanently impressed, and have retired, or, though still occasionally or more regularly seen there, really care for none of those things. These facts are probably true of a large proportion of the nobility and gentry; of a still larger proportion of the learned professions, scholars, men of science, and men of literature and art; of many bankers, merchants, and manufacturers; of a yet greater number of farmers, retail traders, clerks, and salaried persons numbered with the middle classes; but they are most true, and to by far the greatest extent, of the working men, understanding by the word mechanics, artisans, operatives, and labourers of every sort in town and in country.

This argues a condition of things from which the State Churches cannot but suffer in the day of inevitable trial. All those persons of every grade and class who have no desire for their preservation and perpetuation will then show themselves. The circumstance that they care as little for the meeting-house as for the steeple will by no means abate the severity of the consequences to the latter, as the conspicuous emblem of State-Churchism. "The first forked flashes

of revolutionary fire are sure to be attracted, and always have been attracted, by political churches ;" that is, to the steeple. Chapel may be found which have made as little out as churches, though this is doubtful ; but, as they were built with the own money of the promoters, and have been ever kept up by private and voluntary means exclusively, the comparison will neither affect them nor draw away from the spire in the same parish the lightnings of that indignation which will one day flash out upon the faithless and fruitless disposition of public property.

The serious part of the business is that, so far at any rate as working men are concerned, the State Churches, under stress of weather, will derive no profit of any kind from the near neighbourhood of the sects. Such of the sectaries as have had their minds influenced, their hearts affected, and their characters formed in the meeting-house, will have little anxiety about a falling, because failing, institution, to which they strongly feel that they, at least, owe nothing. Mr. Miall stated that, from the imputation of failure on the part of Nonconformists to lay much hold of the working man, which he must admit because he could not deny it, he excepted the Nonconformists in Wales, and, to a very considerable extent, also the Methodists and Roman Catholics in England. The last of the three will be first of all among us, under the never-failing guidance of their priests, to support the independent member for Bradford in proposing to apply to England and Wales "the policy initiated by the disestablishment of the Irish Church." Nor, as the member for Merthyr stands ready to assure us, will the Welsh farmers, miners, and peasantry lag behind.

As for the Methodists, they have in days past more deeply and more widely influenced the religious thought and feeling of working men than has any other sect ; and, though their leaders confess and lament that their hold upon them is not maintained in proportion to the growth of population, the field of employment, and the spread of general information, yet both in the largest towns and in the smallest villages they still command, perhaps, a greater number of such adherents in heart and soul than any other denomination, the State Church itself included. In many a rural parish, containing but one church remote from the inhabited parts, the Methodists have built a chapel or opened a preaching station in each of the half-dozen hamlets among which the inhabitants distribute themselves. The effect is natural, unavoidable. Their affections are won by the voluntary provision brought home to their very doors, and are alienated from a stiffly stationary system which, though sustained at the public expense, professedly for their special benefit, has neither power nor will to adapt itself to their circumstances. In the country, therefore, the Methodists have created or fostered a powerful ele-

ment of opposition to the continuance of State Churches which will one day strongly declare itself; while, in the towns, the effect is the same with respect to such of the working men as form the chief part of their denominational strength; the result as to the masses being, that among those whom Methodism has not succeeded in enlisting into its rank and file, it has, nevertheless, been more influential than any ism besides, in sharpening and informing those native faculties of the artisan and operative mind, from the stern judgments of which the State Church, when it shall stand at the national bar, has little favour to expect.

There is no need, however, nicely to measure, could any man do it, the comparative degrees in which various forms of non-State Church religious teaching have affected the minds, hearts, and characters of the working men. As a general and not invidious mode of putting the thing, the Sunday-school influence might be taken as the standard. A matter of pure love, it was not in its nature likely to help a system of church arrangement which leaves nothing whatsoever to choice. We see the clashing tendencies in the fact, that while in self-defence the clergy of the State Church adopted Sunday schools, they had recourse, either from necessity or from the genius of their system, to the employment of paid teachers, a vice from which their schools are not yet free; whereas it is the glory of the Nonconformist schools that they are taught invariably by men and women, superintendents and teachers, who generously sacrifice a large part of their weekly day of rest to this work. To such a form of instruction it is incident that it takes place on but one day of the week, and then only for a short time as compared with week-day school hours. During the six working days, and the greater portion of the day of rest as well, the children are under other influences, which may often be in harmony with the Sunday school, but are too frequently of a discordant sort. This is the true explanation of the shortcomings of the noblest exhibition that the world has seen of the voluntary principle in religion; but, even among the boys and girls whom their former attendance at Sunday schools has not served to attach to the denominations to which those schools belong, there will be found, at manhood or at womanhood, certain impressions, certain modes of regarding matters of religion, which, showing a corresponding intelligence, have therefore a decided tendency to the formation of judgments on men and things, from which, when votes shall be called for, the State Church has extremely little to hope. Those who observe enough cannot but have seen reason to conclude that, of all bodies formed for religious purposes, the Sunday School Union has usually been first, when occasion called, to make a stand for full religious liberty, or to put forth a demand for complete religious equality.

The Home Secretary has made one admission, which does not escape the notice of working men. "Mr. Miall was right," he remarked, "in saying that if the work of religion performed by the Nonconformists and Roman Catholics were subtracted from the whole amount an enormous gap would appear." These words suggest a wide subject for inquiry and inference. Mr. Bruce's successor in the representation of Merthyr supplied the facts for Wales. Those by which he illustrated the scandalous administration of Church preferment in the Principality form an unanswerable argument against a State Church in that country. But what of the Welsh Nonconformists? Mr. Richard's figures prove, what one of the Welsh bishops, it seems, has had the candour to confess, that but for the efforts of the Nonconformists Wales would have been in a condition of heathenism.

A true and pure man would desire to form a just and reasonable estimate of these matters. To form a strictly accurate one is in no man's power. There are successes as well as failures on the side of the State Church, and there are defects mingled with merits in the action and results of Free Church operations. But nobody will dispute that money received or properly enjoyed without labour, to say nothing of usefulness, is thrown away upon the beneficiary; and that, when this is done with what belongs to a nation, and done in the name of Christianity, both the givers and the recipients are deeply involved in a course of conduct at once unjust and sacrilegious. Without entering into invidious particularisation, it must be affirmed that much of this criminal abuse exists in the State Church to the present day, and that its non-separation furnishes a strong presumption, at any rate, that it is inseparable from State Churchism. Take the cathedrals. Something, indeed, may be said for those services in the naves of recent origin; and one may hope that good results from the earnest preaching thus addressed to large crowds. But let the original cost of these edifices be taken into account, the cost also of keeping them in order and in repair, of officering them with functionaries of every grade, of maintaining the clergy of different ranks who are attached to them, and who render constant or occasional service in them, and of paying an effective choir of singers. Set against all this array and outlay the kind of service performed in the buildings. Let it be regarded not as a matter of art, science, and taste, but as always, and above all, a religious service. For this is what it claims to be. That service takes place not on Sundays only, but twice every day throughout the year. Appealing to trustworthy judges in such matters, let it be asked what is the moral and spiritual fruit, day by day and year by year, of all this intoning, chanting, singing, and reading of prayers, in vast buildings, with scarcely any but the surpliced performers themselves

in them? The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, a man officially experienced in at least three cathedrals, has answered, "Nothing."

From the cathedrals pass to the parish churches. Give to them and to the clergy who officiate in them all reasonable credit for the punctual discharge of prescribed duty, and allow that their preaching is not unattended with good effects upon such as listen to their sermons. Admit, further, that in this day they are—notwithstanding circumstances affecting the disposal of preferment in the State Church which do and must give influence with its bestowers a decided preference over mere fitness and moral worth—a much improved order of men, compared with the clergy of former generations. Even take into account projected, though as yet untried, plans, with a view to greater practical efficiency—such as the schemes of lay agency attributed to Bishop Temple in Cornwall, that portion of his wide diocese which, of course, he finds in the religious occupation of the Methodists; the parochial councils, inclusive of representative men of every class, from the squire to the hind, which the Bishop of Ely is recommending the incumbents in that see voluntarily to adopt; the call made by the present Bishop of London for a more systematic conjunction of religious with secular instruction in metropolitan schools for the children of the populace, under the management of the clergy.

What, after all, is the state of the case? Morning and evening prayers are observed according to the rubric, and the sacraments are duly administered; but what are the appreciable moral results? Not in this case nothing; no, certainly better than that. But are they in any decent proportion to the apparatus and the outlay?—the "immense machinery," as Sir Roundell Palmer justly describes it. The same authority "admits that, if we had not that institution, we could not now create it." Exactly so; yet, were the thing to be set about, would any man think of producing the new article according to the old pattern? Admitted, that a mixture of different grain may be good for cattle; but will human souls thrive best upon such a farrago, such a medley, as is offered them in church? At first sight, it seems to have the recommendation of variety, which, at least, is said to be charming; but is not the most potent charm of church service a sleepy spell? Did ever apparent diversity chance to be in such unhappy association with real sameness and tedious length? The ruling principle of the compilers and the imposers would seem to have been, that one cannot have too much of a good thing; but the common sense of mankind, expressed in conduct, declares the contrary; and does not the instance before us practically demonstrate the truth of the general sentence? Who would think, if starting afresh, of introducing so many separate chapters or passages of Scripture; of reciting or chanting so many

psalms and old-church canticles; of reading or intoning so many prayers—some so little and so scattered as to look like odds and ends; others, at least one, so long, that it would be quite enough of itself; of ordering the priest to repeat the “collect for the day” twice; of inviting the people to recite two Creeds; or of saying the Lord’s Prayer six times over? Would it not have been far better to take that admirable compendium as a model of brevity and comprehensiveness, instead of abusing it to the purpose of lengthening length and intensifying tiresomeness? The sermon which should rivet attention, after all this laborious worship, had need be from a Spurgeon or a Liddon, instead of being the dull, monotonous affair that everybody agrees the actual sermon almost always is.

What would one substitute? It is too late to ask that question. But a general thanksgiving, a common prayer, a song of praise, a Bible reading, and a vigorous exhortation or an instructive discourse might be advocated as enough for every useful and higher purpose of public worship.

It will, no doubt, be said, that the working clergy do more than has been described. This implies that there are drones as well as bees in the State Church hive. But let that pass. Even the working clergy have a phrase that limits the business of their apiary: they speak of “doing duty.” Let an incumbent, or his curate for him, go through a certain round of binding offices, and, both in the eye of the law and in the view of custom, he has “done duty.” A portion of the clergy—one hopes, nay believes, many—render more service than law requires; they put off the surplice and leave the church, and then, like a stripped labourer, go to real work.

But, at this point, they leave the regulars and enter the volunteer force. “Much of what the State Church does by its own agency, is done,” as Mr. Miall expressed the fact, “by shunting its own theory, and adopting that of the churches outside its pale.” This, then, is the field in which the State Church clergy, or a tolerably numerous section of them, including some dignitaries with many curates, have acquired and are strengthening character as downright Christian workers. And the State Church, as such, must no more be supposed to take to itself the credit of their outside labours than that which belongs to either working laymen of the same communion or the ministers and members of any free Christian denomination. What the State clergy do beyond what the law requires of them, is every bit of it so much evidence that State Churchism is not necessary, and bears a strong presumption that it is only in the way. The present Bishop of Winchester, when he preached to the servants of the Midland Railway Company in the Derby station, was as entirely a volunteer as is the Earl of Shaftesbury when he harangues the Shoeblack Brigade or looks in at a ragged school. The late Mar-

chioness of Londonderry was delivering one of the best of sermons whenever she gave good Christian advice to her assembled colliers and their wives.

It is possible to estimate with some approach to completeness the number of places, services, ministers, and helpers in each of the many Christian denominations, and to form a tolerably clear notion of their distribution over the face of the country and of their relative proportion to the population here and there. But, as to nearly all, it is next to impossible to get at what is done, by and among them each, in ways beyond the regular order of ministerial and school work. If, therefore, the Methodist denominations, and the old Wesleyan Connexion in particular, are mentioned by way of eminence, it must not be construed in disparagement of Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and others, but be attributed to the fact of the more perfect organization and complete statistics of the followers of John Wesley. To enter into these in detail would be tedious. Enough to glance at main facts, and to refer for confirmation and further information to Connexional records. The Wesleyan body covers, it is believed, every occupied inhabitable square mile of England and Wales. Its districts are what dioceses are to the State Church, or shires to the kingdom. Its circuits are but parishes under another name and form. A Wesleyan circuit comprises more parishes than one. But it is supplied with more than one minister—with as many as the area is thought to require. The superintendent is much the same as rector or vicar, and his colleagues are in the position of curates. A circuit consists of a town and a varying number of adjacent surrounding villages. The town chapels are nearly always supplied by the regular ministers; but the number of chapels or preaching places is from six to twelve times that of the ministers. The village stations, therefore, can seldom see these on Sundays; but, to remedy this, they take those stations by rotation in such an order on week days, that the work is pretty equally distributed among themselves, that they have engagements of this kind on several evenings in every week, and that the most distant hamlets see the face and hear the voice of one or other of them pretty often, and with as much frequency as those that are nearer to the central town.

The village chapels are as punctually supplied with public worship and preaching on Sunday as those in the towns. This is accomplished by means of the body of men in each circuit known as local preachers. Some of them are professional men, barristers, attorneys, schoolmasters, and so forth; others are private gentlemen, merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, farmers; but the majority of them are men in dependent positions, small shopkeepers, clerks, artisans, and the like. They run, according to the size of the circuit, from twenty to forty or more in each. They are men of tried character

and approved fitness. Busy as they are all the week besides in their respective callings, they manage to prepare a sermon or two, freely give up their day of rest, take no payment whatever, and often defray their own travelling expenses. Quite as important, and probably far more numerous than the local preachers, are the class-leaders, nearly as many of whom are women for women as men for men. In each class there are from twelve to twenty or even thirty members, such membership constituting actual incorporation into the Connexion. They all make weekly and quarterly gifts, which constitute the sustentation fund in each circuit for the regular ministry. The class-leaders, it need hardly be added, are gratuitous officers; but it is well to be told that the regular ministers have weekly meetings among themselves, that the leaders of each society or part of a circuit are met by one of the ministers as often as practicable, that the local preachers meet the regular ministers once a quarter, and that once a quarter also the whole body of church officers in the circuit meet and dine together in a simple way, spending the morning and afternoon hours in the transaction of circuit business and in conversation on the work of the circuit.

Most of the facts here stated are extensively known to working men in nearly all town populations, and even in a large proportion of villages. They are compared in their minds with what they see of the doings or the non-doings of the State Church. What is true of the Methodists of different bodies (and the organization of them all is very nearly the same both in completeness and detail) is, for the most part, true, equally true, and known to be so, of the other Free Churches throughout the country. We are often told that the voluntary principle is unequal to the task of supplying the religious wants of England. Let the manner in which it has gone about this task be fairly considered, and there is evidence that it means to, it can, and it will, accomplish all that. Its advocates have often been taunted with lavishing their benevolence upon distant and foreign objects to the neglect of home claims. The facts disprove the accusation. They do more, for the very circumstance that the Wesleyans (as but one instance among many) have large, flourishing, and expensive missions in every quarter of the globe, all round by every sea to the antipodes, every one originated at the cost, and still in many cases supported by, the contributions of the members of the body at home, raises more than a mere presumption that a principle which embraces the whole world of mankind in the plans of its noble ambition, is consciously equal to every demand that can be made upon it at its own centre.

GEORGE POTTER.

THE INTERNATIONAL AND THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

THERE is an Association, hitherto but little known, upon whose constitution and objects recent events have cast a gleam of lurid light, and whose programme is now before the world. Of that programme the most important announcement is as follows: Since all men are born equal, and since it is therefore unjust that any man, under whatever circumstances, should find himself in a better condition than another, property should, in a legal sense, exist only for equal division among all the members of the community. It follows that the labourer has a right not only to the countervalue, *i.e.*, wages, of that which he has to dispose of, *i.e.*, his work, but also to a share in the profits of that which other people have to dispose of, that is, in the profits of their money or their skill. This equitable arrangement, which might possibly be made to work, but only during the short time which it would require for the reduction of human beings to a general level of misery, is that on which this Association chiefly relies for the improvement of their condition.

There is also a school of politicians, known by the name of the Manchester School, which teaches that for the physical and consequently for the mental welfare of mankind it is necessary that the absolute and exclusive right of every one to that which he produces with the means at his own disposal (such as his money or his knowledge) should be recognised and secured to him by law; and that beyond this, law has nothing whatever to do with the matter. Absolute freedom of competition in the race for property is held by this school to be the surest road to wealth and to well-being. Hence protective laws—which mean the taxation of the community at large for the benefit of a class, or of one class for the benefit of another,—communistic laws, such as those for the regulation of wages, or for the support of the poor who will or will not work, at the expense of the community;—and in general, every contrivance, whether in favour of the poor or of the rich, for interfering with the natural course of production and the free interchange of property of every kind—have been opposed by this school with inveterate hostility and triumphant success.

Such being the objects respectively of the two political sects in question, it is somewhat surprising to find that the one is frequently represented as the offspring of the other. The existence of the International as a dangerous and even criminal institution has, in speeches and writings of no inconsiderable weight, been attributed to the Manchester School. To ordinary minds this

might appear about as reasonable as to say that the fire which is consuming a man's house was caused by the well in his garden. But the statement appears to be made and accepted in all seriousness; and it becomes, therefore, desirable to inquire from what particular hallucination or confusion of thought it proceeds. It is evident, then, that those who have given currency to this paradox have been misled by a name. The International, besides being a socialistic and communistic institution in the extreme sense of the term, is also that which its name implies—a society for promoting peace by breaking down the exclusiveness of nationalism. And this latter being also among the aims of Cobden and his disciples, Cobden and his disciples are credited with the dangerous development of socialistic theories. By parity of reasoning, a moral code which should teach lying, if it happened also to teach forgiveness of injuries, might be affiliated upon Christianity, which teaches forgiveness of injuries.

But in truth, Cobden and his school are no preachers of internationalism in the sense that the International is so. The basis of their doctrine is indeed the same. That the maintenance of barriers between nations is in principle barbarous and puerile, and in proportion as civilisation advances will become less tolerable; that men have, in principle, no right to isolate themselves in separate communities, and to shed one another's blood for the possession of particular portions of the earth's surface rather than share it between them; is in both cases the major premiss of the creed. But Cobden was neither a visionary nor a fanatic. He saw that the deep-rooted prejudice and time-encrusted tradition upon which nationalism rests could not, without the most fatal consequences, be set at nought and defied. To proclaim the "fraternity of peoples," and in that view to preach war upon thrones and other political institutions, was no part of his mission. What he deprecated was the theoretic approval of the existing division of mankind, as if it was not only an evil incapable of remedy, but even an absolute good; what he toiled for was to bind men of all races together in those bonds of self-interest which nature had provided for them, but which they had deliberately rejected; what he preached against was that national selfishness which calls itself patriotism and is satisfied. With those who would steep the world in blood in the name of fraternity, Cobden, though he was cosmopolitan to the last degree, had no more sympathy than with those who would do the same for liberty and equality, though of both he was a most ardent ally.

It is probable that in the whole annals of political paradox no assertion more opposed to the truth than that which attributes to the Manchester School the particular phenomenon known as the International, and considered as the great engine of Red Republican

propagandism, was ever given to the world. Yet there is one sense—a sense of which they little dream—in which the paradoxmatists are right. The existence in its present shape of the great communistic association is really to be accounted for not by its communism, but by its internationalism. That which has inspired it with new life and force; that which explains it as it stands in all its portentous dimensions in the light of the present day; that which has even given it the support of moral and intellectual worth, and has already invested it with vast political importance, is not its socialistic denunciation of property, but its proclamation of peace and good-will towards men. From ultra-communistic theories, boldly proclaimed and taken by themselves, there is little to fear. No association, having for its sole object the most flagrant and wholesale social injustice, can ever hope for more than accidental and momentary triumph followed by fatal and fearful collapse. Society is happily so constituted that plans for its disruption in the interest of a class, however numerous—plans having no basis of right and no colour of justification—are in their very nature incapable of success. They will be repudiated by every one in or near the front rank of moral and intellectual progress; they will be encountered by superior physical force, backed by an intense self-interest strong in the consciousness of right; and the result can never be really doubtful. But the case is very different when the organization which threatens social institutions threatens also the system which in all ages has filled the world with misery and blood. The case is very different when that organization assumes the character of an incarnate protest against scenes such as those which have of late afflicted and scandalised Europe; against intolerable burdens imposed upon peace-loving and industrious populations; against blood poured out in torrents for dynastic ambition, territorial aggrandisement, or military renown. To such an association there will gravitate in ever-increasing numbers, not only the unreasoning lovers of peace, but also those who are beginning to doubt whether socialism itself has any dangers worse than the military truce which is the normal expression of international relations in our day. Multitudes—formidable not only in their numbers, but in the leadership of ability and worth, who would have held aloof from the red flag of liberty carried alone—will follow it gladly when they see close beside it the olive branch of peace. The doctrines which would make the triumph of the International synonymous with social ruin are powerless taken by themselves. They may be left to the certain operation of their own intrinsic decay. But the wars which of late have desolated the world would have given new hope to the enemies of property and social order. Property and social order are in real peril when they are assailed by an agitation in whose programme peace is to be attained through political unity, and political unity to be attained

through freedom. In such a programme there is only too large an admixture of truth. The way to peace lies through the gates of liberty; but what, in the present state of the world, would be the consequences of liberty is sufficiently evidenced by the mode in which the International understands the term. That the time will come when all civilised human beings will have become qualified to enjoy the fullest measure of self-government cannot indeed be doubted; and when that time comes the barriers which separate nations will fall almost of their own accord. Political isolation, inevitable now that each nation is, as it were, the patrimony of a ruling class, will be unable to endure for an instant the unclouded and searching light of a civilised and ordered freedom. Nationalism, essential to the oligarchical institutions by which the world is for the most part now governed and with which it cannot yet dispense, will disappear when it is brought face to face with the enlightened self-interest of the majority, with the educated instinct of a common humanity, and with the precepts of a moral law generally accepted as of divine authority, and by which, in principle, it is emphatically condemned. But until that time, and in the present condition of the most numerous class, the real *de facto* government of the many would mean nothing less than wholesale injustice, intolerable tyranny, chaotic and murderous anarchy, with their inevitable consummation—a prætorian despotism upon a blood-stained throne.

It is then in war, as now looked upon and practised by European States, that the great league for the disruption of society has found its best ally. Some twenty years ago the long repose of Europe was broken by a devastating conflict which scarcely any one, even of its surviving authors, can now be found to defend. Since then it is not too much to say that there is hardly any national passion or aspiration, whether it be pride, envy, antipathy of race, lust of territory, or love of military glory, which is not recognised as a more or less fit subject for gratification at the cost of war. The "war-path" of the Red Indian is not, to judge from language and appearances, a more familiar subject of contemplation to him, than are "eventualities and complications" to modern diplomacy, by which it means the ghastly and sickening horrors described by correspondents from seats of war in words of disgust and shame. The only nation which it is the fashion to speak of as particularly culpable in this respect is France, because she fights for military fame. But from a moral point of view there seems to be no long step from the love of military fame to the love of extended empire; and for this almost every nation in Europe has either been fighting or is ready to fight. The Danish war and the war of 1866 were made by Prussia for the sake of German unity, which is only another name for extended empire; and of these wars, which were emphatically wars of ambition, the terrible contest lately ended was the natural fruit. In that

particular tragedy France was the aggressor; but neither for that, nor for the present state of Europe in general, is France alone to blame. For these the three Governments which in 1854 shattered a peace of forty years, with all its bright promise of permanence, and all its wealth of material and mental progress, for purposes not worthy to be placed for one instant by their side, are primarily answerable. But upon the Governments which from that moment have abandoned themselves to the beggar-my-neighbour game of fleets and armies—which have heaped tax upon tax for the purpose of enabling them at any instant to rush into conflict on pretexts of which the men of a century ago would have been ashamed—which have rejected every proposal for reciprocal disarmament,—and which have apparently ceased to consider that war for any cause whatever, if only a nation which goes to war supposes itself to be in the right, can possibly be without justification,—upon these also a heavy load of responsibility is laid.

There is but one great European nation which at present appears at all inclined to act upon sound principle in this respect, and that is our own. It were much to be desired that England could make up her mind to dispense with the cost, as well as with the crime, of participation in unjustifiable wars; but the fact remains that her instincts have of late guided her to a policy—which it may be hoped her reason will confirm and perpetuate—of conciliation and of peace. Sneers and vituperation have hitherto failed to divert her from that policy. To accuse her of pusillanimity (unless it be for the ridiculous invasion panics) and unpatriotic greed is indeed to ignore the whole history of her march to greatness; and firmly adhering to the right, she can afford to disregard the insinuations of envious criminality. That in time her example may be followed is the best hope for humanity. Otherwise, it is not visionary to apprehend that some terrible and unprecedented calamity is in store for the world. The bustle of cannon foundries and arsenals, and the ever-increasing activity of the tax-gatherer, serving diligently the purposes of military prestige or balance of power, may find at length an answering energy in the breasts of those who, caring for none of these objects, have too long paid for them with their wages or their blood. The hundreds who are daily swelling the ranks of the International, and the stream of gold which is pouring into its coffers, have already made of it a formidable power; and the next war which disgraces Europe on the scale of 1870 may be followed by some great and unexampled catastrophe,—some effort more fatal than the last, of an outraged prolétariat to grasp the liberty which it is not fitted to enjoy,—some protest against selfish barbarity and blood-bespattered ambition more disastrous than the prostrate column of the Place Vendôme.

HOBART.

IRISH POLICY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.¹

THERE are several different points of view from which the history of Ireland in the eighteenth century has been studied. First, there is the ordinary conventional view of the English historian, like Lord Stanhope or Sir G. C. Lewis or Mr. Massey, who, while animated by the most honest desire to be just to Irish patriotism and Irish interests, yet measure the aims, the religion, the temperament, the success, and the failure, of Ireland by unexpressed reference to the Teutonic, Protestant, and parliamentary standards in all these things at home. Second, there is the democratic or cosmopolitan or philosophic point of view, taken by writers like Mr. Goldwin Smith in his *Irish History and Irish Character*, which treats the policy alike of Irish and English governments in the eighteenth century as radically futile, because radically dissociated from the sentiments, aspirations, welfare, and rights of the mass of the Irish people, that is, the Catholic peasantry. Thirdly, there is the point of view of the political Anglo-Irishman, who, while he takes a national position as distinguished from the first set of English writers, and a more oligarchic position than the second set, believes that the overthrow of the legislative independence of Ireland at the beginning of the present century was a grave mistake, and that there was a public opinion slowly forming in that country, if English corruption and intrigue had not violently interfered to suppress it, which would in our time have made of the Irish parliament a perfectly adequate and efficient governing body. The third point of view is taken by Mr. Lecky in the present volume, and it is one which people may well be grateful to him for pressing on the attention of candid and honourable English and Scotch readers, who have hitherto hardly ever been able to get any account of the Irish transactions of the last century from the national side, which was not made utterly repugnant to any man of sense by fatuous declamation intermixed with fatuous menace. You may agree with Mr. Lecky or not, as your judgment finally inclines, but his book is at any rate an appeal to judgment, and not either to passion on the one hand, or to mere prejudice and use and-wont on the other. Nothing can be more useful than that the people who have been accustomed to follow the rhetorical Macaulay or the rather too optimistic Lord Stanhope, should have a chance of seeing how the conduct of great parliamentary heroes like Pitt and

(1) *THE LEADERS OF PUBLIC OPINION IN IRELAND: SWIFT—FLOOD—GRATTAN—O'CONNELL.* By W. E. H. Lecky, M.A. New Edition. Longmans.

Peel, and the policy of their governments, appear to so exceptionally cultivated and moderate a writer as Mr. Lecky.

The four leaders of Irish public opinion to whose names Mr. Lecky has attached his picture of the growth and the movements of that opinion are Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell. Swift published his first pamphlet on Irish affairs in 1720, and O'Connell's agitation may be said to have ended with the prohibition of the Clontarf meeting in 1843. The book thus covers about a century and a quarter. Swift, Mr. Lecky considers to have been the first person who awoke public opinion in Ireland by the memorable Drapier's Letters, and by the influence of his personality. Few persons who have studied Swift's character and utterances without prejudice will recognise him in the lofty and sympathetic patriot whose picture Mr. Lecky has drawn. But that he did lead public opinion, however disorderly, splenetic, and personal his motives, is not to be denied. Flood, besides the national feeling which he stirred and kept in active movement in a general way, had the special merit of extorting from the English Government the Octennial Bill (1768), putting an end to the evil usage that kept the same parliament sitting from the beginning to the close of every reign. Grattan, the greatest of all Irish statesmen except Burke, who was so much besides an Irish statesman, will always be associated with the declaration of the legislative independence of Ireland in 1782, with the Act of the Irish parliament of 1793 admitting the Catholics to the franchise while leaving them ineligible as representatives, with the efforts under Lord Fitzwilliam's viceroyalty to emancipate the Catholics from this last restriction, with strenuous resistance to the Act of Union, and with his struggle for emancipation in the Imperial Parliament. O'Connell's chief invention in politics, if we may use that term, was the idea, so natural in a sincere Catholic, of rousing the true Irish population, identifying patriotism with religious enthusiasm, and, above all, of making the Catholic clergy and their organization the agency for rendering their enthusiasm effective. In short, then, Mr. Lecky's book is a sketch of the growth of national life in Ireland, since that life has become real and political, and leaving behind the period of myth and sentimental romance. Mr. Lecky throws into a very secondary place the relations between England and Ireland previously to the eighteenth century, and he is probably right. The associations of Protestantism with massacre, as in the wars of Elizabeth and Cromwell, undoubtedly count for something among the factors of Irish antipathy to England, but they would count for so little as not to be worth reckoning if the policy of the hundred years between the time of Swift and the time of Peel had not been what it was. It is perhaps a question whether even the Penal Laws against the Catholics, horrible and eternally

infamous as that code was, are responsible for so much of what has been most lamentable in subsequent Irish history as is often supposed. It is convenient for the pseudo-liberal obstructive to lay as much on them as possible, because they are all dead and gone, whereas the system of governing Ireland exclusively by English ideas is neither dead nor gone, but extremely powerful. No doubt they did all that it is in the power of laws to do towards degrading the morality and keeping dark the intelligence of the mass of the Irish nation. But the various laws against the material prosperity of Ireland were still more profoundly deleterious, among other reasons because they were very rigorously enforced, while the religious laws were speedily and extensively mitigated by connivance. It may be safely said that the proportion of Catholics actually increased under persecution. Even those who denied this admitted that it would take 4,000 years to convert the country, and as Mr. Lecky says (p. 129), if the religion lost a trifle in numbers it certainly gained in intensity. With the material prosperity it was very different. The importation of Irish cattle into England, a main branch of Irish industry in the seventeenth century, was prohibited, to keep up English rents. At the end of the century no goods could be imported direct into Ireland, that is, without having been first unladen in England. Then a woollen manufacture grew up, and there was for once a chance of real industrial energy coming to life and acquiring strength in Ireland. In 1699 all export of Irish woollens was forbidden, so as not to compete with the English manufacturers. The linen trade, being the trade of the Protestant part of the island, was encouraged; but even here, until nearly the end of the eighteenth century, England kept to herself a monopoly of dyed and chequered linens. All this was not purely diabolic selfishness, we know; it was partly due to ignorance of economic truths. The destruction of Irish prosperity was the result, and this is what we are most concerned with, for unhappily repentance is less efficacious in economic matters than it is in matters theological in wiping away the consequences of sin. In one point, however, Mr. Lecky does England less than justice. He speaks in a rather loftily incidental manner of "some commercial arrangements known as Orde's Propositions which were brought forward in 1785, and which, by denying the Irish Parliament the right of initiation in commercial matters, trenched upon the independence of Ireland." The reader would hardly suppose that these "commercial arrangements," thus easily dismissed, were nothing less than Pitt's famous Irish resolutions, the first-fruits of his discipleship of Adam Smith, which would in large measure have conferred on Ireland many of the benefits of free trade, for lack of which her industry was languishing, and which were for this very reason most vehemently opposed by the whole body of the English manu-

facturers. Pitt was never more a statesman than in the speech in which he introduced these admirable proposals, nor was Fox ever more factious than when he denounced them as a bartering of English commerce for Irish slavery. The Irish parliament agreed with Fox, and abandoned the most substantial boon their country could then have received. Mr. Lecky's dislike of Pitt and partisan admiration for the Irish parliament have led him to overlook this important transaction, and the influence which it had in rooting Pitt's distrust of the sense or patriotism of the Dublin legislature, and so inducing him from an early period to think of that Union which Mr. Lecky deems so great a calamity. This particular transaction would, moreover, have served his turn especially well, as qualifying very effectively, though it stands in a certain awkward isolation, the current opinion of the legislative independence of Ireland as a mere figment. It would not, however, fit in so harmoniously with Mr. Lecky's claim for the old Irish parliament that "it had riven the chains that fettered its trade," or to his assertion, which is in a general way not wholly untrue, that it had little power except "that of protesting against laws crushing Irish commerce."

Mr. Lecky's objections to the Act of Union of 1800 may be stated in this way. First of all, it was a crime; it was the suppression of a free legislature by a mixture of the most sinister and unblushing corruption, and the most flagitious system of menace and penalty. Castlereagh spent thousands in bribery, and Pitt insisted on the dismissal from office and place of everybody who opposed the Union. The Catholic opinion outside of the Parliament was conciliated by distinct and undeniable promises of emancipation and of the commutation of the tithes; promises that were lightly and heedlessly broken, and thrown aside as of no account or obligation. "Scarcely any element in aggravation of political immorality was wanting, and the term honour, if it be applied to such men as Castlereagh and Pitt, ceases to have any real meaning in politics." Secondly, the Union of 1800 was a monstrous blunder. Macaulay and others have belauded Pitt for the admirably statesmanlike quality of the conception of Union and Emancipation, while in truth the idea was old enough and familiar enough, but the test of statesmanship lay in the manner of execution and realisation. Than the execution of the idea of union nothing could have been more inefficient and absurd. The whole Protestant or Ascendancy opinion was alienated by the treachery and corruption by which the change was brought to pass. The whole Catholic opinion was outraged by the reckless breach of the engagement avowedly entered into by Lord Cornwallis. The whole of that opinion, which may be called neither Ascendancy nor Catholic, but lay, professional, patriotic opinion, was offended by the intense centralisation which the manner of the

Union effected, and which decisively extinguished all the most essential conditions of a free, varied, and normal life, intellectual, social, and political, for the Irish people. The consequence of all this has been that the Union was from the first surrounded with the odious association of corruption, perfidy, and national oppression. "Carried as it was prematurely, in defiance of the national sentiment of the people and of the protests of the unbribed talent of the country, it has deranged the whole course of political development, driven a large proportion of the people into sullen disloyalty, and almost destroyed healthy public opinion."

Now in criticising this view of the famous Act of 1800, we are bound without hesitation to surrender Pitt's conduct in the Catholic question to as warm reprobation as Mr. Lecky or any one else chooses to bestow on it. The promise of Emancipation was distinctly given, and Pitt resigned office rather than betray the promise. But then immediately after this resignation, within three weeks after his talk about unalterable public duty, he betrayed his promise in the most final and decisive manner by volunteering not to bring the subject of Emancipation forward again in the king's lifetime. The casuists of constitutionalism, the hair-splitters in the equivocal ethics of cabinets, may dispute over this famous case of conscience to the end of time, but we cannot conceive how anybody with an open conscience and a sound intelligence is able to hold, or will be found to hold, now that the question is settled, that a minister who has received a distinct and substantial service from a whole population on the condition of his rendering them a specific service in return is justified by any considerations whatever in resuming supreme power on terms that prevent him from trying to keep his word. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*. Pitt was guilty of an act of great turpitude. The Irish nation has paid the penalty. And we can only concur in Mr. Lecky's account of the way in which Catholic Emancipation was eventually conceded. "In estimating the political character of Sir R. Peel, it must never be forgotten that on the most momentous question of his time he was for many years the obstinate opponent of a measure which is now almost universally admitted to have been not only just but inevitable; that his policy having driven Ireland to the verge of civil war, he yielded the boon he had refused simply to a menace of force; and that he accompanied the concession by a display of petty and impotent spite which deprived it of both its utility and of all its grace." When we remember his policy in reference to the Catholic question, to parliamentary reform, and in the great controversy as to the construction of English and Irish railways, we may expect that people will soon begin to be as much amazed at the multitude of statues erected to Peel, as they are already at those which commemorate George III. or another and later prince.

Let us consider very shortly the case for the Union, resting upon an interpretation of the conditions of Irish government to which Mr. Lecky seems to have paid no attention, or to which at any rate he has not attempted to do any justice. He admits explicitly, in this agreeing not only with Whigs like Sir G. C. Lewis, but with Radicals like Mr. Goldwin Smith, that the system of 1782 must have undergone some modification; an independent Irish legislature only bound to England dynastically could not have stood the least strain. But Mr. Lecky in admitting this, is only thinking of the constitutional framework of the empire. To the inquirer into the matter from the modern and social point of view, the most interesting question is the influence of legislative independence upon the Irish nation, the order which it secured in the first place, and the kind of progress which it assisted in the second. The history of the old Irish parliament is the history of a struggle between the English government and the Ascendancy party. This Ascendancy may be compared to a planter oligarchy in Jamaica or Virginia. As the present writer has said elsewhere, they regarded the Catholic peasant-farmer or servant, as an American colonist regarded the Negro and the Red Indian; "to the Anglo-Irish the native peasant was as loathsome as the first, as terrible as the second. Even at the close of the century Burke could declare that the various descriptions of the people were kept as much apart as if they were *not only separate nations but separate species*." Chesterfield said the Irish peasants were used "worse than negroes" by their masters. This is what we have constantly to remember, and it is what nobody would dream of, if he trusted to Mr. Lecky's too bland and softened description of the state of relations in his country a century ago. Nothing can be more curious than the way in which Mr. Lecky passes over the rebellion of 1798, which summed up and brought to a climax the conflict of forces in Ireland during the eighteenth century. "Historians of the two countries may well let the curtain fall over a scene that was equally disgraceful to both," and that is all. Whether it is a sound maxim that the crimes in which misgovernment and tyranny issue ought to be incontinently put out of sight by history, we do not now inquire. The history of the French Revolution without the crimes of September, the *noyades*, and the *rest*, would surely be a little imperfect, and to paint the slightest sketch of Ireland at the time of the Union, while letting a curtain fall over the unsurpassed atrocities, unsurpassed in the whole range of known history, of which both rebels and loyalists were guilty, is to leave out the key to the whole question. That rebellion revealed the flaming hate which consumed the country. The supplementary Indemnity deliberately passed by this unworthy parliament for the protection of a monster like Flogging Fitzgerald, is perhaps the most conclusive and striking illustration of the true character of the attitude of the planter oligarchy towards three-fourths of the nation.

Mr. Lecky, as the champion of the Ascendancy system, is naturally unable to grasp this conception of its true nature, and talks about the patriotism and independence of the suppressed government, just as it was not actively demonstrating in the very last year of its existence the depth and deadliness of its animosity to the bulk of the people of the country.

It is too strong to ask us to sympathise with his moral indignation against the Irish Ministers for bribing "representatives to sacrifice their constituents," when we learn in the next sentence that one third (and this is not the highest estimate) of the seats were nomination boroughs, and of these a large proportion were in four or five hands. These members were the people who were bought and one can hardly feel that they sold anything very precious belonging to the persons whom Mr. Lecky courteously styles their constituents. It seems absurd, too, to speak of the Union as having been "carried in defiance of the national sentiment of the people," when we know that the Catholics—three-fourths of the nation and the national sentiment—were for the Union on the ground that they expected to secure their emancipation by it. Pitt's crime consists in not fulfilling the engagement by which their acquiescence was procured. Their acquiescence is undeniable, even if their active approval is not, and in the face of the acquiescence of three-quarters of the population, it is quite beside the question to talk of the "whole unbribed talent" of the country being hostile.

Nor need we be very angry at the compensation paid to the Irish borough-owners. In 1832, Mr. Lecky says, all parties indignantly repudiated the notion of recognising such a principle in England. No doubt, thirty years may mark, and in this particular case did mark, a revolution in political morality. The moral ideas of 1800 and 1832 are separated by the breadth of an epoch, and there is no reason to believe that Irish borough-owners would have been compensated any more than their English counterparts were, if their extinction had been deferred. That no special insult to Ireland was implied by compensation, is shown by the fact that Pitt's scheme for the reform of the English Parliament fifteen years earlier included a similar provision for our own owners of rotten boroughs. Probably when the English Church is disestablished, compensation of all sorts will be considerably narrower and less lavish than the compensation under the Irish Church Act. It will be a little hard if the future national historian finds in this difference a proof of our low and contumelious opinion of Irish spirituality.

Again, Mr. Lecky habitually speaks of the English Government,—as if it had not been throughout the century really the Government of the Anglo-Irish oligarchy, who, as Lord Cornwallis said, systematically directed the councils of the Lords-Lieutenant. Mr. Lecky is quite sure that the fatal recall of Lord Fitzwilliam in 1795 was due

to Pitt's fears for party supremacy in his own cabinet, yet he brings forward no evidence of any kind to disprove the more usual view that Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled by the influence of this Anglo-Irish oligarchy, whose removal from supreme power that excellent statesman most rightly deemed indispensable to any really free or just Government in the country.

This then is the conception which must be opposed to Mr. Lecky's too rose-coloured picture. The Anglo-Irish through their influence at the Castle and in their truly rotten legislature, had misgoverned the country to a degree which made order impossible. It was their system, extending into every branch of the common life, economic, civil, and religious, which exasperated the population to repeated outbreaks from 1760 downwards, until these outbreaks deepened into a firm tradition of lawlessness and fragmentary civil war. Inclosures of waste, rack-rent, exactions of tithe, religious disabilities, civil disabilities, all concurred to maintain a spirit of passionate discontent, flaming out from time to time in different forms of active resistance, now agrarian against landlords and inclosures, now partly religious and partly economic against parsons and tithes, and now partly religious and partly political against Protestants and the Dublin Government. The policy of the Ascendancy was a policy of oppression and consequent disorder all round. For this the English Government and nation of the eighteenth century are only negatively responsible. They did not interfere to prevent it. Ireland was as little of a definite, known, and realised quantity to them, as Bengal is to the ordinary member of parliament to-day. The positive criminality and misgovernment came from the Anglo-Irish. In 1798 the disorder became intolerable and most perilous. Lord Cornwallis's letters prove how absolutely incapable their passion and arrogance rendered the Anglo-Irish of establishing a better state of things. The suppression of their misused power, and the placing of the whole Irish nation in the healthier air of imperial government, were the only means then seen for doing this. The emancipation of the Catholics was avowedly an absolutely essential element in this scheme. The craziness of George III., the knavery of Loughborough, the want of tenacious and keen sense of honour in Pitt, and ultimately the irrepressible abhorrence of the English constituencies for that church which is the church of what is probably the majority of the professors of Christianity, spoiled it all, and gave Ireland union without its one absolutely essential element. There can be no better proof of the failure in the execution of the design, than the fact that high-minded and patriotic Irishmen to this day look back with regret to that selfish, corrupt, narrow, and oligarchic government which the Union replaced, just as high-minded Romans looked back upon the tyrannical and disorderly system which was replaced by the Empire.

EDITOR.

THE POLITICAL ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.

MINDFUL of my obligations to women for education in early years and later for friendships with which I have been honoured, I feel unable to divest myself of a sense of shame in advocating their political enfranchisement. I task my memory in vain to recall a time when it did not seem to my humble judgment a self-evident proposition that within the limits of the constitution as defined by law the rights of citizenship were the correlative of the burdens of that condition. Again and again on my way through life I have asked myself the questions—What is the justification of law?—why am I bound by the clearest and most cogent promptings of self-respect to obey and to accept the authority of law? My answer to these self-interrogatories may possibly have been erroneous, but at least it has never varied. I have felt that the authority of law found its supreme and all-sufficient utility in making the weak to be as the strong. When we speak of lawless men or lawless communities, we indicate some who are oppressing those who have less natural or acquired advantages than they possess; they are communities who know no law but that of might in their dealing with other peoples; they are races who, valuing laws for themselves, treat some inferior race with lawless cruelty; they are brigands who, hardy and well-armed, descend upon the defenceless traveller, upon the timorous villagers. Whenever or wherever a law can be found affecting the general welfare of society which places a portion of the fully responsible members of that society under disabilities, denying their equality before the law, we may be sure that statute is imperfect and will in time give place to a more righteous edict. We know that in this country there are nearly a million more of the weak than of the stronger sex; we are aware that no distinction is known in those obligations which are not regarded as privileges. A woman is equally liable to punishment with a man. It is not Miss Florence Nightingale's footman, but herself, upon whom the taxgatherer makes his demand. The office of poor-law guardian has been much and very unwisely degraded; the woman householder may vote for him. Town councils and local boards are not held in very high estimation; the questions upon which such elections turn are not of very apparent importance; they are rarely interesting to the highest mental faculties. Women may vote at the election of such local officers, and, of course, when the Education Act was passed it was obligatory to concede that franchise. It would have been too absurd to maintain that women should vote in elections to a body entrusted to so

extent with the administration of justice, with the regulation of foot-paths, roadways, drains, gas-lamps, and policemen, and yet should **have** been the only ratepayers disqualified from voting or taking **part** in the education of young children. The political franchise is **still** withheld. Of the vast population of this country, of which **women** compose more than one-half, women who but for the **disability** of sex are in a position to claim the right of voting—are in proportion to electors as one to seven; and before passing to the grounds on which this denial is supported, I propose to refer to the alleged justification of this exclusion.

In this question of women's suffrage I do not admit the existence of opponents. There are those who are doing their utmost to retard that amendment of law which in this world of ours is always going on with the one aim I have already laid down as the sole justification of its authority—the equalisation of strength before the law. In this progress there may be stumbles and faltering, turnings to this side and that; but there will be no rest, and every year will see us further on the road to the goal which, the more successfully we labour to approach it, appears ever the more distant. As striving to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly, we get fuller and fairer views of our duty towards God and our neighbour of either sex, so before us the horizon of thought and the perception of right becomes more expanded in the clearer atmosphere, and our notion of the fulfilment of duty, which as we toiled with faces to the ground in the heavy air of lower life was narrow and selfish, becomes ever more wide and more comprehensive, as the clouds of prejudice and ignorance roll away, till at last the dull, and at first sight unvaried, plain has ended in a splendid but not precipitous height, whose summit towers far above mortal gaze. I recognise no opponents, only hindrances in the path of progress to that condition of society in which every created being shall exercise his or her faculties to the fullest possible extent, and to the utmost advantage of others. I recognise no opponents of women's suffrage, because in the light of the past they as well as I can read and appreciate the resistless march of freedom. Within the last few years I have had, as I have sometimes thought, unusual opportunities of marking the progress which leads to this conclusion. The Bedouens of Asia and Africa live much as they did in Biblical times, and in their rude tents I have often seen women in a condition lower by far, I think, than even in savage life, because among savage people there is not the comparative splendour of the man and of his horse to darken the shadow upon the woman's life. Later, in the home of a Moroccan chief, I heard the chatter of his Circassian wives. Passing to Constantinople, I have watched there the life of Eastern women in its fullest development of civilisation. And here I must accuse the painters of all times of a great wrong.

I do not speak now of that grievous hindrance to the spread of true Christianity which they, in their ignorance of the realities of Eastern life, have perpetrated in so grossly misrepresenting the life of Christ. How much nearer the hearts of men and women would have been to-day to that glorious example if painters had sketched him as he was, who shall say? But, blind to reality and truth, they have taught, in their pictures of Eastern women, that grace is compatible with sloth; that suppleness of body comes without training or exercise; that refined beauty can be the partner of ignorance and indolence; in short, that every perfection of form and face is consistent with an existence and a diet of which the sure results are obesity and inanity. Let us have done with all such falsehood. Let us believe that figs will sooner grow of thistles than the graces of life of sensual and sordid hours. Another traitor is Mr. Phillip. Vainly have I looked through Spain for the originals of his charming pictures. The Spanish women are the least educated, and certainly the plainest, in Western Europe. I do not care to argue the question of women's possible fitness for the franchise, when I recall to mind the venerable figure of one of the greatest living mathematicians—Mrs. Somerville. In every sphere of life in which women have been allowed full scope and encouragement they have been admirably successful. For literary brilliance, how many in this country are the equals of George Eliot? And where is the Frenchman to be compared with George Sand, "whose style," says Mr. Mill, "acts upon the nervous system like a symphony of Haydn or Mozart"? The temple of histrionic fame has been fairly open to women, and the queens of song have received in this country larger remuneration for their labour than has ever been given by way of payment to any man in the State.

The object that I set before myself is not so much to argue that women, who are only disqualified by reason of sex, ought to have the political suffrage; for that I regard as a self-evident proposition. I rather propose to remove by solution the hindrances which retard the attainment of this right. I propose to show those who obstruct this measure that their policy is not merely vain, but wasteful; and I have thus glanced from one phase to another of the present condition of women throughout the world with a double intention. I wished to show that the progress of women towards a fuller independence is desirable as well as inevitable. And when I hear it said of any women that they do not desire this advance; that they would rather "rest and be thankful;" that the path to which others invite them is unwomanly and "mannish"—of course I am not surprised. For myself, I rather lose patience with such arguments. As if it were possible to stand still. As if these are not the invariable objections of women all up the gamut of civilisation of which I have struck a few notes. In 1867 I spent a week in a mud-built town

upon an oasis in the Great Desert, where every householder walked with the huge key of his house—and of his wives—slung on his girdle. I am quite certain that those women had no desire for the promenade. I have heard a Turkish lady of rank scold her husband because he admitted a strange man to her presence before she had adjusted her face-veil. 'Tis—

Custom that makes cowards of us all.

That women are unfit for the franchise, and that all women do not demand the franchise, are arguments which we may now set aside. But still I hear that which the Member for Edinburgh University has so happily summed up as "the old 'rib' theory" ringing in my ears. The objector to my line of argument says, "True it is that the progress of women towards fuller responsibility and fuller exercise of mental and moral faculties is inevitable, but your chain of instances only shows her condition relative to that of the man, and always in subordination to the first-born of creation. The English woman is up to my level as the Bedoueen wife to the standard of her husband. You assert something more, and that which is unnatural and wholly different from the phases of this equal progress." I am prepared to meet such a line of objection. But I insist upon this: that the measure of that fuller happiness which this Englishman thinks he has in his married life, the superior joy which he has in the society of his wife as compared with the Bedoueen, who never regards women as the intellectual companions of men, is, whether he knows it or not, the degree of independence which the woman has gained from the progress of that authority of law which, as I have said, justifies its claims upon our allegiance only so far as it tends to equalise the subjection of all to its behests.

It cannot surprise us to find that the sweetest part of our lives is lost to the men of Stamboul, who do their courtship by hired voice, or to the men of Spain, who pass so much of it through a second-hand. Let men reflect; which women are the more attractive—the submissive or those who claim their respect as of right? So far as my observation goes, and so far as I am possessed of ladies' confidence, I should be inclined to assert that the latter have ten admirers for one attracted by the woman of slavish disposition. Why in so many cases is there that painful contrast between courtship and marriage—a contrast never to be observed in the long continuance of the closest and most affectionate friendships? I say that this decline of happiness is at least to some extent caused by the further decline from equality of condition. It is with me a firm conviction that true love can only co-exist with sincere respect, and that respect will be very apt to fail when it is required of one who is independent, for another in a dependent condition. Remember, I would say, that

marriage is a deliberate act, not of purchase and sale of human rights, but of partnership; and just as I believe that an Englishman would find no happiness in the society of an Arab wife, so I argue that the nearer her state of legal and political independence approaches to his own, the greater will be his happiness and his enjoyment of her society. I know I am at present occupying low ground; I might content myself with saying that this enfranchisement is a right, and therefore should be granted; but I will not for that reason forbear from showing men that their interest and happiness are involved in this progress. I will not even use an argument so far removed from selfishness as to speak of children, though it must be clear, I think, that the education of the young is at present greatly hampered by the illiberality of thought which is so often instilled at the mother's knee, and which leads to so much painful reaction in after-life. I say, then, that if men will strive to place women in a position of equality before the law with themselves, and to promote an education for women equally fitting, they will be in less danger of finding marriage a disillusion; they will be happier, and nobler, and higher, as those are highest who most reverence their conscience, who do to others as they would others should do to them. But more than this. Many men nowadays groan beneath the burden which the folly and extravagance of their wives brings upon them. To the same cause, let me say, in parenthesis, is owing the rapid disappearance of the practice of polygamy in Constantinople. It is in vain that the law of the Prophet allows four wives, when the bills of French milliners and of the vendors of *articles de Paris* permit but one. The allusion is not indeed irrelevant; for just as the irresponsible extravagance of the women of Stamboul is helping to work out a great moral improvement in their condition, so I believe the frivolity and extravagance of many women among us—the natural but evil fruits of an idle and aimless life—will turn men's minds to the necessity for giving women more serious occupations. I have had some opportunities for observing household life in every rank of society in England, and I venture to affirm that the adherents of this movement for the abolition of the political disabilities of women, would furnish a larger proportion of good housekeepers than any equal class of women which could be named. Whatever is unequal in the condition of women relative to men, is favourable to household extravagance. Notoriously, the women who have always been accustomed to the expenditure of money, are the most frugal and the most successful in their housekeeping. The objector to my argument says that the progress of women is a menace to his position as head of the family. I say that God only knows who is the "head" of a family. The true headship of a family can only be determined and is only settled in the same way in which leadership

is adjusted among men. Whether the wife be a tyrant or a slave, the hardships of either position will be modified by conceding her equality before the law. It is urged on the other side that women ought not to be troubled with politics ; as if in this London—where out of seven times the number of male voters, not one in a thousand devotes a single hour in the year to his electoral duties—not merely the whole of the female voters, but every woman besides, would give themselves up to political discussion. Finally, driven to his entrenchments, my objector says that the possession of the franchise would be contrary to women's natural position, by which he is supposed to indicate in a vague and mysterious way, that the Creator specially formed women with reference to their perpetual exclusion from voting at parliamentary elections ; and he presumes to think that what God has made, he or I can assist in unmaking ; for he says that the concession of the suffrage will *unsex* women. Does he suppose, then, that women are *sexed* by these disabilities—these unjust laws—which are continually breaking from their limbs like rotten thongs ? By the grace of God, let us get to a more wholesome doctrine than this. I should rather argue that because the sex and disposition of men and women are providentially ordained, we should not dare to put upon them unequal laws ; that we might be quite sure that under a *régime* of equal laws they could not be unsexed ; that the divine teaching strictly enjoined us to this end. I find the truth of Christianity nowhere more convincing of its everlasting character than in its ignorance of sex. Mahometanism is gross and hateful, and falling before the pure light of Christ's doctrine, because Islam is advancing beyond its morality—because it is pervaded with the idea of sex. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." He has given to woman intelligence and judgment, love of justice and of liberty, as to man ; the human laws which are supposed natural to her position have, through a long course of ages, rent asunder these qualities from their proper concord.

I have dealt with the man's objections ; I wish now to speak briefly of the woman's reasons for this demand. Lately I heard a man—a scholar and a gentleman, the father of children, the husband of a good, virtuous, and intelligent wife—say, in objecting to women's suffrage : "Why should this talk be made about women ? They have nothing to complain of." I replied to him : "Put yourself in her place." I took the liberty of speaking of his wife, with whom I have had the pleasure of long acquaintance. I said : "She loves your children with an affection that we men can hardly estimate ; from early training and conviction of principle, the strongest sentiment of her mind, next to affection for yourself and your children, is towards the Protestant religion. Yet it will not be illegal for you to leave to the sole guardianship of your Irish Roman Catholic

cook the education and care of your children, without any regard for her agony of heart and mind. If her uncle were to die to-morrow, and his fortune should fall to her, you may bequeath every shilling of it to purposes the most abhorrent to her conscience; she may not attempt to earn her livelihood without your permission; if you strike her and she flies to my house for shelter, you can force her home again and again; if you starve her, she has no direct claim at law against yourself, and even the Poor Law may refuse her dying appeal for help. A few years ago, and but for agitation of the same sort as that you now condemn, her condition before the law would have been greatly more debased. If you wished to disgrace her name, you could bring an action for alleged damages sustained by her dishonour; no evidence of vice or profligacy on your part would then have given her claim to be divorced; while, on the other hand, you could immediately have obtained a divorce upon proof of her infidelity. Then, her brains and fingers would have been yours; if she earned money, she could not own it; you could take from her any fruit of her labour." Women were, up to the passing of the Divorce and the Married Women's Property Acts, to a certain extent in a worse position than any Cuban slave, for the latter can sometimes purchase his freedom. Said I to my friend: "If you care nothing for your political privileges; if you care nothing for your parental privileges; if you do not value the advantages which, because you are a man and for no other nor better reason, you have enjoyed through life in the way of public school or university career, and in all the power to choose for yourself both a career in life and the woman you love to be your wife—you are a poltroon; and if you cannot promise that those unjust laws which I have indicated as yet existing with regard to women shall, so far as your power extends, be at once set aside, then you are bound, if you wish to escape the suspicion of roguery, to allow and to assist the women to help themselves." If I have expressed any contempt for those who retard the passing of the Women's Disabilities Bill, it is owing to the recollection of the frequent defeat. The Divorce Law may not yet be perfect, but what it was shocking and shameful in its injustice there were scores of lords and gentlemen to assert its excellence. Mr. Gladstone then enunciated a grand doctrine, to which, however, he now seems rather weak-kneed in his allegiance. He said: "When the Gospel came into the world, woman was elevated to an equality with her stronger companion." Well might the Hon. Mrs. Norton write bitterly of this speech: "The only text on the subject acknowledged by Parliament is the Old Testament text, 'And he shall rule over her.' We keep the doctrine of the Fall, not of the Redemption."

Can women trust their interests to others? It would seem not. Were it not for agitation such as that which has now compelled atten-

tion, every employment but the most menial would be closed to women. The proper education of girls is at least as important as that of boys, seeing that to women the education of all is committed, at least during tender years; but all the public endowments have been made or wrested to the boys. Surely no one who has given fair attention to the subject would pretend to say that the interests of women receive even decent regard in the Legislature; and who can measure the disrespect which their disability entails? Miss Burdett Coutts was a person often referred to as one who had some claims to the franchise. I think her present disability is even more marked. She is a baroness; she has provided bishops with endowments; she has made regal gifts, not to London only, but to other towns; yet she is far more removed now, in her exaltation, from the political privileges of men of the caste into the borders of which she has consented to step, than when she adorned the simple, the truly English, and respectable title of "Miss." All her virtues, all her wealth, and no further accession of rank can qualify her for the privilege which would come of right to any one of her peers, were he ever so incapable, drunken, or profligate. See how the unjust principle has ruled even in the highest places! The same gifted lady who has written of Queen Victoria as "the only woman in England who *cannot* suffer wrong," has placed on record in this burning sentence the different measure which has been meted out to sinful kings and erring queens. "We trace," she says, "the incontinence of the former by successive creations in the peerage; the faults of the latter by records of imprisonment and death on the scaffold."

It cannot be expected that women should patiently endure these legal wrongs, nor rest contented when good men—better than the laws they do not lift their finger to alter—say: "Yes; it is bad that a woman can have no property in her child except it be illegitimate, but then, you know, nobody leaves them to the law." We know that the truth is otherwise; cases are often published which show that women are left to the cruel operation of unjust laws. But indeed men might just as well take credit for the fact that they do not fall under the law against murder. The cardinal fault of many laws relating to women is that they operate precisely in contradiction of the principle which we have said justifies the authority of law—they oppress the weak for the benefit of the strong. Do you want more proof? Look, then, at the shocking law relative to seduction, the punishment for which is usually awarded in an action by one man against another, to determine the charge which he shall make for "loss of services," as the cruel wrong is called. How many a poor unhappy, fallen mother, whose child is her own—and her shame—is at this moment half-starving upon the pittance which the law demands from the father, who may be, and often is under such circumstances,

living luxuriously! It would be *mauvais ton* for them to complain but I confess that any one in the society of high-born dames may well be penetrated with sympathy for their peculiar wrongs. In the middle class, that which people have is generally their own; but although there is scarcely a nobleman who is anything more than the life-tenant of his estate, that is a position of dignity compared with the lot of a dress-loving duchess or countess, whose jewels—like a livery to which she is no longer entitled—will be stripped from her at her husband's death. It is a wonder the dowagers have never yet had the strength of mind to stand upright when their Juggernaut, Primogeniture, passes by.

Women have, then, abundant reason to demand the suffrage while, until much is altered by their own exertions in their favour, they have little means or allurements to qualify themselves for the best use of enfranchisement. It is to me amazing how, without any of the baits and stimulants which cheer men on in their mental labour, women do in so great numbers display a love for higher education. Many of these ladies study, without hope of appreciation or external reward, a self-sacrifice which no man makes, and the extent of which no man can fully conceive. In fact, whether we regard women as weak or strong, their claim to the suffrage is valid. If they are weak, they need representation, for the history of every country and the existing state of our law prove that only those who are directly represented get their rights; if they are strong, the country cannot afford to legislate with one arm. "Let male indignation," writes the Hon. Mrs. Norton, "be appeased by the thought that for one 'strong-minded woman'—one woman strong-hearted enough to bear ridicule, and intelligent enough to argue—a hundred at least are sitting, feebly weeping, by lone firesides, or writing quires of letters to brothers and friends, to 'see them righted,' without the smallest inkling of comprehension of any law whatever except that law of necessity which compels them to suffer!"

Lastly, I assert that the political enfranchisement of women should be demanded in the interests of the community—for the advantage of both sexes. But let us for a moment refer to the position of the question in America. There is no doubt that its acceptance is retarded in this country to some extent by the slow progress which it makes in the United States. Timid people think that if the go-ahead Republic of the West halts in the political enfranchisement of women, how much more should a kingdom of ancient lines and institutions, grown old under a one-sexed suffrage, consider its ways. It is remarked, to the prejudice of this movement in England, that on the other side of the Atlantic no leading statesman has adopted the cause. But it is easy to perceive that the question has a very different aspect in a country governed by universal suffrage and a country like

our own, where the right of voting is the appanage of residential qualification. In the United States the question is one of doubling the electoral body ; here it is a question of adding one-seventh to the electing representatives of the whole people. I am profoundly convinced that the concession may be safely, should be quickly, made. It cannot be for the interest of the community that we should retain disabilities in the Statute Book which discourage one-half the people from the exercise of their intellectual faculties, and that half acknowledged to be the more liberally endowed with some of the most valuable qualifications. {Mr. Mill asserts that "with equality of experience and of general faculties, a woman usually sees much more than a man of what is immediately before her." He candidly admits the tendency of women "to build over-hasty generalisations;" but "the corrective to this defect is access to the experience of the human race. A woman's mistakes are those of a clever, self-educated man, who often sees what men trained in routine do not see, but falls into errors for want of knowing things which have long been known." Is it no great loss, no crime, to relegate to frivolity and fashion, to the unproductive consumption of the world's wealth, such abilities as these? Does not our legislation show in a thousand ways, and with ever-increasing force, the waste and injury which the community sustains for want of female co-operation? Not only is this country distinguished above all the great powers of Europe for the harsh injustice of its laws in their relation to the rights of women, as touching their persons, their children, their property, and their homes, but it is the one in which the bulk of the people have the least comfort, together with the largest ability to make themselves comfortable. As compared with the poor of other countries, the English people know nothing of economy in their homes. We are famed for a high rate of infant mortality. Paupers swarm in the streets of the richest cities in the world ; now and then they die of starvation ; the Poor Law is always breaking down and being set up again by a sham process termed official inquiry ; the Marriage Law is in confusion ; the Married Women's Property Law is in a muddle ; we are going to legislate on the drink question without the assistance of those who suffer more in body and soul from the English plague of drunkenness ; the Church and Education are both questions of the hour. All these, and a hundred other matters essentially important to women, as well as to men, will soon be submitted to the ordeal of a general election. I believe it will be well for the country if women have a voice in the national verdict. I am not one of those—as I think somewhat impious—persons who are ready, as they term it, to trace the purpose of God in every affair ; but I confess that I am unable to comprehend the religion of those men who, believing that women are of equal value in the sight

of God, are yet resolved to take for themselves the government of the world, and leave subjection for the other half of the community. Such stand self-condemned by the remorseless law of progress, which teaches loud and louder to every succeeding generation that man grows higher and nearer to God in proportion as he ceases from violence, and learns to love justice. The pre-eminence of mere physical strength in man has passed away. The age of warriors was succeeded by the age of generals, when, as Macaulay says, "among the hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshalled round Neerwinden under all the standards of Western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England." Brute force among men has ceased to reign. Men are now asked to make yet another advance—to be victorious over themselves. And though, as I have said, I do not profess to a knowledge of the ways of Providence, yet I will contend with Mr. Gladstone that the teaching of the gospel implies the elevation of woman to an equality with her stronger companion, and my reason forbids me to doubt that in every duty of life in which co-operation is possible, the work of the world will be best accomplished by the united efforts of men and women.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I HAD BETTER GO AWAY.

WHEN Lord Fawn gave a sudden jump and stalked away towards the house on that Sunday morning before breakfast, Lucy Morris was a very unhappy girl. She had a second time accused Lord Fawn of speaking an untruth. She did not quite understand the usages of the world in the matter; but she did know that the one offence which a gentleman is supposed never to commit is that of speaking an untruth. The offence may be one committed oftener than any other by gentlemen,—as also by all other people; but, nevertheless, it is regarded by the usages of society as being the one thing which a gentleman never does. Of all this Lucy understood something. The word “lie” she knew to be utterly abominable. That Lizzie Eustace was a little liar had been acknowledged between herself and the Fawn girls very often,—but to have told Lady Eustace that any word spoken by her was a lie, would have been a worse crime than the lie itself. To have brought such an accusation, in that term, against Lord Fawn, would have been to degrade herself for ever. Was there any difference between a lie and an untruth? That one must be, and that the other need not be, intentional, she did feel; but she felt also that the less offensive word had come to mean a lie,—the world having been driven so to use it because the world did not dare to talk about lies; and this word, bearing such a meaning in common parlance, she had twice applied to Lord Fawn. And yet, as she was well aware, Lord Fawn had told no lie. He had himself believed every word that he had spoken against Frank Greystock. That he had been guilty of unmanly cruelty in so speaking of her lover in her presence, Lucy still thought, but she should not therefore have accused him of falsehood. “It was untrue all the same,” she said to herself, as she stood still on the gravel walk, watching the rapid disappearance of Lord Fawn, and endeavouring to think what she had better now do with herself. Of course, Lord Fawn, like a great child, would at once go and tell his mother what that wicked governess had said to him.

In the hall she met her friend Lydia. “Oh, Lucy, what is the matter with Frederic?” she asked.

“Lord Fawn is very angry indeed.”

“With you?”

"Yes;—with me. He is so angry that I am sure he would not sit down to breakfast with me. So I won't come down. Will you tell your mamma? If she likes to send to me, of course I'll go to her at once."

"What have you done, Lucy?"

"I've told him again that what he said wasn't true."

"But why?"

"Because—Oh, how can I say why? Why does any person do everything that she ought not to do? It's the fall of Adam, I suppose."

"You shouldn't make a joke of it, Lucy."

"You can have no conception how unhappy I am about it. Of course, Lady Fawn will tell me to go away. I went out on purpose to beg his pardon for what I said last night, and I just said the very same thing again."

"But why did you say it?"

"And I should say it again and again and again, if he were to go on telling me that Mr. Greystock isn't a gentleman. I don't think he ought to have done it. Of course, I have been very wrong; I know that. But I think he has been wrong too. But I must own it, and he needn't. I'll go up now and stay in my own room till your mamma sends for me."

"And I'll get Jane to bring you some breakfast."

"I don't care a bit about breakfast," said Lucy.

Lord Fawn did tell his mother, and Lady Fawn was perplexed in the extreme. She was divided in her judgment and feelings between the privilege due to Lucy as a girl possessed of an authorised lover,—a privilege which no doubt existed, but which was not extensive,—and the very much greater privilege which attached to Lord Fawn as a man, as a peer, as an Under-Secretary of State,—but which attached to him especially as the head and only man belonging to the Fawn family. Such a one, when, moved by filial duty, he condescends to come once a week to his mother's house, is entitled to say whatever he pleases, and should on no account be contradicted by any one. Lucy no doubt had a lover,—an authorised lover; but perhaps that fact could not be taken as more than a balancing weight against the inferiority of her position as a governess. Lady Fawn was of course obliged to take her son's part, and would scold Lucy. Lucy must be scolded very seriously. But it would be a thing so desirable if Lucy could be induced to accept her scolding and have done with it, and not to make matters worse by talking of going away! "You don't mean that she came out into the shrubbery, having made up her mind to be rude to you?" said Lady Fawn to her son.

"No;—I do not think that. But her temper is so ungovernable,

and she has, if I may say so, been so spoilt among you here,—I mean by the girls, of course,—that she does not know how to restrain herself.”

“She is as good as gold, you know, Frederic.” He shrugged his shoulders, and declared that he had not a word more to say about it. He could, of course, remain in London till it should suit Mr. Greystock to take his bride. “You’ll break my heart if you say that!” exclaimed the unhappy mother. “Of course, she shall leave the house if you wish it.”

“I wish nothing,” said Lord Fawn. “But I peculiarly object to be told that I am a—liar.” Then he stalked away along the corridor and went down to breakfast, as black as a thunder-cloud.

Lady Fawn and Lucy sat opposite to each other in church, but they did not speak till the afternoon. Lady Fawn went to church in the carriage and Lucy walked, and as Lucy retired to her room immediately on her return to the house, there had not been an opportunity even for a word. After lunch Amelia came up to her and sat down for a long discussion. “Now, Lucy, something must be done, you know,” said Amelia.

“I suppose so.”

“Of course, mamma must see you. She can’t allow things to go on in this way. Mamma is very unhappy, and didn’t eat a morsel of breakfast.” By this latter assertion Amelia simply intended to imply that her mother had refused to be helped a second time to fried bacon, as was customary.

“Of course, I shall go to her the moment she sends for me. Oh,—I am so unhappy!”

“I don’t wonder at that, Lucy. So is my brother unhappy. These things make people unhappy. It is what the world calls—temper, you know, Lucy.”

“Why did he tell me that Mr. Greystock isn’t a gentleman? Mr. Greystock is a gentleman. I meant to say nothing more than that.”

“But you did say more, Lucy.”

“When he said that Mr. Greystock wasn’t a gentleman, I told him it wasn’t true. Why did he say it? He knows all about it. Everybody knows.. Would you think it wise to come and abuse him to me, when you know what he is to me? I can’t bear it, and I won’t. I’ll go away to-morrow, if your mamma wishes it.” But that going away was just what Lady Fawn did not wish.

“I think you know, Lucy, you should express your deep sorrow at what has passed.”

“To your brother?”

“Yes.”

“Then he would abuse Mr. Greystock again, and it would all be

as bad as ever. I'll beg Lord Fawn's pardon if he'll promise beforehand not to say a word about Mr. Greystock."

"You can't expect him to make a bargain like that, Lucy."

"I suppose not. I daresay I'm very wicked, and I must be left wicked. I'm too wicked to stay here. That's the long and the short of it."

"I'm afraid you're proud, Lucy."

"I suppose I am. If it wasn't for all that I owe to everybody here, and that I love you all so much, I should be proud of being proud;—because of Mr. Greystock. Only it kills me to make Lady Fawn unhappy."

Amelia left the culprit, feeling that no good had been done, and Lady Fawn did not see the delinquent till late in the afternoon. Lord Fawn had, in the meantime wandered out along the river all alone to brood over the condition of his affairs. It had been an evil day for him in which he had first seen Lady Eustace. From the first moment of his engagement to her he had been an unhappy man. Her treatment of him, the stories which reached his ears from Mrs. Hittaway and others, Mr. Camperdown's threats of law in regard to the diamonds, and Frank Greystock's insults, altogether made him aware that he could not possibly marry Lady Eustace. But yet he had no proper and becoming way of escaping from the bonds of his engagement. He was a man with a conscience, and was made miserable by the idea of behaving badly to a woman. Perhaps it might have been difficult to analyse his misery, and to decide how much arose from the feeling that he was behaving badly, and how much from the conviction that the world would accuse him of doing so; but, between the two, he was wretched enough. The punishment of the offence had been commenced by Greystock's unavenged insults;—and it now seemed to him that this girl's conduct was a continuation of it. The world was already beginning to treat him with that want of respect which he so greatly dreaded. He knew that he was too weak to stand up against a widely-spread expression of opinion that he had behaved badly. There are men who can walk about the streets with composed countenances, take their seats in Parliament if they happen to have seats, work in their offices, or their chambers, or their counting-houses with diligence, and go about the world serenely, even though everybody be saying evil of them behind their backs. Such men can live down temporary calumny, and almost take a delight in the isolation which it will produce. Lord Fawn knew well that he was not such a man. He would have described his own weakness as caused, perhaps, by a too thin-skinned sensitiveness. Those who knew him were inclined to say that he lacked strength of character, and, perhaps, courage.

He had certainly engaged himself to marry this widow, and he

was most desirous to do what was right. He had said that he would not marry her unless she would give up the necklace, and he was most desirous to be true to his word. He had been twice insulted and he was anxious to support these injuries with dignity. Poor Lucy's little offence against him rankled in his mind with the other great offences. That this humble friend of his mother's should have been insolent, was a terrible thing to him. He was not sure ever whether his own sisters did not treat him with scantier reverence than of yore. And yet he was so anxious to do right, and do his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him. As to much he was in doubt; but of two things he was quite sure—that Frank Greystock was a scoundrel, and that Lucy Morris was the most impertinent young woman in England.

"What would you wish to have done, Frederic?" his mother said to him on his return.

"In what respect, mother?"

"About Lucy Morris? I have not seen her yet. I have thought it better that she should be left to herself for a while before I did so. I suppose she must come down to dinner. She always does."

"I do not wish to interfere with the young lady's meals."

"No;—but about meeting her? If there is to be no talking it will be so very unpleasant. It will be unpleasant to us all, but I am thinking chiefly of you."

"I do not wish anybody to be disturbed for my comfort." A young woman coming down to dinner as though in disgrace, and not being spoken to by any one, would, in truth, have had rather a soothing effect upon Lord Fawn, who would have felt that the general silence and dulness had been produced as a sacrifice in his honour. "I can, of course, insist that she should apologise; but if she refuses, what shall I do then?"

"Let there be no more apologies, if you please, mother."

"What shall I do then, Frederic?"

"Miss Morris's idea of an apology is a repetition of her offence with increased rudeness. It is not for me to say what you should do. If it be true that she is engaged to that man——"

"It is true, certainly."

"No doubt that will make her quite independent of you, and I can understand that her presence here in such circumstances must be very uncomfortable to you all. No doubt she feels her power."

"Indeed, Frederic, you do not know her."

"I can hardly say that I desire to know her better. You cannot suppose that I can be anxious for further intimacy with a young lady who has twice given me the lie in your house. Such conduct is, at least, very unusual; and as no absolute punishment can be inflicted, the offender can only be avoided. It is thus and thus only

that such offences can be punished. I shall be satisfied if you will give her to understand that I should prefer that she should address me again."

Poor Lady Fawn was beginning to think that Lucy was right in saying that there was no remedy for all these evils but that she should go away. But whither was she to go? She had no home but such home as she could earn for herself by her services as a governess, and in her present position it was almost out of the question that she should seek another place. Lady Fawn, too, felt that she had pledged herself to Mr. Greystock that till next year she should have a home at Fawn Court. Mr. Greystock, indeed, was now an enemy to the family; but Lucy was not an enemy, and she was out of the question that she should be treated with real enmity. She might be scolded, and scowled at, and put into a kind of dressing-room Coventry for a time,—so that all kindly intercourse with her should be confined to school-room work and bed-room conferences. She could be generally "sat upon," as Nina would call it. But as for quarrelling with her,—making a real enemy of one whom they all loved, one whom Lady Fawn knew to be "as good as gold," one who had become so dear to the old lady that actual exclusion from their family affections would be like the cutting off of a limb,—that was simply impossible. "I suppose I had better go and see her," said Lady Fawn,—“and I have got such a headache."

"Do not see her on my account," said Lord Fawn. The duty, however, was obligatory, and Lady Fawn with slow steps sought Lucy in the school-room.

"Lucy," she said, seating herself, "what is to be the end of this?"

Lucy came up to her and knelt at her feet. "If you knew how unhappy I am, because I have vexed you!"

"I am unhappy, my dear, because I think you have been betrayed by warm temper into misbehaviour."

"I know I have."

"Then why do you not control your temper?"

"If anybody were to come to you, Lady Fawn, and make horrible accusations against Lord Fawn, or against Augusta, would not you be angry? Would you be able to stand it?"

Lady Fawn was not clear-headed; she was not clever; nor was she even always rational. But she was essentially honest. She knew that she would fly at anybody who should in her presence say such bitter things of any of her children as Lord Fawn had said of Mr. Greystock in Lucy's hearing;—and she knew also that Lucy was entitled to hold Mr. Greystock as dearly as she held her own sons and daughters. Lord Fawn, at Fawn Court, could not do wrong. That was a tenet by which she was obliged to hold fast.

And yet Lucy had been subjected to great cruelty. She thought **awhile** for a valid argument. "My dear," she said, "your youth **should make a difference.**"

"Of course it should."

"And though to me and to the girls you are as dear as any friend **can** be, and may say just what you please—— Indeed, we all live **here** in such a way that we all do say just what we please,—young **and** old together. But you ought to know that Lord Fawn is **different.**"

"Ought he to say that Mr. Greystock is not a gentleman to me?"

"We are, of course, very sorry that there should be any quarrel. **It is** all the fault of that—nasty, false young woman."

"So it is, Lady Fawn. Lady Fawn, I have been thinking about **it** all the day, and I am quite sure that I had better not stay here **while** you and the girls think badly of Mr. Greystock. It is not **only** about Lord Fawn but because of the whole thing. I am always **wanting** to say something good about Mr. Greystock, and you are **always** thinking something bad about him. You have been to me, —oh, the very best friend that a girl ever had. Why you should **have** treated me so generously I never could know."

"Because we have loved you."

"But when a girl has got a man whom she loves, and has **promised** to marry, he *must* be her best friend of all. Is it not so, Lady **Fawn?**" The old woman stooped down and kissed the girl who **had** got the man. "It is not ingratitude to you that makes me think **most** of him; is it?"

"Certainly not, dear."

"Then I had better go away."

"But where will you go, Lucy?"

"I will consult Mr. Greystock."

"But what can he do, Lucy? It will only be a trouble to him. **He** can't find a home for you."

"Perhaps they would have me at the deanery," said Lucy slowly. She had evidently been thinking much of it all. "And, Lady Fawn, I will not go down-stairs while Lord Fawn is here; and when he comes,—if he does come again while I am here,—he shall not be troubled by seeing me. He may be sure of that. And you may tell him that I don't defend myself, only I shall always think that he ought not to have said that Mr. Greystock wasn't a gentleman before me." When Lady Fawn left Lucy the matter was so far settled that Lucy had neither been asked to come down to dinner, nor had she been forbidden to seek another home.

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. GREYSTOCK'S TROUBLES.

FRANK GREYSTOCK stayed the Sunday in London and went down to Bobsborough on the Monday. His father and mother and sister all knew of his engagement to Lucy, and they had heard also that Lady Eustace was to become Lady Fawn. Of the necklace they had hitherto heard very little, and of the quarrel between the two lovers they had heard nothing. There had been many misgivings at the deanery, and some regrets about these marriages. Mrs. Greystock, Frank's mother, was, as we are so wont to say of many women, the best woman in the world. She was unselfish, affectionate, charitable, and thoroughly feminine. But she did think that her son Frank, with all his advantages,—good looks, cleverness, general popularity, and seat in Parliament,—might just as well marry an heiress as a little girl without twopence in the world. As for herself, who had been born a Jackson, she could do with very little; but the Greystocks were all people who wanted money. For them there was never more than ninepence in a shilling, if so much. They were a race who could not pay their way with moderate incomes. Even the dear dean, who really had a conscience about money, and who hardly ever left Bobsborough, could not be kept quite clear of debt, let her do what she would. As for the admiral, the dean's elder brother, he had been notorious for insolvency; and Frank was a Greystock all over. He was the very man to whom money with a wife was almost a necessity of existence.

And his pretty cousin, the widow, who was devoted to him, and would have married him at a word, had ever so many thousands a year! Of course, Lizzie Eustace was not just all that she should be;—but then who is? In one respect, at any rate, her conduct had always been proper. There was no rumour against her as to lovers or flirtations. She was very young, and Frank might have moulded her as he pleased. Of course there were regrets. Poor dear little Lucy Morris was as good as gold. Mrs. Greystock was quite willing to admit that. She was not good-looking;—so at least Mrs. Greystock said. She never would allow that Lucy was good-looking. And she didn't see much in Lucy, who, according to her idea, was a little bit of a thing. Her position was simply that of a governess. Mrs. Greystock declared to her daughter that no one in the whole world had a higher respect for governesses than had she. But a governess is a governess;—and for a man in Frank's position such a marriage would be simply suicide.

"You shouldn't say that, mamma, now; for it's fixed," said Ellinor Greystock.

"But I do not say it, my dear. Things sometimes are fixed which **must** be unfixed. You know your brother."

"Frank is earning a large income, mamma."

"Did you ever know a Greystock who didn't want more than his **income**?"

"I hope I don't, mamma, and mine is very small."

"You're a Jackson. Frank is Greystock to the very backbone. **If he marries Lucy Morris he must give up Parliament. That's all.**"

The dean himself was more reticent, and less given to interference **than** his wife, but he felt it also. He would not for the world have **hinted** to his son that it might be well to marry money; but he **thought** that it was a good thing that his son should go where money **was**. He knew that Frank was apt to spend his guineas faster than **he** got them. All his life long the dean had seen what came of such **spending**. Frank had gone out into the world and had prospered,—**but** he could hardly continue to prosper unless he married money. **Of course**, there had been regrets when the news came of that fatal **engagement** with Lucy Morris. "It can't be for the next ten years, **at any rate**," said Mrs. Greystock.

"I thought at one time that he would have made a match with his **cousin**," said the dean.

"Of course;—so did everybody," replied Mrs. Dean.

Then Frank came among them. He had intended staying some **weeks**,—perhaps for a month, and great preparations were made for **him**; but immediately on his arrival he announced the necessity **that** was incumbent on him of going down again to Scotland in ten **days**. "You've heard about Lizzie, of course?" he said. They had **heard** that Lizzie was to become Lady Fawn, but beyond that they **had** heard nothing. "You know about the necklace?" asked **Frank**. Something of a tale of a necklace had made its way even down to quiet Bobsborough. They had been informed that there **was** a dispute between the widow and the executors of the late Sir Florian about some diamonds. "Lord Fawn is behaving about it in the most atrocious manner," continued Frank, "and the long and the short of it is that there will be no marriage."

"No marriage!" exclaimed Mrs. Greystock.

"And what is the truth about the diamonds?" asked the dean.

"Ah;—it will give the lawyers a job before they decide that. They're very valuable;—worth about ten thousand pounds, I'm told; but the most of it will go to some of my friends at the Chancery bar. It's a pity that I should be out of the scramble myself."

"But why should you be out?" asked his mother, with tender regrets,—not thinking of the matter as her son was thinking of it, but feeling that when there was so much wealth so very near him, he ought not to let it all go past him.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

"I can see," continued Frank, "she has a fair claim to suppose they'll file a bill in Chancery, and then it will be long time altogether. She says her husband gave them to her, and he put them on her neck himself, and told her that they were hers. As to their being an heirloom, that turns out to be impossible. I didn't know it, but it seems you can't make an heirloom. What astonishes me is, that Fawn should object to the necklace. However, he has objected, and has simply told her that he won't marry her unless she gives them up."

"And what does she say?"

"Storms and raves,—as of course any woman would. I don't think she is behaving badly. What she wants is to reduce him to obedience, and then to dismiss him. I think that is no more than fair. Nothing on earth would make her marry him now."

"Did she ever care for him?"

"I don't think she ever did. She found her position to be troublesome, and she thought she had better marry. And then he's a lord, which always goes for something."

"I am sorry you should have so much trouble," said Mrs. Greystock. But in truth the mother was not sorry. She did not declare to herself that it would be a good thing that her son should be false to Lucy Morris, in order that he might marry his rich cousin; but she did feel it to be an advantage that he should be on terms of intimacy with so large an income as that belonging to Lady Eustace. "Doan't thou marry for munny, but goa where munny is." Mrs. Greystock would have repudiated the idea of mercenary marriages in any ordinary conversation, and would have been severe on any gentleman who was false to a young lady. But it is so hard to bring one's general principles to bear on one's own conduct or in one's own family—and then the Greystocks were so peculiar a people! When her son told her that he must go down to Scotland again very shortly she reconciled herself to his loss. Had he left Bobsborough for the sake of being near Lucy at Richmond, she would have felt it very keenly.

Days passed by, and nothing was said about poor Lucy. Mrs. Greystock had made up her mind that she would say nothing on the subject. Lucy had behaved badly in allowing herself to be loved by a man who ought to have loved money, and Mrs. Greystock had resolved that she would show her feelings by silence. The dean had formed a fixed determination, but he had thought that it might be, perhaps, as well to drop the subject. Frank himself was unhappy about it, but from morning to evening, and from day to day, he allowed it to pass by without a word. He knew that it should not be so, that such silence was in truth treachery to Lucy;—but he did. What had he meant when, as he left Lizzie Eustace among the rocks

Portray,—in that last moment,—he had assured her that he would be true to her? And what had been Lizzie's meaning? He was more sure of Lizzie's meaning than he was of his own. "It's a very rough world to live in," he said to himself in these days, as he thought of his difficulties.

But when he had been nearly a week at the deanery, and when the day of his going was so near as to be a matter of concern, his sister did at last venture to say a word about Lucy. "I suppose there is nothing settled about your own marriage, Frank?"

"Nothing at all."

"Nor will be for some while?"

"Nor will be,—for some while." This he said in a tone which he himself felt to be ill-humoured and almost petulant. And he felt also that such ill-humour on such a subject was unkind, not to his sister, but to Lucy. It seemed to imply that the matter of his marriage was distasteful to him. "The truth is," he said, "that nothing can be fixed. Lucy understands that as well as I do. I am not in a position at once to marry a girl who has nothing. It's a pity, perhaps, that one can't train oneself to like some girl best that has got money; but as I haven't, there must be some delay. She is to stay where she is,—at any rate, for a twelvemonth."

"But you mean to see her?"

"Well; yes; I hardly know how I can see her, as I have quarrelled to the knife with Lord Fawn; and Lord Fawn is recognised by his mother and sisters as the one living Jupiter upon earth."

"I like them for that," said Ellinor.

"Only it prevents my going to Richmond;—and poor Fawn himself is such an indifferent Jupiter."

That was all that was said about Lucy at Bobsborough, till there came a letter from Lucy to her lover acquainting him with the circumstances of her unfortunate position at Richmond. She did not tell him quite all the circumstances. She did not repeat the strong expressions which Lord Fawn had used, nor did she clearly explain how wrathful she had been herself. "Lord Fawn has been here," she said, "and there has been ever so much unpleasantness. He is very angry with you about Lady Eustace, and, of course, Lady Fawn takes his part. I need not tell you whose part I take. And so there have been what the servants call,—just a few words. It is very dreadful, isn't it? And, after all, Lady Fawn has been as kind as possible. But the upshot of it is, that I am not to stay here. You mustn't suppose that I'm to be turned out at twelve hours' notice. I am to stay till arrangements have been made, and everybody will be kind to me. But what had I better do? I'll try and get another situation at once if you think it best, only I suppose I

should have to explain how long I could stay. Lady Fawn knows that I am writing to you to ask you what you think best."

On receipt of this, Greystock was very much puzzled. What a little fool Lucy had been, and yet what a dear little fool! Who cared for Lord Fawn and his hard words? Of course, Lord Fawn would say all manner of evil things of him, and would crow valiantly in his own farm-yard; but it would have been so much wiser on Lucy's part to have put up with the crowing, and to have disregarded altogether the words of a man so weak and insignificant! But the evil was done, and he must make some arrangement for poor Lucy's comfort. Had he known exactly how matters stood, that the proposition as to Lucy's departure had come wholly from herself, and that at the present time all the ladies at Fawn Court,—of course, in the absence of Lord Fawn,—were quite disposed to forgive Lucy if Lucy would only be forgiven, and hide herself when Lord Fawn should come;—had Frank known all this, he might, perhaps, have counselled her to remain at Richmond. But he believed that Lady Fawn had insisted on Lucy's departure; and of course, in such a case, Lucy must depart. He showed the letter to his sister, and asked for advice. "How very unfortunate!" said Ellinor.

"Yes; is it not?"

"I wonder what she said to Lord Fawn."

"She would speak out very plainly."

"I suppose she has spoken out plainly, or otherwise they would never have told her to go away. It seems so unlike what I have always heard of Lady Fawn."

"Lucy can be very headstrong if she pleases," said Lucy's lover. "What on earth had I better to do for her? I don't suppose she can get another place that would suit."

"If she is to be your wife, I don't think she should go into another place. If it is quite fixed,——" she said, and then she looked into her brother's face.

"Well; what then?"

"If you are sure you mean it——"

"Of course I mean it."

"Then she had better come here. As for her going out as a governess, and telling the people that she is to be your wife in a few months, that is out of the question. And it would, I think, be equally so that she should go into any house and not tell the truth. Of course this would be the place for her." It was at last decided that Ellinor should discuss the matter with her mother.

When the whole matter was unfolded to Mrs. Greystock, that lady was more troubled than ever. If Lucy were to come to the deanery, she must come as Frank's affianced bride, and must be treated as such by all Bobsborough. The dean would be giving his

express sanction to the marriage, and so would Mrs. Greystock herself. She knew well that she had no power of refusing her sanction. **Frank** must do as he pleased about marrying. Were Lucy once his wife, of course she would be made welcome to the best the deanery could give her. There was no doubt about Lucy being as good as gold;—only that real gold, vile as it is, was the one thing that **Frank** so much needed. The mother thought that she had discovered in her son something which seemed to indicate a possibility that this very imprudent match might at last be abandoned; and if there were such possibility, sure Lucy ought not now to be brought to the deanery. Nevertheless, if Frank were to insist upon her coming, — she must come.

But Mrs. Greystock had a plan. "Oh, mamma," said Ellinor, when the plan was proposed to her, "do not you think that would be cruel?"

"Cruel, my dear! No; certainly not cruel."

"She is such a virago."

"You think that because Lizzie Eustace has said so. I don't know that she's a virago at all. I believe her to be a very good sort of woman."

"Do you remember, mamma, what the admiral used to say of her?"

"The admiral, my dear, tried to borrow her money, as he did everybody's, and when she wouldn't give him any, then he said severe things. The poor admiral was never to be trusted in such matters."

"I don't think Frank would like it," said Ellinor. The plan was this. Lady Linlithgow, who, through her brother-in-law, the late Admiral Greystock, was connected with the dean's family, had made known her desire to have a new companion for six months. The lady was to be treated like a lady, but was to have no salary. Her travelling expenses were to be paid for her, and no duties were to be expected from her, except that of talking and listening to the countess.

"I really think it's the very thing for her," said Mrs. Greystock. "It's not like being a governess. She's not to have any salary."

"I don't know whether that makes it better, mamma."

"It would just be a visit to Lady Linlithgow. It is that which makes the difference, my dear."

Ellinor felt sure that her brother would not hear of such an engagement,—but he did hear of it, and, after various objections, gave a sort of sanction to it. It was not to be pressed upon Lucy if Lucy disliked it. Lady Linlithgow was to be made to understand that Lucy might leave whenever she pleased. It was to be an invitation, which Lucy might accept if she were so minded. Lucy's

position as an honourable guest was to be assured to her. It was thought better that Lady Linlithgow should not be told of Lucy's engagement unless she asked questions;—or unless Lucy should choose to tell her. Every precaution was to be taken, and then Frank gave his sanction. He could understand, he said, that it might be inexpedient that Lucy should come at once to the deanery, as,—were she to do so,—she must remain there till her marriage, let the time be ever so long. "It might be two years," said the mother. "Hardly so long as that," said the son. "I don't think it would be—quite fair—to papa," said the mother. It was well that the argument was used behind the dean's back, as, had it been made in his hearing, the dean would have upset it at once. The dean was so short-sighted and imprudent, that he would have professed delight at the idea of having Lucy Morris as a resident at the deanery. Frank acceded to the argument,—and was ashamed of himself for acceding. Ellinor did not accede, nor did her sisters, but it was necessary that they should yield. Mrs. Greystock at once wrote to Lady Linlithgow, and Frank wrote by the same post to Lucy Morris. "As there must be a year's delay," he wrote, "we all here think it best that your visit to us should be postponed for a while. But if you object to the Linlithgow plan, say so at once. You shall be asked to do nothing disagreeable." He found the letter very difficult to write. He knew that she ought to have been welcomed at once to Bobsborough. And he knew, too, the reason on which his mother's objection was founded. But it might be two years before he could possibly marry Lucy Morris;—or it might be three. Would it be proper that she should be desired to make the deanery her home for so long and so indefinite a time? And when an engagement was for so long, could it be well that everybody should know it,—as everybody would, if Lucy were to take up her residence permanently at the deanery? Some consideration, certainly, was due to his father.

And, moreover, it was absolutely necessary that he and Lizzie Eustace should understand each other as to that mutual pledge of troth which had passed between them.

In the meantime he received the following letter from Messrs. Camperdown :—

" 62, New Square, Lincoln's Inn,
15 September, 18—

" DEAR SIR,

" After what passed in our chambers the other day, we think it best to let you know that we have been instructed by the executor of the late Sir Florian Eustace to file a bill in Chancery against the widow, Lady Eustace, for the recovery of valuable diamonds.

You will oblige us by making the necessary communication to **her** ladyship, and will perhaps tell us the names of her ladyship's **solicitors**.

"We are, dear sir,

"Your very obedient servants,

"CAMPERDOWN & SON.

"F. Greystock, Esq., M.P."

A few days after the receipt of this letter Frank started for **Scotland**.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FRANK GREYSTOCK'S SECOND VISIT TO PORTRAY.

On this occasion Frank Greystock went down to Portray Castle with the intention of staying at the house during the very short time that **he** would remain in Scotland. He was going there solely on his **cousin's** business,—with no view to grouse-shooting or other pleasure, **and** he purposed remaining but a very short time,—perhaps only **one** night. His cousin, moreover, had spoken of having guests with **her**, in which case there could be no impropriety in his doing so. **And** whether she had guests, or whether she had not, what difference **could** it really make? Mr. Andrew Gowran had already seen what **there** was to see, and could do all the evil that could be done. He **could**, if he were so minded, spread reports in the neighbourhood, **and** might, perhaps, have the power of communicating what he had **discovered** to the Eustace faction,—John Eustace, Mr. Camperdown, **and** Lord Fawn. That evil, if it were an evil, must be encountered **with** absolute indifference. So he went direct to the castle, and was **received** quietly, but very graciously, by his cousin Lizzie.

There were no guests then staying at Portray; but that very **distinguished** lady, Mrs. Carbuncle, with her niece, Miss Roanoke, **had** been there; as had also that very well-known nobleman, Lord **George** de Bruce Carruthers. Lord George and Mrs. Carbuncle were **in** the habit of seeing a good deal of each other, though, as all the **world** knew, there was nothing between them but the simplest **friendship**. And Sir Griffin Tewett had also been there, a young **baronet** who was supposed to be enamoured of that most gorgeous **of** beauties, Lucinda Roanoke. Of all these grand friends,—friends **with** whom Lizzie had become acquainted in London,—nothing **further** need be said here, as they were not at the castle when Frank **arrived**. When he came, whether by premeditated plan or by the **chance** of circumstances, Lizzie had no one with her at Portray,—**except** the faithful Macnulty.

"I thought to have found you with all the world here," said Frank,—the faithful Macnulty being then present.

"Well,—we have had people, but only for a couple of days. They are all coming again, but not till November. You hunt;—don't you, Frank?"

"I have no time for hunting. Why do you ask?"

"I'm going to hunt. It's a long way to go,—ten or twelve miles generally; but almost everybody hunts here. Mrs. Carbuncle is coming again, and she is about the best lady in England after hounds;—so they tell me. And Lord George is coming again."

"Who is Lord George?"

"You remember Lord George Carruthers, whom we all knew in London?"

"What,—the tall man with the hollow eyes and the big whiskers, whose life is a mystery to every one. Is he coming?"

"I like him, just because he isn't a ditto to every man one meets. And Sir Griffin Tewett is coming."

"Who is ditto to everybody?"

"Well;—yes; poor Sir Griffin! The truth is, he is awfully smitten with Mrs. Carbuncle's niece."

"Don't you go match-making, Lizzie," said Frank. "That Sir Griffin is a fool, we will all allow; but it's my belief he has wit enough to make himself pass off as a man of fortune, with very little to back it. He's at law with his mother, at law with his sisters, and at law with his younger brother."

"If he were at law with his great-grandmother, it would be nothing to me, Frank. She has her aunt to take care of her, and Sir Griffin is coming with Lord George."

"You don't mean to put up all their horses, Lizzie?"

"Well, not all. Lord George and Sir Griffin are to keep theirs at Troon, or Kilmarnock, or somewhere. The ladies will bring two apiece, and I shall have two of my own."

"And carriage-horses and hacks?"

"The carriage-horses are here,—of course."

"It will cost you a great deal of money, Lizzie."

"That's just what I tell her," said Miss Macnulty.

"I've been living here; not spending one shilling for the last two months," said Lizzie, "and all for the sake of economy; yet people think that no woman was ever left so rich. Surely I can afford to see a few friends for one month in the year. If I find I can't afford so much as that, I shall let the place, and go and live abroad somewhere. It's too much to suppose that a woman should shut herself up here for six or eight months and see nobody all the time."

On that, the day of Frank's arrival, not a word was said about the necklace, nor of Lord Fawn, nor of the mutual pledge which had

been taken and given down among the rocks. Frank, before dinner, went out about the place, that he might see how things were going on, and observe whether the widow was being ill-treated and unfairly eaten up by her dependents. He was, too, a little curious as to a matter as to which his curiosity was soon relieved. He had hardly reached the out-buildings which lay behind the kitchen-gardens on his way to the Portray woods, before he encountered Andy Gowran. That faithful adherent of the family raised his hand to his cap and bobbed his head, and then silently, and with renewed diligence, applied himself to the job which he had in hand. The gate of the little yard in which the cowshed stood was off its hinges, and Andy was resetting the post and making the fence tight and tidy. Frank stood a moment watching him, and then asked after his health. "'Deed am I nae that to boast about in the way of bodily heelth, Muster Grey-stock. I've just o'er mony things to tent to, to tent to my ain sell as a prudent mon ought. It's airly an' late wi' me, Muster Grey-stock; and the lumbagy just a' o'er a mon, isn't the pleasantest freend in the world.'" Frank said that he was sorry to hear so bad an account of Mr. Gowran's health, and passed on. It was not for him to refer to the little scene in which Mr. Gowran had behaved so badly and had shaken his head. If the misbehaviour had been condoned by Lady Eustace, the less that he said about it the better. Then he went on through the woods, and was well aware that Mr. Gowran's fostering care had not been abated by his disapproval of his mistress. The fences had been repaired since Frank was there, and stones had been laid on the road or track over which was to be carried away the underwood which it would be Lady Eustace's privilege to cut during the coming winter.

Frank was not alone for one moment with his cousin during that evening, but in the presence of Miss Macnulty all the circumstances of the necklace were discussed. "Of course it is my own," said Lady Eustace, standing up,— "my own to do just what I please with. If they go on like this with me, they will almost tempt me to sell it for what it will fetch,—just to prove to them that I can do so. I have half a mind to sell it, and then send them the money, and tell them to put it by for my little Flory. Would not that serve them right, Frank?"

"I don't think I'd do that, Lizzie."

"Why not? You always tell me what not to do, but you never say what I ought."

"That is because I am so wise and prudent. If you were to attempt to sell the diamonds they would stop you, and would not give you credit for the generous purpose afterwards."

"They wouldn't stop you if you sold the ring you wear." The ring had been given to him by Lucy, after their engagement, and

was the only present she had ever made him. It had been purchased out of her own earnings, and had been put on his finger by her own hand. Either from accident or craft he had not worn it when he had been before at Portray, and Lizzie had at once observed it as a thing she had never seen before. She knew well that he would not buy such a ring. Who had given him the ring? Frank almost blushed as he looked down at the trinket, and Lizzie was sure that it had been given by that sly little creeping thing, Lucy. "Let me look at the ring," she said. "Nobody could stop you if you chose to sell this to me."

"Little things are always less troublesome than big things," he said.

"What is the price?" she asked.

"It is not in the market, Lizzie. Nor should your diamonds be there. You must be content to let them take what legal steps they may think fit, and defend your property. After that you can do as you please; but keep them safe till the thing is settled. If I were you I would have them at the bankers."

"Yes;—and then when I ask for them to be told that they couldn't be given up to me, because of Mr. Camperdown or the Lord Chancellor. And what's the good of a thing locked up? You wear your ring;—why shouldn't I wear my necklace?"

"I have nothing to say against it."

"It isn't that I care for such things. Do I, Julia?"

"All ladies like them, I suppose," said that stupidest and most stubborn of all humble friends, Miss Macnulty.

"I don't like them at all, and you know I don't. I hate them. They have been the misery of my life. Oh, how they have tormented me! Even when I am asleep I dream about them, and think that people steal them. They have never given me one moment's happiness. When I have them on I am always fearing that Camperdown and Son are behind me, and are going to clutch them. And I think too well of myself to believe that anybody will care more for me because of a necklace. The only good they have ever done me has been to save me from a man who I now know never cared for me. But they are mine;—and therefore I choose to keep them. Though I am only a woman I have an idea of my own rights, and will defend them as far as they go. If you say I ought not to sell them, Frank, I'll keep them; but I'll wear them as commonly as you do that gage d'amour which you carry on your finger. Nobody shall ever see me without them. I won't go to any old dowager's tea-party without them. Mr. John Eustace has chosen to accuse me of stealing them."

"I don't think John Eustace has ever said a word about them," said Frank.

"Mr. Camperdown then;—people who choose to call themselves the guardians and protectors of my boy, as if I were not his best guardian and protector! I'll show them at any rate that I'm not ashamed of my booty. I don't see why I should lock them up in a musty old bank. Why don't you send your ring to the bank?" Frank could not but feel that she did it all very well. In the first place she was very pretty in the display of her half-mock indignation. Though she used some strong words, she used them with an air that carried them off and left no impression that she had ever been either vulgar or violent. And then, though the indignation was half-mock, it was also half-real, and her courage and spirit were attractive. Greystock had at last taught himself to think that Mr. Camperdown was not justified in the claim which he made, and that in consequence of that unjust claim Lizzie Eustace had been subjected to ill-usage. "Did you ever see this bone of contention," she asked;—"this fair Helen for which Greeks and Romans are to fight?"

"I never saw the necklace, if you mean that."

"I'll fetch it. You ought to see it as you have to talk about it so often."

"Can I get it?" asked Miss Macnulty.

"Heaven and earth! To suppose that I should ever keep them under less than seven keys, and that there should be any of the locks that anybody should be able to open except myself!"

"And where are the seven keys?" asked Frank.

"Next to my heart," said Lizze, putting her hand on her left side. "And when I sleep they are always tied round my neck in a bag, and the bag never escapes from my grasp. And I have such a knife under my pillow, ready for Mr. Camperdown, should he come to seize them!" Then she ran out of the room, and in a couple of minutes returned with the necklace, hanging loose in her hand. It was part of her little play to show by her speed that the close locking of the jewels was a joke, and that the ornament, precious as it was, received at her hands no other treatment than might any indifferent feminine bauble. Nevertheless within those two minutes she had contrived to unlock the heavy iron case which always stood beneath the foot of her bed. "There," she said, chucking the necklace across the table to Frank, so that he was barely able to catch it. "There is ten thousand pounds' worth, as they tell me. Perhaps you will not believe me when I say that I should have the greatest satisfaction in the world in throwing them out among those blue waves yonder, did I not think that Camperdown and Son would fish them up again."

Frank spread the necklace on the table, and stood up to look at it, while Miss Macnulty came and gazed at the jewels over his shoulder.

"And that is worth ten thousand pounds," said he.

"So people say."

"And your husband gave it you just as another man gives a trinket that costs ten shillings!"

"Just as Lucy Morris gave you that ring."

He smiled, but took no other notice of the accusation. "I am so poor a man," said he, "that this string of stones, which you throw about the room like a child's toy, would be the making of me."

"Take it and be made," said Lizzie.

"It seems an awful thing to me to have so much value in my hands," said Miss Macnulty, who had lifted the necklace off the table. "It would buy an estate; wouldn't it?"

"It would buy the honourable estate of matrimony if it belonged to many women," said Lizzie,—"but it hasn't had just that effect with me;—has it, Frank?"

"You haven't used it with that view yet."

"Will you have it, Frank?" she said. "Take it with all its encumbrances, and weight of cares. Take it with all the burthen of Messrs. Camperdown's lawsuits upon it. You shall be as welcome to it as flowers were ever welcomed in May."

"The encumbrances are too heavy," said Frank.

"You prefer a little ring."

"Very much."

"I don't doubt but you're right," said Lizzie. "Who fears to rise will hardly get a full. But there they are for you to look at, and there they shall remain for the rest of the evening." So saying, she clasped the string round Miss Macnulty's throat. "How do you feel, Julia, with an estate upon your neck? Five hundred acres at twenty pounds an acre. Let us call it £500 a year. That's about it." Miss Macnulty looked as though she did not like it, but she stood for a time bearing the precious burthen, while Frank explained to his cousin that she could hardly buy land to pay her five per cent. They were then taken off and left lying on the table till Lady Eustace took them with her as she went to bed. "I do feel so like some naughty person in the Arabian Nights," she said, "who has got some great treasure that always brings him into trouble; but he can't get rid of it, because some spirit has given it to him. At last, some morning it turns to slate stones, and then he has to be a water-carrier, and is happy ever afterwards, and marries the king's daughter. What sort of a king's son will there be for me when this turns into slate stones? Good night, Frank." Then she went off with her diamonds and her bed-candle.

On the following day Frank suggested that there should be a business conversation. "That means that I am to sit silent and obedient while you lecture me," she said. But she submitted, and they went together into the little sitting-room which looked out over

the sea,—the room where she kept her Shelley and her Byron, and practised her music and did water-colours, and sat, sometimes dreaming of a Corsair. “And now, my gravest of Mentors, what must a poor ignorant female Telemachus do, so that the world may not trample on her too heavily?” He began by telling her what had happened between himself and Lord Fawn, and recommended her to write to that unhappy nobleman, returning any present that she might have received from him, and expressing, with some mild but intelligible sarcasm, her regret that their paths should have crossed each other. “I’ve worse in store for his lordship than that,” said Lizzie.

“Do you mean by any personal interview?”

“Certainly.”

“I think you are wrong, Lizzie.”

“Of course you do. Men have become so soft themselves, that they no longer dare to think even of punishing those who behave badly, and they expect women to be softer and more fainéant than themselves. I have been ill-used.”

“Certainly you have.”

“And I will be revenged. Look here, Frank; if your view of these things is altogether different from mine, let us drop the subject. Of all living human beings you are the one that is most to me now. Perhaps you are more than any other ever was. But, even for you, I cannot alter my nature. Even for you I would not alter it if I could. That man has injured me, and all the world knows it. I will have my revenge, and all the world shall know that. I did wrong;—I am sensible enough of that.”

“What wrong do you mean?”

“I told a man whom I never loved that I would marry him. God knows that I have been punished.”

“Perhaps, Lizzie, it is better as it is.”

“A great deal better. I will tell you now that I could never induce myself to go into church with that man as his bride. With a man I didn’t love I might have done so, but not with a man I despised.”

“You have been saved, then, from a greater evil.”

“Yes;—but not the less is his injury to me. It is not because he despises me that he rejects me;—nor is it because he thought that I had taken property that was not my own.”

“Why then?”

“Because he was afraid the world would say that I had done so. Poor shallow creature! But he shall be punished.”

“I do not know how you can punish him.”

“Leave that to me. I have another thing to do much more difficult.” She paused, looking for a moment up into his face, and then

turning her eyes upon the ground. As he said nothing, she went on. "I have to excuse myself to you for having accepted him."

"I have never blamed you."

"Not in words. How should you? But if you have not blamed me in your heart, I despise you. I know you have. I have seen it in your eyes when you have counselled me, either to take the poor creature or to leave him. Speak out, now, like a man. Is it not so?"

"I never thought you loved him."

"Loved him! Is there anything in him or about him that a woman could love? Is he not a poor social stick;—a bit of half-dead wood, good to make a post of, if one wants a post? I did want a post so sorely then!"

"I don't see why."

"You don't?"

"No, indeed. It was natural that you should be inclined to marry again."

"Natural that I should be inclined to marry again! And is that all? It is hard sometimes to see whether men are thick-witted, or hypocrites so perfect that they seem to be so. I cannot bring myself to think you thick-witted, Frank."

"Then I must be the perfect hypocrite,—of course."

"You believed I accepted Lord Fawn because it was natural that I should wish to marry again! Frank, you believed nothing of the kind. I accepted him in my anger, in my misery, in my despair, because I had expected you to come to me,—and you had not come!"—She had thrown herself now into a chair, and sat looking at him. "You had told me that you would come, and you had stayed away. It was you, Frank, that I wanted to punish then;—but there was no punishment in it for you. When is it to be, Frank?"

"When is what to be?" he asked, in a low voice, all but dumb-founded. How was he to put an end to this conversation, and what was he to say to her?

"Your marriage with that little wizened thing who gave you the ring,—that prim morsel of feminine propriety who has been clever enough to make you believe that her morality would suffice to make you happy."

"I will not hear Lucy Morris abused, Lizzie."

"Is that abuse? Is it abuse to say that she is moral and proper? But, sir, I shall abuse her. I know her for what she is, while your eyes are sealed. She is wise and moral, and decorous and prim; but she is a hypocrite, and has no touch of real heart in her composition. Not abuse her when she has robbed me of all,—all,—all that I have in the world! Go to her. You had better go at once. I did not mean to say all this, but it has been said, and you must leave me.

I, at any rate, cannot play the hypocrite;—I wish I could.” He rose and came to her, and attempted to take her hand, but she flung away from him. “No!” she said,—“never again; never, unless you will tell me that the promise you made me when we were down on the sea-shore was a true promise. Was that truth, sir, or was it a—lie?”

“Lizzie, do not use such a word as that to me.”

“I cannot stand picking my words when the whole world is going round with me, and my very brain is on fire. What is it to me what my words are? Say one syllable to me, and every word I utter again while breath is mine shall be spoken to do your pleasure. If you cannot say it, it is nothing to me what you or any one may think of my words. You know my secret, and I care not who else knows it. At any rate, I can die!” Then she paused a moment, and after that stalked steadily out of the room.

That afternoon Frank took a long walk by himself over the mountains, nearly to the Cottage and back again; and on his return was informed that Lady Eustace was ill, and had gone to bed. At any rate, she was too unwell to come down to dinner. He, therefore, and Miss Macnulty sat down to dine, and passed the evening together without other companionship. Frank had resolved during his walk that he would leave Portray the next day; but had hardly resolved upon anything else. One thing, however, seemed certain to him. He was engaged to marry Lucy Morris, and to that engagement he must be true. His cousin was very charming,—and had never looked so lovely in his eyes as when she had been confessing her love for him. And he had wondered at and admired her courage, her power of language, and her force. He could not quite forget how useful would be her income to him. And, added to this, there was present to him an unwholesome feeling,—ideas absolutely at variance with those better ideas which had prompted him when he was writing his offer to Lucy Morris in his chambers,—that a woman such as was his cousin Lizzie was fitter to be the wife of a man thrown, as he must be, into the world, than a dear, quiet, domestic little girl such as Lucy Morris. But to Lucy Morris he was engaged, and therefore there was an end of it.

The next morning he sent his love to his cousin, asking whether he should see her before he went. It was still necessary that he should know what attorneys to employ on her behalf if the threatened bill were filed by Messrs. Camperdown. Then he suggested a firm in his note. Might he put the case into the hands of Mr. Townsend, who was a friend of his own? There came back to him a scrap of paper, an old envelope, on which were written the names of Mowbray and Mopus;—Mowbray and Mopus in a large scrawling hand, and with pencil. He put the scrap of paper into his pocket, feeling that he could not remonstrate with her at this moment, and was prepared

to depart ; when there came a message to him. Lady Eustace was still unwell, but had risen ; and if it were not giving him too much trouble, would see him before he went. He followed the messenger to the same little room, looking out upon the sea, and then found her, dressed indeed, but with a white morning wrapper on, and with hair loose over her shoulders. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her face was pale, and thin, and woe-begone. "I am so sorry that you are ill, Lizzie," he said.

"Yes ; I am ill ;—sometimes very ill ; but what does it matter ? I did not send for you, Frank, to speak of aught so trivial as that. I have a favour to ask."

"Of course I will grant it."

"It is your forgiveness for my conduct yesterday."

"Oh, Lizzie !"

"Say that you forgive me. Say it !"

"How can I forgive where there has been no fault ?"

"There has been fault. Say that you forgive me." And she stamped her foot as she demanded his pardon.

"I do forgive you," he said.

"And now, one farewell." She then threw herself upon his breast and kissed him. "Now, go," she said ; "go, and come no more to me, unless you would see me mad. May God Almighty bless you, and make you happy !" As she uttered this prayer she held the door in her hand, and there was nothing for him but to leave her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. AND MRS. HITTAWAY IN SCOTLAND.

A GREAT many people go to Scotland in the autumn. When you have your autumn holiday in hand to dispose of it, there is nothing more aristocratic that you can do than to go to Scotland. Dukes are more plentiful there than in Pall Mall, and you will meet an earl or at least a lord on every mountain. Of course, if you merely travel about from inn to inn, and neither have a moor of your own nor stay with any great friend, you don't quite enjoy the cream of it ; but to go to Scotland in August, and stay there, perhaps, till the end of September, is about the most certain step you can take towards autumnal fashion. Switzerland and the Tyrol, and even Italy, are all redolent of Mr. Cook, and in those beautiful lands you become subject at least to suspicion.

By no persons was the duty of adhering to the best side of society more clearly appreciated than by Mr. and Mrs. Hittaway of Warwick Square. Mr. Hittaway was Chairman of the Board of Civil Appeals, and was a man who quite understood that there are chairmen—and

chairmen. He could name to you three or four men holding responsible permanent official positions quite as good as that he filled in regard to salary,—which, as he often said of his own, was a mere nothing, just a poor two thousand pounds a year, not as much as a grocer would make in a decent business,—but they were simply head clerks and nothing more. Nobody knew anything of them. They had no names. You did not meet them anywhere. Cabinet ministers never heard of them; and nobody out of their own offices ever consulted them. But there are others, and Mr. Hittaway felt greatly conscious that he was one of them, who moved altogether in a different sphere. One minister of State would ask another whether Hittaway had been consulted on this or on that measure;—so at least the Hittawayites were in the habit of reporting. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Hittaway were constantly in the papers. They were invited to evening gatherings at the houses of both the alternate Prime Ministers. They were to be seen at fashionable gatherings up the river. They attended concerts at Buckingham Palace. Once a year they gave a dinner-party which was inserted in the *Morning Post*. On such occasions at least one Cabinet Minister always graced the board. In fact, Mr. Hittaway, as Chairman of the Board of Civil Appeals, was somebody; and Mrs. Hittaway, as his wife and as sister to a peer, was somebody also. The reader will remember that Mrs. Hittaway had been a Fawn before she married.

There is this drawback upon the happy condition which Mr. Hittaway had achieved,—that it demands a certain expenditure. Let nobody dream that he can be somebody without having to pay for that honour;—unless, indeed, he be a clergyman. When you go to a concert at Buckingham Palace you pay nothing, it is true, for your ticket; and a Cabinet Minister dining with you does not eat or drink more than your old friend Jones the attorney. But in some insidious unforeseen manner,—in a way that can only be understood after much experience,—these luxuries of fashion do make a heavy pull on a modest income. Mrs. Hittaway knew this thoroughly, having much experience, and did make her fight bravely. For Mr. Hittaway's income was no more than modest. A few thousand pounds he had of his own when he married, and his Clara had brought to him the unpretending sum of fifteen hundred. But, beyond that, the poor official salary,—which was less than what a decent grocer would make,—was their all. The house in Warwick Square they had prudently purchased on their marriage,—when houses in Warwick Square were cheaper than they are now,—and there they carried on their battle, certainly with success. But two thousand a year does not go very far in Warwick Square, even though you sit rent free, if you have a family and absolutely must keep a carriage. It therefore resulted that when Mr. and Mrs. Hittaway went to Scotland, which they would endeavour to do every year, it was

very important that they should accomplish their aristocratic holiday as visitors at the house of some aristocratic friend. So well had they played their cards in this respect, that they seldom failed altogether. In one year they had been the guests of a great marquis quite in the north, and that had been a very glorious year. To talk of Stackallan was, indeed, a thing of beauty. But in that year Mr. Hittaway had made himself very useful in London. Since that they had been at delicious shooting lodges in Ross and Inverness-shire, had visited a millionaire at his palace amidst the Argyle mountains, had been fêted in a western island, had been bored by a Dundee dowager, and put up with a Lothian laird. But the thing had been almost always done, and the Hittaways were known as people that went to Scotland. He could handle a gun, and was clever enough never to shoot a keeper. She could read aloud, could act a little, could talk or hold her tongue; and let her hosts be who they would and as mighty as you please, never caused them trouble by seeming to be out of their circle, and on that account requiring peculiar attention.

On this occasion Mr. and Mrs. Hittaway were the guests of old Lady Pierrepont, in Dumfries. There was nothing special to recommend Lady Pierrepont except that she had a large house and a good income, and that she liked to have people with her of whom everybody knew something. So far was Lady Pierrepont from being high in the Hittaway world, that Mrs. Hittaway felt called upon to explain to her friends that she was forced to go to Dumdum House by the duties of old friendship. Dear old Lady Pierrepont had been insisting on it for the last ten years. And there was this advantage, that Dumfriesshire is next to Ayrshire, that Dumdum was not very far,—some twenty or thirty miles,—from Portray, and that she might learn something about Lizzie Eustace in her country house.

It was nearly the end of August when the Hittaways left London to stay an entire month with Lady Pierrepont. Mr. Hittaway had very frequently explained his defalcation as to fashion,—in that he was remaining in London for three weeks after Parliament had broken up,—by the peculiar exigencies of the Board of Appeals in that year. To one or two very intimate friends Mrs. Hittaway had hinted that everything must be made to give way to this horrid business of Fawn's marriage. "Whatever happens, and at whatever cost, that must be stopped," she had ventured to say to Lady Glencora Palliser,—who, however, could hardly be called one of her very intimate friends. "I don't see it at all," said Lady Glencora. "I think Lady Eustace is very nice. And why shouldn't she marry Lord Fawn if she's engaged to him?" "But you have heard of the necklace, Lady Glencora?" "Yes, I've heard of it. I wish anybody would come to me and try and get my diamonds! They

should hear what I would say." Mrs. Hittaway greatly admired Lady Glencora, but not the less was she determined to persevere.

Had Lord Fawn been altogether candid and open with his family at this time, some trouble might have been saved; for he had almost altogether resolved that, let the consequences be what they might, he would not marry Lizzie Eustace. But he was afraid to say this even to his own sister. He had promised to marry the woman, and he must walk very warily, or the objurgations of the world would be too many for him. "It must depend altogether on her conduct, Clara," he had said when last his sister had persecuted him on the subject. She was not, however, sorry to have an opportunity of learning something of the lady's doings. Mr. Hittaway had more than once called on Mr. Camperdown. "Yes," Mr. Camperdown had said in answer to a question from Lord Fawn's brother-in-law; "she would play old gooseberry with the property, if we hadn't some one to look after it. There's a fellow named Gowran who has lived there all his life, and we depend very much upon him."

It is certainly true, that as to many points of conduct, women are less nice than men. Mr. Hittaway would not probably have condescended himself to employ espionage, but Mrs. Hittaway was less scrupulous. She actually went down to Troon and had an interview with Mr. Gowran, using freely the names of Mr. Camperdown and of Lord Fawn; and some ten days afterwards Mr. Gowran travelled as far as Dumfries, and Dumdum, and had an interview with Mrs. Hittaway. The result of all this, and of further inquiries, will be shown by the following letter from Mrs. Hittaway to her sister Amelia:—

"Dumdum, 9th September, 18—.

"MY DEAR AMELIA,

"Here we are, and here we have to remain to the end of the month. Of course it suits, and all that; but it is awfully dull. Richmond for this time of the year is a paradise to it; and as for coming to Scotland every autumn, I am sick of it. Only what is to do if one lives in London? If it wasn't for Orlando and the children, I'd brazen it out, and let people say what they pleased. As for health, I'm never so well as at home, and I do like having my own things about me. Orlando has literally nothing to do here. There is no shooting, except pheasants, and that doesn't begin till October.

"But I'm very glad I've come as to Frederic, and the more so, as I have learned the truth as to that Mr. Greystock. She, Lady Eustace, is a bad creature in every way. She still pretends that she is engaged to Frederic, and tells everybody that the marriage is not broken off, and yet she has her cousin with her, making love to him in the most indecent way. People used to say in her favour that at any rate she never flirted. I never quite know what people mean

when they talk of flirting. But you may take my word for it that she allows her cousin to embrace her, and *embraces him*. I would not say it if I could not prove it. It is horrible to think of it, when one remembers that she is almost justified in saying that Frederic is engaged to her.

"No doubt he was engaged to her. It was a great misfortune but, thank God, is not yet past remedy. He has some foolish feeling of what he calls honour; as if a man can be bound in honour to marry a woman who has deceived him in every point! She still sticks to the diamonds,—if she has not sold them, as I believe she has; and Mr. Camperdown is going to bring an action against her in the High Court of Chancery. But still Frederic will not absolutely declare the thing off. I feel, therefore, that it is my duty to let him know what I have learned. I should be the last to stir in such a matter unless I was sure I could prove it. But I don't quite like to write to Frederic. Will mamma see him, and tell him what I say? Of course you will show this letter to mamma. If not, I must postpone it till I am in town;—but I think it would come better from mamma. Mamma may be sure that she is a bad woman.

"And now what do you think of your Mr. Greystock? As far as I am here he was seen with his arm round his cousin's waist sitting out of doors,—*kissing her*! I was never taken in by the story of his marrying Lucy Morris. He is the last man in the world to marry a governess. He is over head and ears in debt, and if he marries at all, he must marry some one with money. I really think that mamma, and you, and all of you have been soft about that girl. I believe she has been a good governess,—that is, good after mamma's easy fashion; and I don't for a moment suppose that she is doing anything underhand. But a governess with a lover never does suit, and I'm sure it won't suit in this case. If I were you I would tell her. I think it would be the best charity. Whether she means to marry I can't tell,—Mr. Greystock, that is, and this woman *but they ought to mean it*;—that's all.

"Let me know at once whether mamma will see Frederic, and speak to him openly. She is quite at liberty to use my name; and nobody but mamma should see this letter.

"Love to them all,

"Your most affectionate sister,

"CLARA HITTAWAY."

In writing to Amelia instead of to her mother, Mrs. Hittaway was sure that she was communicating her ideas to at least two persons at Fawn Court, and that therefore there would be discussion. Had she written to her mother, her mother might probably have held her peace, and done nothing.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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THE AIM OF REFORM.

It is not easy to follow the course of English politics from the other side of the Atlantic ; but, seen from that distance, the popular party in England seems to have somewhat lost its steadiness of action and to be swerving from its original aim. That aim was to put an end to class government and establish a government of the nation.

A national government, unswayed by class interest and strong in national support, alone can grapple with the growing pauperism which threatens to cancel all that has been won by the efforts of English labour, or with the other economical and social problems which crowd the immediate future. A national government, untrammelled by class alliances with a privileged Church, alone can give the nation, or set the nation free to give itself, in all departments of life, the benefit of modern science. A national government alone can restore the hearty patriotism which the government of a class, alien and adverse to the great mass of the people, has brought to the verge of extinction. A national government alone can have force enough for any great political or social work. The constitution of the American Republic is very defective. It has been sorely tried by immigration and by slavery, as well as by the excess of the commercial spirit and other things which have affected American character. But it is defective in itself. It was framed under the disturbing influence of a violent revolution, and without any guiding experience of republicanism on a large scale. Yet who can be in contact with it without feeling the immense moral force which it has from being thoroughly national, and which entirely supersedes any necessity for the military force on which the British Government and all European Governments, saving that of Switzerland, rest ? Look at the loyalty and the sacrifices which it was able to command through the civil war ! Look at its payment of the national debt ! Your minister lays a tax on matches. He is an alien ruler, and the match-makers rise against

the tax, and force him ignominiously to withdraw it. But the American Government, because it is a Government not alien to the people, but their own, is able to keep on a load of taxes, including this very match tax, for the payment of the debt, and hardly a murmur is heard.

A national government alone can secure to you safety and dignity abroad. It is not the power of rivals without that makes England so often start to arms, load herself with fresh military expenditure, and by her very alarm create or aggravate the danger; it is internal division and want of a trusted government. Nobody thinks of attacking a united nation. The French Emperor would not have attacked Germany if he had known that she was united. But there is a general and a natural belief among foreigners that the English people would not rise in defence of the estate of an oligarchy as it would rise in defence of its own land. Your diplomacy leaves you despised and without friends, because it is neither supported by the moral force nor animated by the heart of the nation. A class Parliament, cheering the Alabama, gets you into a moral war with the American Republic, and now the authors of that war are crowning themselves with congratulations and fresh titles of honour for having crawled out of the scrape, handing at the same time another immense bill for payment to the industry of the people. A national government would not have got into a moral war with the American Republic, because it would have no reason to fear the success of republican institutions; nor, on the other hand, having the nation behind it, would it have succumbed to the peremptory refusal of the American Government to consider the Fenian claims.

Government is not morality, or science, or industry, or affection: but it is, under present conditions, the organ of our life, of our self-preservation, of our self-improvement as a community. The birth of a truly national government in England would not wipe away the tears from all eyes, or forestall in a moment the slow growth of time; but it would reconcile England to herself, restore strength and majesty to her executive, enlist in the public service the patriotism which refuses to serve a class, cause a ray of hope to shine into every cottage in the land. It would bring hope to the cottage, and at the same time security to the mansion. Nothing else can in the end avert violent revolution. There are some who say, let political change alone, and raise the great social questions. Suppose you could raise the great social questions without a political organ capable of solving them, the only result would be that you would throw the country into convulsions.

Great concessions have been wrung from the class government since the Reform Bill of 1832, which was itself extorted by the threat of civil war. But a national government would not wait to

have reason and justice wrung from it. What gave us the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment and the amendment of the Irish land law? Fenianism—that is the plain truth. Before Fenianism, the very men who framed the Irish Church and Land Acts were denouncing as revolutionary a policy milder than that which the Acts embodied. Thus extorted, the concessions have lost all their grace, and with it half their virtue. The Irish question itself is insoluble to these men; because in their dealings with the Irish people they act as an endangered interest haggling with the objects of their fear and hatred. The English nation could deal with the Irish nation heart to heart.

The citadel of class government is the House of Lords. Directly by its legislative veto, and to a still greater extent indirectly by its political and social influence, the House of Lords prevents the public good from being the paramount object of legislation. And the House of Lords is an institution which has long outlived its use, if it ever had a use, and has for centuries been, as it is now, a mere incubus upon the nation.

We are so much in love with Development that perhaps we sometimes take disease for growth. Feudalism could hardly be necessary, as it was not universal. But as a matter of fact, it was a stage in the history of most of the European nations. While it lasted, its chiefs were workers: their lordships, originally territorial offices, required services of rough duty, performed under penalty of ejection by a stronger hand; they led the people in war, and judged it, after their fashion, in peace: and being workers and real members of the social system, they were reformers not unselfish, but useful and progressive in their day: they extorted the Great Charter and rough-hewed a free constitution. They did, politically, socially, and industrially, the iron service of an iron time. When the last hour of their system arrived—when with the growth of great nations, of liberal learning, of a more rational morality, Feudalism paled before the nation and humanity, the serf-owning aristocracy of England, now a mere obstruction and a source of anarchy, found a grave, dug by its own passions, in the Wars of the Roses, as the slave-holding aristocracy of the Southern States found a grave, dug in like manner by its own passions, in Secession.

Into its place crept an oligarchy of landlords, the creatures of Henry VIII. and his partners in the plunder of the monasteries—knaves and sycophants, steeped in public rapine and judicial murder. Such is the august origin of the present “aristocracy” of England. Of the old feudal aristocracy, barely enough survived the sword of the civil war and the axe of the Tudors to form a link between the feudal barons of the old time and the titled land-grabbers of the new. About the first collective and characteristic act of this landlord

oligarchy was the judicial murder of the Protector Somerset, called by the people the Good, because, from whatever motive, he stood between the rapacious tyranny of the new landowners and an oppressed peasantry. About the second was the sale, at the accession of Mary, of the national religion to the Pope, for his leave to keep the Abbey lands, which a chivalrous aristocracy continued to enjoy through Mary's reign, conforming to a religion in which it did not believe, while peasants and mechanics, and the wives of peasants and mechanics, went to the stake for the faith in the name of which the aristocracy had unctuously stolen the property of the nation.

The House of Lords at the same time was made more a house of hereditary privilege than before, by the expulsion of the abbots, who were elected for life, and sometimes by merit, so that they formed, comparatively speaking, a democratic element. Before the Reformation, the life peers outnumbered the hereditary peers, though the life peers are now represented only by a handful of bishops, who are snubbed whenever they presume to take part in general debate. The exclusively hereditary character of the House of Lords is, historically, an accident and a usurpation.

That the peers stood between the Tudor despotism and the people, is a belief without foundation. The only stand was made by the small elective element which mingled with placemen and other nominees of the Crown in the House of Commons. The House of Lords was the abject tool of the tyranny of Henry VIII. It never hesitated to assassinate any victim whom he chose to bring before it. When he deigned to enter the House, the peers literally grovelled before him in transports of servile adulation. The people, unorganized and without leaders as they were, did make a stand against Wolsey's attempt at arbitrary taxation.

This original element, itself not very noble, has received constant accessions from sources which in general have not been of a much higher kind. The lovers of Elizabeth—one of them notoriously the murderer of his wife, and in every respect a most abandoned scoundrel—were received into a "temple of honour," in which the men who saved the nation—the Drakes, and Raleighs, and Walsingham—found no place.

Under the Stuarts the number of peers was rapidly increased mainly by the sale of peerages—the price being sometimes shamelessly entered on the books of the Exchequer—by infamous court-favouritism, or in the way of reward for infamous services rendered to favourites. A notable addition was made by the harem of Charles II. Twelve peers were created at once by the Tory ministers of Anne, to carry the treaty of Utrecht, by which England, besides throwing away the fruits of her own costly victories, foully betrayed faith with her allies; and the character of the transaction

marked by the refusal of one man of honour to "serve a turn" by accepting a peerage under such conditions. Peerages were a regular part of the bribery fund of all the corrupt leaders of Parliamentary factions through the eighteenth century. But the largest importation of all was the phalanx of borough-mongers purchased by Pitt, to support him in government by prerogative and an oligarchic war. On borough-mongers were bestowed the highest titles of the peerage, while the lowest was tossed to Nelson. A shameless scuffle for the possession of this bribery fund arose in connection with the question of the Regency. Thus, from age to age, since the days of Henry VIII. and Church plunder, has the aristocracy been "recruited from the best blood of the nation." It will be found upon careful scrutiny that the origin of a very large proportion of the existing titles was **not** only not honourable, but infamous.

"Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But save, O save, our old nobility."

The nobility is not even old. Its source is no more lost in antiquity than that of Shoreditch. And is any soul in the nineteenth century superstitious enough to believe that a satellite of Henry VIII., or a minion of James I., or a bastard of Charles II., or a Pittite borough-monger, can have transmitted to his descendants qualities which entitle them to rule England for ever?

The policy of the oligarchy has corresponded to its origin. In the reign of Charles I., and again in that of James II., the great houses were brought into collision with the monarchy, partly by their political jealousy of the Crown and its favourites, partly by their fear of a High Church or Catholic reaction, which would have threatened their tenure of the Church lands. This for a moment lent an appearance of patriotism to their conduct; but, their own interest secured, the mass fell back under the sway of their oligarchical selfishness. A few only—so few that one may count them on one's fingers—in an age when the force of principle was exceptionally great, really preferred principle to class. During the eighteenth century the ascendancy of the oligarchy was complete: power, place, public honour, became the prizes of a game of faction and intrigue played between its different sections, through whose rivalries alone popular sentiment was enabled to exercise any influence on national affairs. From the state of the representation and the number of rotten boroughs held by the great proprietors, the House of Commons was as abject an organ of the oligarchy as the House of Lords itself. And what were the characteristics of the government? A total disregard of every interest really national, of the material, moral, and intellectual well-being of the people; a criminal code visiting the **pettiest** offences of the poor against the rich, especially the land-

owning rich, with a sanguinary cruelty which fills the most cold-blooded lawyer with indignation, while wealth and rank licensed themselves to commit the grossest outrages against society ; unparalleled corruption pervading all branches of the administration in Church and State, the underlings of the oligarchy stealing the very soup from the platters of the pensioners in Greenwich Hospital ; a foreign policy of frivolous ambition, paltry pique, needless, fruitless, and, to a great extent, inglorious wars ; the loss of the American colonies, and the fatal estrangement of the American people ; finally, a despicable meanness in the bearing alike of the nation and its rulers strongly at variance with the fine pictures drawn by drawing-room philosophy of the times to which it wistfully looks back. The figure of Chatham is grand though not beneficent. But Chatham was the great Commoner. The leader and type of the aristocracy was the Duke of Newcastle, a man in whom the knave strongly contended with the driveller, and, save for the tragic mischief which he wrought, one of the most comic personages in history. Such were the acts of oligarchy when it was in full possession of power, and unchecked in the display of its character : such are its tendencies at all times.

The war against the French Republic, which cost a sea of blood and a thousand millions of money, brought misery into every cottage, and left traces not yet effaced on the moral and material condition of the people in England and throughout Europe, was, according to the distinct avowal of the Tory historian, Alison, an oligarchical war. Alison says, with a frankness indicative of the political spirit prevalent in the regions from which he drew his inspiration, that the main object in going to war with France was to prevent the contagion of democratic opinion. The war was waged with the blood and sweat of the people. Armies were recruited by trepanning, navies manned by the press-gang, and the victims of oligarchical power were kept under the standard of the oligarchy by the use of the scourge, which in the case of some of the sentences must have been death by torture, while the gate of military promotion was closed against plebeian valour, the oligarchy reserving all the commands for itself. Industry was loaded with a mountain of debt, the burden of which, perhaps, when justice reigns, will be apportioned with more reference to the interest in which it was contracted. The nation was reduced to bankruptcy. The price of food rose to so frightful a height that it is a mystery how the people can have lived. Pauperism advanced with giant strides. Meantime oligarchical sinecurism kept all its places ; corruption rode rampant even in the navy, the sole bulwark of the country, till by its excess it produced the mutiny at the Nore. The landowners revelled in an increase of rent caused by the rise in the price of corn, which more than made up to them the increase of taxes ; their confederates, the

clergy, revelled in a similar increase of tithes; and both orders lauded themselves in their halls and parsonages for their patriotic sacrifices, and for the heroic constancy with which they sent peasants and fishermen to die in battle or rot in ill-supplied hospitals by tens of thousands, in defence of a system which to the peasant and the fisherman was one of injustice and despair. When the war was over, the first care of the oligarchy was to pass a Corn Law for the purpose of keeping rents up to the war-level at the expense of the hunger-stricken people; and under this law the dense population of a great manufacturing and mining country was confined to the corn grown in its own island for the benefit of the landlords, till the oligarchy was forced to give way, not to the cries of the starving people, who lay unenfranchised and helpless, but to the power of the great capitalists, who wanted more hands, and could not afford to have the people decimated and the survivors weakened for labour by a chronic state of famine. The landlords all the time protested that the bread tax was maintained in the interests of the British labourer. Such, once more, is oligarchy when it has the power. The lesson which these facts teach is old, and has been often repeated, but it seems to be still needed by some, who fancy that the justice which the people cannot win by their own efforts under their own chiefs may be obtained by the grace of politic peers, who, it is fondly believed, to save the life of oligarchy, will part with everything for which oligarchy lives. Propose to Seven-point noblemen to touch the land laws, and the vision of oligarchical reforms will fade.

Not by reason and theory alone, but by overwhelming experience, the House of Lords stands condemned. For three centuries, dating from the Tudor period, it was the most powerful branch of the legislature, and for a century at least it had, through its nominees and dependants, the virtual control of the other branch. During the whole of that period pressing subjects for legislation abounded, not only in the direction of political reform, but in all directions, legal, ecclesiastical, educational, sanitary, and economical. Yet, in all those centuries, who can point out a single great measure of national improvement which really emanated from the House of Lords? On the other hand, who can point out a single great reform, however urgent at the time, however signally ratified afterwards by the approbation of posterity, which the House of Lords has not thrown out, or obstructed, and, if it could do nothing more, damaged and mutilated to the utmost of its power? As a matter of course, it upheld the rotten boroughs, and resisted the Reform Bill, till it was overcome by the threat of a swamping creation of peers,¹ having first, in its wisdom,

(1) It seems, however, from Lord Brougham's Memoirs, that Lord Grey, like a true oligarch, would, in the last extremity, notwithstanding all his convictions and all his pledges, have preferred his order to the nation.

brought the nation to the verge of a civil war. As a matter of course, it resisted the progress of religious liberty, because the privileged Church was an outwork of the privileged class. As a matter of course, it resisted, as a noble historian is compelled to confess, the extension of Habeas Corpus and of personal liberty. As a matter of course, it resisted the removal of restraints on the press. As a matter of course, it resisted the introduction of the Ballot. All these were measures and movements which threatened political privilege. But the House of Lords has also resisted common measures of humanity, such as the abolition of the Slave Trade, and the reform of Criminal Law. Romilly's bill for the abolition of the death punishment in cases of petty theft was thrown out by the Lords, and among the thirty-two who voted in the majority on that occasion were seven bishops. The Irish Church Bill and the Irish Land Bill would both unquestionably have been thrown out, if the courage of the Lords had been equal to their ill-will, as once it was, and as, if they are suffered now to make good their stand against the nation, it may one day be again. The courage of the Lords not being equal to their ill-will, both bills were mutilated, almost in spite. A popular use of the prerogative, which is not in itself a desirable expedient, became necessary the other day to prevent the House of Lords from sacrificing the safety and honour of the nation to their own desire of keeping the army in the hands of the oligarchical class. But the obstructive influence of the Peers has probably been exerted to a still greater extent in preventing good measures from being brought forward, than in throwing them out when introduced. On all subjects about which popular feeling was not strongly excited, including many of the greatest importance to national progress, Reformers have abstained from moving, because they despaired of overcoming the resistance of the House of Lords. To make legislation on any important question possible, it is necessary to get a storm sufficient to terrify the Peers. Thus all important legislation is made violent and revolutionary; and this is your Conservative institution!

The House of Lords is spoken of as a seat of deliberate wisdom, where measures undergo maturer consideration than in the less conservative assembly—a fast nobleman of twenty-one being supposed to be a graver personage than a popular representative at sixty. No popular measure in the House of Lords undergoes any real consideration whatever. Every one of them is condemned before its arrival there—condemned from its very birth; and the discussion in the House of Lords is no discussion, but a mere wavering of the balance between hate and fear. If fear preponderates, the measure lives, and we are called upon to admire the wisdom and tact of the concession. On oligarchic measures, such as gagging bills and coercion bills, they are favoured from their birth, and pass by acclamation.

It is true that the history of the Reform Bill of 1867 differed on

wardly from that of 1832. On the first occasion the oligarchy fought against the nation by force, on the second by fraud. The further extension of the franchise was resisted so long as there was any hope in resistance, as reference to any Tory speech, journal, or manifesto before 1867 would show. When resistance became hopeless, and when the Russell government was on the point of carrying a bill enfranchising in effect the more independent and educated portion of the artisans, the Tories, whose special ground of resistance to reform had been the want of education (for which they and their privileged Church were responsible) among the poor, and the liability of the lower and more dependent strata of society to corruption, veered round and declared for household suffrage, hoping, as they almost avowed, to turn the ignorance and corruption of the "residuum" against education and independence. Could the lowest political sharper that ever led a mob have played a trick more thoroughly dishonest? Did any Stuart king ever do anything more treasonable or more instinct with hatred of the nation? Fortunately the policy was shallow as well as dishonest and anti-national. The suffrage is democratic; it will be democratic in the hands of the English peasant. But the character of the oligarchy was revealed.

Form five hundred shoemakers into a legislative assembly, and the legislation will be all leather. But the shoemakers would at least represent a body closely identified in interest and feeling with the industrial community at large, whereas the five hundred landlords represent a body as separate in interest and feeling from the community at large as it is possible for any class to be; besides which, as the bearers of hereditary titles, they are governed by exclusive sentiments of their own. If in any country at the present day, in framing a constitution, it were proposed to assign one of the two co-ordinate houses of the legislature exclusively to landlords bearing hereditary titles, would not the proposal be scouted as an iniquitous and dangerous absurdity, even by the most conservative minds? And why is such an institution less absurd, less iniquitous, or less dangerous when it comes to us as a mere historical accident? That the House of Lords is a historical accident, and nothing more, has been already pointed out. It has, in fact, no feature of a natural growth; its members have none of the energy and fearlessness which the sense of a natural position inspires, and which made the old feudal barons, as has been already said, active, reforming, and even progressive, in their day. Our modern barons are so languid, that though London is full of them in the pleasure season, all the homilies of their leaders cannot induce them to make a decent house. The House of Lords is a mere incubus upon the nation—a mere weight laid by chance upon the breast of a strong man, who is prevented from throwing it off by the influence of a superstitious spell, but who, if he could break the spell and throw off the weight, would stand

erect in his strength, and go on his way rejoicing towards the fruitful and hopeful future. Once he did break the spell, and for a moment cast off the weight. The reactionary forces, civil and ecclesiastical, were then too strong, and the effort could not be sustained. It could be sustained now.

The five hundred shoemakers, too, paradoxical as it may seem, would probably be better trained, on the average, for the purposes of legislation than are the five hundred peers. Their moral and intellectual lights, if not stronger in themselves, would be stronger in proportion to their class prejudices and their selfish desires. Their minds would be more open, their hearts would be infinitely more open, to the appeals of justice and the common good. Lothair goes to the University, but he uses it as a tavern and a hunting-box. So do most of the Lothairs. There they enter on a life of self-indulgence and self-worship which makes the mind dull and the heart gross. Assuredly the shoemakers would be more capable of preferring the nation to leather, than the Lothairs are of preferring the nation to the Lothairs.

And, speaking of Lothair, what a revelation of the society of which the House of Lords is the organ! What a picture of the abject self-complacency with which that society lives in idleness and luxury by the sweat of other men's brows; of its frivolity, vapidness, vacancy of soul;¹ of its gluttony, not the less gross because the plate is of silver; of its wealth-worship, base as that in the heart of any grocer, which bows to the ground before a brainless boy, because he is the heir of great estates; of that which perhaps, with reference to legislation, is the worst feature of all, its complete separation from toiling humanity, of which not a single representative appears on the enchanted ground or in contact with these celestial idlers. Who can doubt that, apart from considerations of national policy, it would be charity to such beings to relieve them of their privileges and make them men?

If the House has not distinguished itself by patriotism as a legislative assembly, what has it done as a high court of national justice? We speak, of course, not of the functions which it has absurdly retained from the days before jurisprudence, of a general court of appeal, but of its conduct in political cases. Has it been the refuge of the oppressed, the high-souled guardian of the national honour? Have India and the dependencies found in it a nobler England on the

(1) It seems that when the members of this exalted circle are unusually lively and frolicsome, their wit displays itself in eating an early breakfast after a late supper before going home from a ball. I was reminded, in reading the passage, of another early breakfast, of which I once chanced to be a witness. At daybreak, on a bitter winter morning, a woman, hunger-stricken and in rags, stood wistfully eyeing a saloop stand, near the place from which a coach started. One of the passengers brought her a mug of saloop and a piece of bread. She drank the saloop, but did not eat the bread; and being asked why she did not, she said she must take it home for her child.

judgment seat? It shielded the crimes of Hastings & too rank to be shielded by Pitt. At the ovation offered to representatives of oligarchy, lay and clerical, to Eyre on the Jamaica massacre, a noble lord assured the hero that if he came before the Peers, he would find them partisans; and though the noble lord spoke not up nor with his hand upon his heart, who doubts that he said so. The friends of justice on that occasion were told to move the impeachment of Eyre in the House of Commons, a house of wealth to carry before the house of wealth the cause of the poor!

Has the House of Lords been the seat, in any way, of a higher sense of honour, such as it is that an aristocracy upholds? It may be safely said never be found in any assembly, however bedecked with however socially fastidious, apart from a paramount justice and the public good. Reaction is making capital out of the detected corruption of the New York Ring, though supported almost entirely by foreigners, unschooled in institutions. Let an inquiry equally searching be made into the annals of railway legislation, and let us see to what companies were pillaged by the landlord ring in the past. Did not the peerage and the aristocracy generally become saloons of Hudson? Is there any form of wealth or these titular representatives of honour do not bow down to them? They may be members of an order of chivalry, and their elderly and opulent forms arrayed in purple velvet, white satin tights, the soldiers who won the Battle of Poitiers? Louis Napoleon, whatever he might be, did not personally come up to the standard of high honour unquestionably held up his hand over and over again to deliberate perjury. Did this prevent peers from supporting Napoleon's hand? Do they not, in spite of their weak position, ludicrously cringe to the London Times? Men without position, and whom under the oligarchic system it is the organ it can really damage, freely defy its influence. But the political evils connected with the House of Lords are, are no measure of the mischief done to the national character by the hereditary peerage. The hereditary peerage is the bond and cement of oligarchy, social as well as political, the central source of those unkind influences which permeate from the palace to the cottage, fixing a gulf of feeling between the farmer and the peasant, as well as between the squire and the Hereditary aristocracy has of late entered on a new epoch it became an oligarchy of landlords and has become an oligarchy of wealth. The new nobility in

the capitalists who, after a temporary antagonism caused by the Corn Laws, and a certain amount of coy resistance on social grounds, have been recognised by the landowners, and in their turn are decking themselves with the titles of feudal barons, ordering Norman pedigrees with their equipages and liveries, doubling the crush and the deliquescence at St. James's, and thinking it a part of their rights as millionaires to make public honour and national government their family property, and to hand them down, with the other fruits of successful speculation, to their aristocratically educated sons. The great Elizabethan mansions, reared in their day among the hovels of a wretched peasantry, are the graceful monuments of the Tudor land-grabbers. England is now being covered with the palaces of this new aristocracy of wealth; piles as huge as the workhouses in which labour ends its days, and filled and surrounded with such hosts of flunkeys, such paraphernalia of luxury, as a man of sense and spirit would blush to see devoted to his own enjoyment, much more to create for himself. In the days of the Tudors, when the country was still wild and unprovided, the builders of such piles had at least the excuse of needing room for a body-guard and a train of artisans, nor had they entirely given up the ancient custom of eating in the same hall with the crowd which lived under their roof.

In the United States, if a rich man wants to be anything more than a rich man, which is the case with a good many of them, he must do as Mr. Cornell has done, and become a public benefactor. In this way, besides the good directly done by the benefactions, the evil of accumulated wealth in that country is to some extent reduced. But, in aristocratic England, as soon as a man has begun to make money, he feels his foot upon the first step of the ladder which leads from earth to the peerage, and is already exclusive and an oligarch in soul. The other steps of the ladder are a landed estate, a country seat, an expenditure in powdered flunkeys, carriages, and dinners, which depraves and vulgarises the neighbourhood; game preserves, which sow the seeds of lawlessness in the hamlet, and furnish inmates to the county gaol; a justiceship of the peace, in which aristocratic justice is meted out to poachers; a seat in Parliament for the county, and a unit added in the national councils, to what a moderate and philosophic journal called the other day in its wrath, "the party of the stupid rich." With this incorporation of the mill-owners and stock-brokers into the aristocracy, a marked change has come over the character of the Tory party. The party has lost what it formerly had of cavalier honour and constitutional tradition. It has become simply the party of the rich, having for its sole object the maintenance of such a political system as shall protect every fibre of the rich man's stomach against the discontent or the aspirations of the rest of the community. With the past history of England it has no connection; the Great Charter and the Petition of Rights, names venerable even

to the Pittites, are unknown to it. It is not Tory, properly speaking, but Imperialist. Its model ruler is a military despot, like Louis Napoleon, who will trample right under foot, and shed any needful amount of blood to uphold wealth in the indulgence of unbounded, callous, and insolent sensuality. With justice the English plutocracy regarded Napoleon III. as the saviour of society. He, more than the British sovereign, or any British politician, was its real chief, and in his overthrow it has received a deadly wound.

Wealth is now the one indispensable qualification for a peerage. Peerages have been conferred on the owners of great estates, without regard even to legitimacy of birth. Merit, however signal, must be excluded unless it either possess the wealth which disinterested patriotism seldom acquires, or be childless. Walsingham, Pym, even Pitt, would have stood at the door of the national senate and the fane of national honour, while oxen entered in. Walsingham and Pym "had no stake" in the country which they saved. Macaulay slipped in because he was childless; and then we were bidden to observe that the British peerage was not an exclusive caste, but was ever open to distinguished merit. Even military eminence, which an oligarchy is always eager to recognise and conciliate, can hardly afford to take a peerage without a heritable pension; and as to get a pension at all, much more a heritable pension, is now not easy, Reform, in itself most just, has made the Peerage closer than ever.

The rich fancy that they have a right to engross political power and public honour: of democracies, in which this right is not conceded, they say that there the best men are excluded from public life. But what is the foundation of this claim? Large fortunes are, in part at least, proofs that the wages of labour are not so fairly distributed as they will be in a time the advent of which we cannot forestall by violence, though we may all do something to hasten it in our day. The man who has made his own fortune has the qualities by which he has made it, and if he is also politically well-informed and public-minded, he will be most useful, and ought to be most welcome in public life. There is, in fact, no nobler or more beneficent figure than that of a chief of industry who, having grown rich, still keeps his heart above his riches, and devotes himself to the public good. But inherited wealth is for the most part a political and social nuisance; its possessor must be idle, unless he is gifted by nature with the rarest sense of duty; and being idle he is sure to be more or less vicious, and by the power of his wealth to taint the society in which he lives. At any rate, he fills the community with artificial desires and artificial ambitions, sources of unhappiness and of bitterness. As the feeder of great pleasure cities and the supporter of trains of lackeys and loiterers, not to speak of anything worse, he is the root of social evils which he often gets upon the platform by the side of his bishop to cure with jeremiads and moral associations. The

crumbs which he lets fall from his table to charity, or to public objects of any kind, bear no proportion to the waste and the evil influence of the feast. That he is beneficent and indispensable as the great employer of labour, is untrue; for labour may be employed on public objects as well as on private objects, and on objects of necessity as well as on objects of luxury; on good objects, in short, as well as upon objects which are not good. That he alone has a stake in the country is an insolent absurdity, the best comment on which is the boast of the old Marquis of Hertford, Thackeray's Lord Steyne, that worthy Peer and most chivalrous Knight of the Garter—that if England came to ruin, he should still have a valet and a clean shirt in every country in Europe. An artisan has no valet or clean shirt in any country but England, with which he must live or die. To make wealth, above all, hereditary wealth, the Government, is to put a tumour in place of the head. And when to the demoralising influence of hereditary wealth is added the demoralising influence of hereditary honour, we produce by a process as infallible in its general effect as any process in chemistry or mechanics, the young "aristocracy" of England, with all its characteristics, including the manners displayed at the Oxford Commemoration, and in the burning of works of art in Christ-Church Quadrangle. The only school of manners is equality; equality, in which no sense of the defects in the political constitution of the United States, or of the evils which beset a vast commercial community and one annually flooded by a torrent of half-civilised immigration, no manifestations of anti-British feeling, however disagreeable to any one whose heart is with England, can prevent a fair observer from recognising the true element of social morality and social happiness to all, but especially to the rich.

Assuredly the power of wealth is great enough, especially in this slack tide between the ebb of the old faith and the flow of the new, without any artificial additions. You have only to go through an election to see how terrible is the influence of capital over the labour which is dependent on it for daily bread. These millionaires were in fact on the point of becoming, in conjunction with the landowners, our absolute masters. After effort and endurance unparalleled in the history of toil, after all the sufferings disclosed by the Mines Report, the Factories Report, and the other tragical records of British labour, the labourer might have miserably sunk down, reduced to a second serfage, beneath the lords whom his own toil had made, and the vast development of wealth, on which we so much congratulate ourselves, would have issued in the slavery of the nation. From this England has been preserved politically and socially, as well as industrially, by the trades unions, which, even if they had been guilty of half the errors and crimes with which they have been charged, would have saved the country at an ex-

pense of violence and blood small indeed compared with which oligarchy, political and industrial, has maintained its age to age with perfect moral complacency and loud self-praise. The Sheffield outrages were nearly contemporary with Louis Napoleon's massacre on the Boulevards, and his deportation of thousands of the working class to Lambessa and Cayenne.

Under strong pressure, the House of Lords has so far refused itself as to suspend, without renouncing, the privilege of veto, which so long shamed the sufferance of the nation, and was the mark of foreign scorn. It has even, under still greater pressure, brought on by frequent exposures, taken a still further step by expelling the bankrupts, guilty of the only crime unpunished under a plutocracy. But it has kept the idlers, the voluptuaries, the gamblers, the turfites; it has kept in the greenhouses of England men who are out of the pale of honour. Abolition has kept the hereditary principle, which makes public honour private property, and by virtue of which the children and children's children of all these idlers, voluptuaries, gamblers, turfites, and scandalous persons, even though the prolonged operation of the same influences they may be lower in character and intellect than their sires, will have the indefeasible right to make laws for England, and to take possession of her noblest sons for ever. All the other nations of Europe are the veriest laggards in the race of political progress, have no hereditary legislation; there is one nation only that now remains—England, the morning star of liberty.

Mr. Gladstone was made, in one account of his Greenwich speech, that in the heart of every Englishman there was a "sneaking" regard for hereditary rank. The phrase, whether he meant it or not, is happy, and the remark need not be confined to England; the most abject worshippers of the spurious nobility of the shoddy of New York. In the case of Englishmen the lowest flunkeys, faith is in some degree tempered by the maintenance of institutions, the direct tendency—it might almost be said—of which is to pervert and degrade the sentiments of the people, and the sentiments of the people will be perverted and degraded. The people themselves are all the time conscious of this; there is nothing "sneaking" in the homage which they pay to nature's nobility. But we must object to having a code of nobility based on the "sneaking" idolatries either of English flunkeys or of the shoddy of New York. Mr. Gladstone must own that the English character, under better culture, is capable of better things. Milton had no sneaking regard for rank without merit, and we may hope that Mr. Gladstone has none himself.

No doubt there are good and able men in the House of Lords, though they are generally ex-chancellors and other peers by

not peers by birth. But they would be ten times better, and the ability would be displayed to ten times greater advantage, in a free national council. A free national council they might lead freely the public good; the House of Lords they can lead only in one direction, which is the resultant of its prejudices and its fears. They are compelled to be the demagogues of a titled mob of reactionists; they can initiate nothing; all they can do is, by keeping generally accordance with the prejudices of the throne, to earn the melancholy privilege of giving the word for surrender.

With the House of Lords would go the oligarchic land law, and the custom consecrated by it, which, aggravating an economical tendency arising from the aggregation of wealth, have extirpated the yeoman freeholders, the sinews of England in her noblest period, and fast extirpating even the smaller gentry, thus throwing the land entirely into the hands of a few great proprietors, and are making the nation a tenant-at-will on its own soil. This has gone to such an extent as to alarm the more prudent of the great proprietors themselves. But your Foulon will tell the people that they may eat grass on the very eve of a French revolution. It is not easy to forget an article in the great organ of the oligarchy, in which, in answer to some complaint on this subject, the people were told in language of singular cynicism, that their destiny and their highest happiness were prædial or domestic service on the estates or in the houses of great proprietors; and that if they desired anything else, the door of emigration was open. Surely it is somewhat tragic, considering what the history of British industry has been, that the people, after all, should be told by some insolent upstart who has never made a blade of grass grow, that if they desire to own a rood of the land which their toil has made fruitful, they had better pack up and quit their country.

With the House of Lords would go, too, the State Church, the religious organ and the most miserable slave of political reaction whose political course through Tudor persecutions of Nonconformists, Stuart conspiracies against liberty, English Restoration St. Bartholomew's, Scotch Restoration Torture-Chambers, Five Mile Acts, Conventicle Acts, promulgations of passive obedience, temporary rebellions when James and Jeffreys, instead of merely bathing in the blood of peasants, proceeded to touch Church pence, relapses into passive obedience and conspiracies against liberty as soon as the Church pence were safe, Sacheverel High Church Riots and burning of Meeting Houses, Acts to prevent Dissenters from educating their children carried by aid of the most Christian Bolingbroke, civil war and foreign invasions of the country instigated by parsons who were drinking to the Pretender in Oxford common-rooms while the peasant dupes were agonizing on Culloden heath, preachings of American and French wars, deifications of George III. and supp

of Government by Prerogative and Catholic exclusion, is certainly the meanest episode in the annals of Christendom, and perhaps as mean as any in the annals of mankind. It is one course of opposition to progress, justice, even humanity—one series of servile alliances with powers of evil, with murderous tyrants, infamous favourites, profligate intriguers, “buttresses supporting the Church from without,” devout members of the Hell Fire Club, practical atheists and political sharpers, down to the present hour. Let the Church of England go, with such spiritual life as she may have in her, and do such work as is given her to do freely, as a Christian Church ought, as she does herself in the United States and in the colonies, begins to be the cry of all those among her members who regard her as a spiritual community. Even the Ritualists have begun to raise it since the ecclesiastical courts refused to burn Mr. Gorham and Professor Jowett. The men who support the State Church do so mainly on political grounds, and because it is useful as an electioneering agency, and an outwork of the oligarchical system. Of those who vote for it in the House of Commons, probably not half believe in the Anglican creed; some of them openly scoff at it, and live in ostentatious disregard of all the ordinances of religion. But it is the House of Lords that is the great upholder of religion and the great preserver of society from the license and atheism into which a hard-working and serious nation would immediately break out if it were not happily restrained by a select body of idle men of pleasure! Some of the more enlightened members of the oligarchy itself are beginning to see the approaching end of the salutary influence of established superstitions, and to betake themselves to the domestication of science, hoping that, as the Church put off the claims of the people to the next world, Science will teach that we must not try to do justice, but wait till it is evolved. Science, however, has not yet quite ceased to feel the pressure round her neck of University tests, nor, we may hope, has she quite forgotten what she has suffered at the hands of privilege under a long course of clerical obstruction.

In all this the flower of the English people will go with you, and the whole of them will go with you when their intelligence is awakened. Ireland will help you, if you will promise her the free decision of her own destiny, to which she has a right, the sale of her independence by a gang of jobbers, in 1800, having been a moral nullity, strongly as we may be convinced that a fair, honourable, and hearty union will ultimately be found the best thing for both nations. The English farmer, bound to the oligarchy as he now is, will join you as soon as he sees that a reform of the land-law is as good for him as for his Irish compeer. But if you attack the monarchy, you give battle to your opponents on a field of their own choosing. The monarchy is the popular screen of the oligarchy, which has grasped the whole of the royal power, while it keeps the royal robes to drape

the usurpation, and anxiously makes political capital out of the personal sympathies excited by the royal family. The dithyrambics of party leaders on the statesmanship of sovereigns, whereby it is implied that irresponsible government goes on behind the scenes, are, we may safely say, merely the tributes of courtiers, at which the speakers themselves would laugh over a dinner-table, as in fact they do in their books. The real evils of the monarchy now are its consecration of the hereditary principle, the propagation, by its example, of habits of wasteful and ostentatious expenditure, and the corruption of public men, whose feet, when they have once trod the floor of a court, never again walk straight in the path of popular reform. It is true that political fetishism never was rational, and has long ceased to be beautiful—that good sense and moral taste alike look anxiously forward to the inauguration of a more ennobling faith. It is true that with this institution of the past are connected some other strange instances of what antiquarian science calls “survival in culture,”—Gold-sticks, Exons in waiting, and those poor equerries, whose figures as they ride painfully in the dust at the side of the royal carriage would touch the heart of a Brutus. It is true that these trappings cost money, while hunger literally is cowering under the palace wall. Still the root of the mischief lies not there, and the strong point of the oligarchy does. On this subject true policy seems to point to silence and patience—a patience which will probably not be overtaken when the House of Lords and the Privileged Church are gone. Look round Europe, and you will see that Legitimacy is dead, and that the sand of Dynasticism has nearly run, though a few denizens of the Faubourg St. Germain may fancy that in the dark waters over which society, loosened from its old moorings, both religious and political, now begins to drift, it can still anchor by this strangely transmuted waif of the past.

It is surely almost needless to say that while the abolition of the State Church is pressed with vigour, a movement of political reform should not be tainted in the eye of a great mass of the community and rendered tenfold more difficult, by mixing it up with an iconoclastic onslaught on the Christian religion. It will be hard enough as it is to win political justice, without setting all the religious feeling of the country, as well as the power of the oligarchy and its supporters, against the movement.

We are asked what we would put in the place of the House of Lords. Is it necessary to put anything in its place? Is a second Chamber really necessary or desirable? Ontario does very well without one. Quebec is moving to get rid of hers. The Upper Chamber in the Dominion Parliament of Canada is almost a nullity. In Victoria the second Chamber produced a dead-lock, which probably would have been repeated in Ontario, if a rivalry of Chambers had been added to a rivalry of parties in the constitutional crisis through

which the Province has just passed. The Upper Chamber is supposed to be a check on unwise legislation. The House of Lords, in a superficial study of which the whole theory of second Chambers seems to have had its source, is a check with a vengeance, because it represents an interest separate from, and adverse to, that of the nation. But you cannot really divide the national will. All that you can do is, by having the Upper Chamber elected for a longer term than the Lower, to make it represent a past, while the Lower represents the present phase of opinion; and where is the use of thus causing the opinion of to-day to clash with the opinion of yesterday? Power will centre somewhere; and it is better to unite with it the full measure of responsibility. In the Double-chambered Legislatures of the United States, if we are not mistaken, the dissipation of responsibility more than countervails the check upon precipitation. The more popular House will act recklessly, trusting that the less popular House will save it from the consequences of its recklessness, which the less popular House, being the weaker, will not always have the courage to do. If the object is to guard against precipitation, that object would be best secured by good legislative forms, and possibly by giving a minority, amounting to a certain proportion of the House, the power of suspending for a certain period the operation of a measure, so as to give time for calmer consideration, and for a possible change of national opinion: there would be no obvious motive for the abuse of such a power.

The results of our general experience of free government seem to point to a Central Parliament, elected like the Senate of the United States, by Local Legislatures, and an Executive Council of State, elected by the Central Parliament. A thoroughly independent Judiciary, and independent and readily-accessible tribunals for cases of impeachment, are indispensable parts of any constitution. The subordination of the Executive to the Legislature, in which the sovereign power must reside, is necessary to preserve the harmony of the government. The framers of the constitution of the United States, discarding the hereditary principle, but in other respects reproducing the British Constitution, took the executive power to be vested in the King, whereas it was really vested in the Parliamentary Ministers, and were thus led to a separation of the Executive from the Legislature, which is fraught with perpetual danger of a collision between them, as was seen in the case of President Andrew Johnson, whose impeachment was simply a convulsive effort to bring the policy of the Executive into harmony with that of the Legislature. The quadrennial election to the Presidency, with all its patronage, is enough to tear a nation in two; it was the proximate cause of the American civil war, and would probably lead again to the same result in case another question as envenomed as that of slavery should arise. On the other hand, American experience is decisive in favour

of local legislatures with liberal powers, both as schools of self-government, absolutely essential in a democracy, and to relieve the central assembly from the mass of work by which the British Parliament is at present overwhelmed. Experience is also conclusive in favour of partial, as against general elections. General elections were well enough when a Plantagenet king called a Parliament to vote him taxes; but they are irrational and noxious when they involve the change at one moment, and perhaps under the impulse of a single exciting question, of the whole sovereign assembly of a country, leaving the country without a government while the elections are going on.

The elections to the Council of State should be sufficiently frequent to preserve the general harmony between it and the Parliament. The Council should have the appointment of all offices, subject to the power of Parliament to interfere in case of abuse. Such a mode of electing the Executive would be the best chance of deliverance from party government, which is a perpetual faction fight for the offices of State inflicting on the nation no small portion of the moral evils of civil war.

Such a constitution would lay less strain on the intelligence and the virtue of the masses than the constitution of the United States, those which work well enough in the Colonies.¹ Though thoroughly national, entirely untainted by privilege and the hatred which privilege excites, it would be really more conservative than that which you at present possess.

The franchise should be as broad as the nation. Nothing less will make a government national. Nothing less will make a nation loyal to its government, now that the primæval attachment to heaven-descended families is dead. Political philosophers may critically appreciate the structure of governments; the people must learn to love and trust them; and the people will now love and trust only government which they feel to be their own.² The distinction between counties and boroughs is now obsolete, and has become mere cover for anti-national influences. The town has no longer

(1) I fear indeed that to many such a constitution may appear anti-popular in tendency. But my own conviction is that the political influence of the people would be more actively and effectively exercised on and through strong local institutions, than it can be directly on the central legislature. That the people are generally impotent under the present system was the sad conviction forced upon me by my experience at the last general election. Of course I regard the ballot as essential. So does the House of Lords. It made one burn with indignation to see coercion carried on as it was at the last election, with insolent disregard of the character and self-respect, as well as the chartered rights, of the people. There will be some chance of real freedom of suffrage when a duke is brought to justice, not for killing a hare, a sin to which he has no mind, but for robbing a poor man of his birthright and his honour.

(2) It is not improbable that all constitutions may in course of time be modified by the introduction of a certain amount of direct popular legislation. The ground of legislation by representatives has been partly that the people themselves could not be present at the debate. But now, as educated persons, reading the newspapers, can be present at the debate, it may be found expedient in course of time to submit to the whole people measures for which strong moral support is desired. The liquor question will perhaps be an instance in point.

the separate interest, the social unity, the walled exclusiveness of the mediæval borough; it is now merely a thickly-peopled district, requiring a certain amount of special administration.

But to modify the constitution in accordance with the requirements of our age, so as to make it the adequate organ of national life and the true exponent of national will, without being the instrument of faction or the sport of popular passion, is the high task set before those whose lot is cast in England. Probably they will work for other countries as well as for their own, for England is still the most political of nations. But the popular party should lose no time in defining their object and making a well-planned and steady effort to attain it. The people will be politically demoralised, and their power of feeling rational loyalty to a good government will be destroyed by prolonged and aimless agitation. Other movements, unless clearly conducive to the success of the main movement, ought to be suspended till this victory is won. There can be nothing unjust or unkind in suggesting that the female suffrage agitation, into which the leaders of the popular party have diverged, should be postponed for the few years required to complete the work already in hand. That the lot of woman has been fixed through all the ages by the will of man, who has willed that she should be a slave while he enjoyed freedom and political rights, is metaphysic, and not history. The number of men who have hitherto really enjoyed freedom and political rights probably does not very greatly exceed the number of men who have perished directly or indirectly in bringing freedom and political rights into existence. Whatever the political capacities of women may be, it is certain that in their present position they do not, like men, feel directly the pressure of political evils, while they are under the dominion of non-political sentiments and of beliefs belonging to the past. It is highly probable that if political power were now placed in their hands, they would use it to cancel all the costly achievements of the last hundred years. The Tories see this, and they are going to play the card of female suffrage, as they played the card of household suffrage, and with equal recklessness of the good of the community. The claims of principle, of course, are paramount; but no principle of a rational kind can require the pledged trustees of a great popular cause to wreck, in sight of port, the vessel committed to their hands. It is a question between the wishes of a comparatively small number of ladies who are naturally anxious for the immediate realisation of their views, and the interest of every artisan's or peasant's wife in the land. At all events, it is idle, and worse than idle, at once to urge the people forward and bid them do that which must certainly drag them back—to propose such radical reforms as the confiscation to the State of all increase in the value of land, and at the same time

to propose a measure which would render all radical reform impossible for many a day.

Again, a good deal of time and energy seems to be frittered away in mere House-of-Commons bickerings with Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone's position is surely one of which we may take a philosophic view. He is, as he always has been, greatly under aristocratical and ecclesiastical influence; the men with whom he lives, and whom he naturally loves to promote, are the members of an aristocratic and High Church circle; he has bound himself to the maintenance of the House of Lords and of the State Church, and has thereby morally closed his legislative career. But he has at the same time real popular sympathies, which have led him to do more than any other statesman of the present day in the line of fiscal and economical reform for the improvement of the people, and has drawn upon him the bitter and almost delirious hatred of the people's worst enemies. Not to support him against those enemies would have been foolish and culpable pessimism. He has proved himself a hearty and courageous reformer of abuses; his sincerity gave us the extension of the suffrage; to him we owe the Irish Church Bill and the Irish Land Bill. He is at least as liberal as his Parliament, which is thoroughly plutocratic, and had exhausted its Liberalism when it had redeemed its election pledges on the subject of the Irish Church and Land. The worst of his measures, and that most indicative of what a Liberal would call the weak side of his character, the Education Bill, by which national education has been thrown back into the hands of the priest party, was manœuvred through Parliament by the member for what we always deemed the eminently and staunchly liberal constituency of Bradford, who is now receiving the deserved meed of clerical applause. Not much more will be obtained from Mr. Gladstone, but how anything more is to be obtained by taking the executive government from him and giving it to the leaders of the oligarchy, it is difficult to see.

One word more. A national government is good for all England and for all classes of Englishmen; and it is the highest loyalty that leads us to desire it. Its advocates need resort to no shows or threats of violence, which can only set the timid, and not the timid alone, against them. They need do nothing savouring of conspiracy, which all true men abhor, and which can never lead to the one thing we want, a constitution emanating from the deliberate will, and based on the rational allegiance of the whole community. They need never fail in loyalty to their own country, or in proud appreciation of her greatness, though this cause is happily becoming not the cause of one people only, but of all Europe, and all the nations begin to stretch out their hands to each other, and to aid each other in casting off the grave-clothes of the past and hastening the reign of reason, science, industry, and peace.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

RICHARD WAGNER.

POSTERITY, as a rule, may be relied upon to amend the injustice of former generations, and Richard Wagner has acted wisely in appealing for a fair judgment of his aspirations to those hereafter. For it is not otherwise that we have to interpret his adopting the malicious joke of a hostile journalist, and calling his new movement in art the "Music of the Future." The key-note of the new principle known by this name may be expressed in three words. It seems, indeed, of such simplicity as to disappoint the reader at first, who from the wild storm of both indignation and admiration which it has excited, may expect something very extraordinary. It may shortly be defined as the urgent demand of a poetical basis of music, or to put the same idea in the form of an axiom, "music, vocal or instrumental, in its highest development, must aim at, and is capable of, rendering all the emotions of the human heart; not essentially differing in this from poetry, to which it is inferior in the distinctness of its means of expression, but which it surpasses in immediate impulse." This principle, the well-instructed reader will say, leaving the question of its truth and value undecided, is certainly anything but new. It was felt unconsciously by the great composers of all times. It came to a distinct utterance in Gluck's celebrated preface to *Alceste*, and it vibrates with unsurpassable power and beauty in the works of Beethoven's latter period. Without denying any of the alleged facts, we hold with equal certainty that Wagner must be called the protagonist and eminent representative of this vital idea of modern music, for which he has fought with the philosopher's and artist's weapons, and as the highest development of which we have to consider his own music-drama. It will be our task in the following pages to trace the progress of this idea through its various phases of growing self-consciousness and importance.

One of the numerous accusations which Wagner's innumerable adversaries have raised against his creative power is grounded on the fact of his having investigated the metaphysical and historical side of his art. The two faculties of speculation and execution—these wise men assert—are never found combined in the same individuality, and on the strength of this axiom, they prove *a priori* that the author of *Oper und Drama* cannot but produce works of cold deliberation, which, based on a theoretical speculation, may occasionally attain effects of skill, but must needs lack the life of spontaneous production. To refute the arguments of such theorists by the

intrinsic value of Wagner's creations would be in vain, as these appeal altogether to a higher kind of receptive faculty than is to be found amongst the high priests of orthodox Philistinism in art. Such men never will or can conceive that in art as well as in life we must distinguish between the state of Paradisiac innocence and that of self-conscious knowledge. In the former the feelings are poured forth with almost childlike *naïveté*, and if the mind from which they flow draws its sources from the inexhaustible fountain of beauty, they will possess all the charms of virginity. Mozart might be named as the representative genius of this kind of delightfully fresh spontaneity. Unfortunately the times of juvenile enjoyment have been changed for the manhood of deeper thought and sorrow. We have tasted the bitter fruit of knowledge, and the artists of our latter days must have passed with us through the furnace of "fierce and unfathomable thought," purifying in it the inarticulate longings of the soul, to the not less passionate but conscious strife for ideal aims. Beethoven and Wagner are the artists by whose names the philosophical, and therefore essentially modern, epoch of music will be recognised. By these remarks, however, it shall by no means be implied that the works of Wagner or Beethoven are not the emanation of spontaneous production, but fashioned after a certain scheme, the result of previous speculation. In Wagner's case the futility of such an accusation can easily be proved by chronological dates. He himself has told us how "unintentionally" (*unvorsätzlich*) he entered upon his career as a reformer in the *Flying Dutchman*. This work, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* were finished, and even the scheme of *Siegfried* and the *Meistersinger* conceived and partly executed, before his first theoretical work, the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, saw the light. It is indeed one of the most interesting studies of musical history to see how the new idea in all its consequences grew upon Wagner, and how he embodied it unconsciously in his dramatic creations, which only afterwards, like the works of any other composer, served him as material for his researches. The great importance of these theoretic writings lies for us in the fact of their being the only way in which a full understanding of Wagner's aims, and, further, of those of modern music in general, can be obtained.

Germany is the country of music and philosophy, but the philosophy of music has been treated by most of its deepest thinkers with an undeserved and equally unaccountable neglect. Even a man of Leibnitz's pre-eminence saw in music only an "*exercitium arithmeticæ occultum nescientis se numerare animi*," although the works of his contemporaries, Bach and Handel, might have taught him better. Hegel's views on the same subject cannot be said to enlighten the mind considerably, and in our own time Friedrich Vischer, the "*Ästhetiker*" *par excellence*, confessed his own ignorance

in a double way, first by not treating music himself in his great work, and secondly by choosing Dr. Hanslick as his substitute. Arthur Schopenhauer, the greatest thinker Germany has produced since Kant, was the first to pierce the clouds hanging around this most ethereal art. There is a certain likeness between the characters of Wagner and Schopenhauer, and equally between the positions which they take in the history of their respective branches. Both acknowledge one, and only one, of their predecessors as their superior, whose ideas they are destined to carry out. In this exclusive admiration of Beethoven and Kant on the part of Wagner and Schopenhauer lies at the same time the cause for their frequently unjust contempt of epigonic aspirations and the bitterness of their critical utterances. Perhaps such one-sidedness and misunderstanding of individualities not strictly akin to their own is inevitably the doom of creative minds; but only too often it leads to a fatal isolation from the stream of contemporary progress. The bitter resentment on the part of the object concerned is another disadvantage of such reformatory zeal. The flaying of Marsyas, a wretched singer though he may have been, seemed to me always the least enviable part of Apollo's career. In both Wagner's and Schopenhauer's case the numerous victims of their wrath agreed upon a system of self-defence and revenge, in which the positive and negative weapons of abuse, and even more pernicious silence, were handled with considerable skill, and the temporary success of which showed the influential position of the Marsyas tribe in the literary community. The consequence was that of Schopenhauer's standard work scarcely two editions were sold in almost half a century, while the immense importance of Wagner's ideas is only just now, after a painful struggle of more than twenty years, beginning to dawn upon his own nation. It is perhaps partly owing to this affinity of character that Wagner adopted with slight modifications the great pessimist's notions on the ideal basis of music. Into Schopenhauer's views as contained in "The World as Will and Imagination," we therefore now must enter a little fully.

The great discovery of Kant, in the Critique of Pure Reason, is the doctrine that the outer world, or what we call the universe, appeals to our senses only by means of its phenomenon. About the real essence, the *noumenon* of this world, as it might appear to beings with other means of perception than ours, and not limited by the notions of space and time, nothing is revealed to us. Even these notions originate, according to Kant, in a certain predisposition of the brain, by means of which we discern the succession or co-existence of different phenomena and the phenomena themselves. Against the absolute idealism of Berkeley, Kant holds that outside the human Ego there must exist an independent something to act upon the

individual. Schopenhauer, starting from this basis, proceeds to the further assertion that this something hitherto nondescript exists only in so far as it has the "will of existence;" in fact, that it is nothing else but this will in its different forms and phases. The highest and last of these phases is the human volition, made conscious of its being and aims by the intellect, and comprising in its microcosm the universe out of which it grows, and from which it differs gradually but not essentially. The first manifestation of this will, Schopenhauer proceeds, takes place in the ideas in Plato's sense—that is, in the archetypal forms which fashion the cosmos, and of which the single phenomena are further subdivisions. It is the aim of all arts to express the eternal essence of things by means of these Platonic ideas, only music takes in this respect an exceptional position. Arts like painting and sculpture embody these ideas, as conceived by the artist through the medium of phenomena, the ideal value of which he shows, but only by the reproduction of their actual appearance. Even in poetry the realities of life and the visible wonders of the world, with their symbolic meaning, form an essential ingredient. Music, on the contrary, does not want, nor even allow, of a realistic conception. There is no sound in nature fit to serve the musician as a model, or to supply him with more than an occasional suggestion for his sublime purpose. He approaches the original sources of existence more closely than all the other arts—nay, even than Nature herself. His harmonies and melodies are, to speak with Schopenhauer, "as immediate and direct an objectification or copy of the will of the world as the world itself is, as the ideas are of which the universe of things is the phenomenon. Music is not the copy of the ideas, like the other arts, but a representation of the cosmical will co-ordinate with the ideas themselves." In this sense the musical composer is the only *creative* artist. While the painter or sculptor must borrow the raiment for his idea from the human form or the landscape, the musician is alone with his inspiration. He only listens to the voice of the spirit of the world, or, which is the same of his own spirit speaking to him as in a dream; for it is only in dreams, when the soul is not disturbed by the impression of the senses, that such a state of absorption is attainable, and Vogl's saying of Schubert, that he composed in a state of *clairvoyance*, may be applied to all creative musicians.

The philosophical side of the question being thus stated, we have now to follow Wagner on strictly musical ground, in order to witness the results of this speculation on the historical development of our art. Music being of an entirely supernatural character, ought to be likewise independent of the conditions under which the visible world acts on our senses—that is, of space and time. In an art of sound, space is altogether out of the question; but even time can

a certain extent be dispensed with in that which is most musical in music—harmony. A harmonic chord, as such, is absolutely unmeasurable by time, and in pieces like the divine works of Palestrina, where the gradual progress from one harmonious combination to another is scarcely perceptible, the consciousness of change, and with it that of passing time itself, almost ceases, and we seem to have entered, under the master's guidance, the quiet realms of divine non-existence. But music could not always remain in this state of passive calm, and as soon as its other most important element, rhythm, is introduced, everything changes suddenly, and we are at once transported into the restless waves of time and progress. For as we know from Aristoxenos, rhythm is nothing but a regular return of shorter and longer portions of time, as manifested by a movement performed in this time, the object of the movement in music being the succession of melodious intervals—i.e., the μέλος, or tune. Melody, therefore, is the daughter of the quiet repose in harmony and the throbbing motion of rhythm, and both elements are equally necessary for its beautiful growth. Still, rhythm being an intruder in the realm of absolute music, the compositions which, like dances, are exclusively founded on it must be of a lower order than where the melody grows out of harmonious relations. With these three elements, viz., harmony, rhythm, and melody, we have exhausted the means of expression which music proper can call its own. Also about its aims and object there can be no doubt, after the foregoing remarks. Music's own domain is the reign of unimpaired impulse, the tenderest vibrations of will and passion, as the immediate effluence of which we have to consider it. But its origin, as well as the character of its instruments, excludes it from the sphere of actual realities, and prevents it from rivalling articulate speech in the distinct rendering of emotions. The purest and most adequate organ of our art in its separate condition is instrumental music, the independent existence of which is of comparatively recent date, beginning with Bach, and ending (if we may believe Wagner) with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. In this even the supreme genius of Beethoven confesses its inability to express its highest aspirations in music alone; it calls poetry to its assistance, and the words of Schiller's *Freude*, added to Beethoven's enchanted strains, sound, as it were, the death-knell of music in its separate condition, and the rise of a new epoch, in which music and poetry can be severed no more. With this view we are able to agree only in a modified way, but will not at present interrupt the progress of Wagner's ideas by untimely deviation. The combination of music and poetry, Wagner proceeds, to which Beethoven repaired when the insufficiency of his musical means became obvious, was of course not invented or used for the first time by him. It, on the contrary, preceded the artificial

separation of the two arts. The traditions of all nations speak of the poet and singer as the same person, and the mere fact of the human voice being at the same time the most perfect musical instrument, seems to indicate the organic necessity of such a combination, as divined in the lines of the *Passionate Pilgrim*—

“ If music and sweet poetry agree
As they must needs, the sister and the brother.

* * *

One God is God of both as poets feign.”

Besides, the metrical element which exists in an embryonic and all but latent state in the spoken language, can be interpreted and displayed in all its charms only by the aid of real melody, which, as it were, must grow out of the rhythmical structure of verse and stanza. In their ideal aims the two sister arts form also a necessary complement to each other. The free expression of intense and abundant feeling in poetry is but too often encumbered by the speculative structure of language, while, on the other hand, the soaring flight of music lacks a starting-point of strictly defined and recognisable pathos. Music and poetry, therefore, by both their powers and weaknesses are referred to each other's aid ; and the results of their combination will be of a higher order than is attainable by either of them in their separate state. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that their close union will be made possible only by a mutual compromise, in which either of them has to resign certain peculiarities of its own in favour of the common aim.

The way in which such a compromise has been attempted has varied considerably in different times and nations. In the lyrical parts of the Greek tragedy (for it is to the drama, as the highest development of both music and poetry, that we have now to turn our chief attention) music, as we know, took a prominent part ; so important, indeed, that the metrical structure of the choric pieces can be understood only from its connection with song. But the essentially rhythmical nature of Greek composition could not be favourable to the flow of melody, which, as we have seen, depends for its more elevated effects chiefly on harmonious beauty. Unfortunately the sense for harmony seems to have been little in accordance with the other accomplishments of the most artistic nation of the world. Even if we follow the most favourable accounts, the knowledge of polyphony was all but wanting among the Greeks, and the imperfect nature of their scales, without the major seventh, betrays, at least according to our notions, a deplorable want of musical ear. Under these circumstances it scarcely required the powers of *Æschylos* or *Sophocles* to settle the question of preponderance in the Greek tragedy in favour of poetry, which had all the advantages of technical perfection in the hands of men of unmatchable genius. It

remains to acknowledge the keen perception of the relations of the two arts shown by the Greeks in this treatment, in which music, imperfect though it might be, was applied to its true purpose of intensifying the rhythmical power and ideal pathos of words.

This state of things was entirely changed in the next important phase of dramatic music which we encounter in Italy, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Like the renaissance of the fine arts, the Italian opera was, or pretended to be, a revival of antique traditions. But the affinity between the two epochs in regard to this was of a very superficial character. Music this time entered the lists under much more favourable auspices. First of all, the language it had to deal with had lost its rhythmical character entirely; in poetry a mere counting of syllables had taken the place of metrical accentuation, and music was at full liberty to supply the want of arsis and thesis according to its own conditions. The character of modern feeling was likewise more akin to the intense but vague and indistinct kind of musical expression. In its way through the middle ages, with their romantic conception of love, and the mysterious terrors and charms of Christian revelation, mankind had lost that firm grasp of realities which always formed the substratum of the loftiest flights of Greek genius. There were certain vibrations of feeling in this longing for the supernatural which would not allow of the limits of words, and absolutely required the more congenial raiment of pure sound. At the epoch we speak of the great poets of Italy had passed away, and the void which was left even by their mighty deeds now remained to be filled up by the musician, whose means were by this time more equal to his great task. For his art had now passed out of the stage of childish stammering. The homophonous innocence of the Doric and Mixolydic scales had left only a dim tradition. Polyhymnia had undergone the uncouth attempts at discipline which we are used to attribute to Hucbald. She had learnt from Guittone di Arezzo to fix her thoughts in indelible signs, and two centuries' training in the school of the Netherlands had taught her the powers of polyphonous figuration. When this school reached its climax in the great Orlando di Lasso, and in Goudimel's pupil, the divine Roman, Palestrina, music had not to shun comparison with any of the sister arts.

The superior position which it had thus to take was not favourable to its harmonious co-operation with poetry in the result of their combined efforts—the opera. Although dramatic in its fundamental idea, the structure of the Italian opera soon became entirely dependent on musical purposes. Certain established forms of absolute music, like finale or aria, were bodily transferred into the opera, without any regard to their poetical propriety. In the course of time the poet became the bondsman of the musician, and had to arrange his

libretti (as they were ignominiously called) entirely according to the arbitrary decision of the latter. Even the human voice, the last stronghold of the poetical element in music, was treated henceforth like any other instrument, only with a view to display its beauties of sound. In most cases it seems as if words were put into the mouth of the singer only as more convenient for him to pronounce than meaningless vowels. At most their contents served to give the composer some slight indication whether to write a brilliant *allegro* or a languid *adagio*. Nearly the same might be said of the whole dramatic poem, the merits of which depended almost entirely on its adaptedness for musical purposes. The dulness and absurdity of most of these productions are, in consequence, almost inconceivable. Soon, however, music in its own sphere had to experience the evil results of this neglect of its natural foundation. Forgetful of its higher artistic aims, it lost hold of all poetic meaning, and was degraded to a mere display of skill on the part of clever vocalists, who performed the most daring *salti mortali* on the tight-rope of *floriture*. If formerly the composer had encroached upon the domain of the poet, he now on his part was made the slave of the castrato, who, with great real merit as a vocal virtuoso, combined an innocence of all artistic intentions scarcely to be equalled even by the stars of the modern operatic stage.

It was against this omnipotence of the singer that the great German composers protested when they took up the barren forms of the Italian opera, and filled them with new vitality. Mozart was the first of a brilliant group of German dramatic composers to take the lead in this crusade against Italian artificiality. He was endowed by nature with the richest gift of musical productiveness that ever was possessed by man, and it is no wonder that the genuine touches of nature and dramatic pathos which we still admire after the lapse of nearly a century, acted as a wholesome antidote on the spirits of his contemporaries against the soporific effects of Hesperic vocalisation. Still, Mozart's genius was too decidedly of a musical character to attempt, or even wish for, an operatic reform on the basis of poetry. To him also the opera appeared, like the symphony or sonata, as an entirely musical formation in which the addition of poetry seemed only of importance as suggesting opportunities for the display of the powers of his own art. He would never have approved of the slightest concession of musical prerogative in favour of dramatic economy. Take, for instance, the scene in *Figaro* where the page is hidden in the closet of the countess, and her husband, mad with jealousy at finding the door locked, rushes away for the necessary instruments to make his entrance by force. As soon as he is out of sight, Cherubino appears, and seeing no other way of saving his life and the honour of his lady, is about to jump out of window. There is

periculum in mora, and a moment's delay may be of fatal consequence. But here Mozart saw the opportunity for an effective piece of music. Cherubino and Susanna begin their duet, and fate, in the shape of the count with his hammer and drawn sword, has to wait at the door till *tonic* and *dominant* have had their due. The admirable way in which the anxiety of the situation is rendered by Mozart's music cannot atone for this interruption of the dramatic action. The mere fact of his introducing a piece of music in the distinct form of a duet at such a moment shows Mozart's inability for the post of a dramatic Messiah, as he is still considered by many of his blind worshippers.

Neither can we be surprised at seeing Mozart adopt the whole apparatus of the *opera seria*. It was not in his tender and unpolemical nature to destroy established forms with the sword of the reformer; he could only make us forget the narrowness of these fetters. His great merit for the development of dramatic music consists in his having shown and increased its capability of rendering poetic intention. Of the greatest importance for us is the fact that even he was not able to write beautiful and impressive music to dull and unsuggestive words. The comparison with this view of *La Clemenza di Tito* and *Don Giovanni*, or of *Così fan Tutte* and *Figaro*, proves more clearly than any philosophical argument could do that music, even in the hands of a Mozart, depends for its highest effects on the assistance of its sister art. "And so," Wagner says, "it would have been Mozart, the most absolute of all musicians, who would have solved the problem of the opera long ago—that is, who would have assisted in producing the truest, the most beautiful, and most perfect drama, if he had only met with a poet whom he as a musician would only have had to assist. But with such a poet he unfortunately was never to meet." This quotation may serve at the same time as a specimen of veracity on the part of Wagner's enemies, who persistently accuse him of defiling the name of Mozart, and of erecting from the scattered ruins of his rival's fame the column of his own glory.

Very different from Mozart's unpremeditated and entirely spontaneous effort is the way in which Gluck approached the problem of settling the balance between music and poetry in the opera. The tendency of his works was of a decidedly reformatory character, and the principle which he carried out in his music, and to which he gave utterance even in words, was that the task of dramatic music is, and is only, to accompany the different phases indicated in the text, and that its position to worded poetry is of a subordinate kind. In this way the immoderate influence of the singer was made impossible for evermore; he was henceforth to be the mouthpiece of the poet, and consequently had to take the greatest possible care in conveying the full poetical meaning of his song to the audience. By

this means the declamatory element became of the highest importance for the composer as well as the performer, and the *recitativo*, in which this element finds its fullest expression, was brought by Gluck to an unequalled degree of perfection. A further progress marked by his reform is the greater consideration which was paid to the dramatic economy of the libretti. Frequent and continued interruption of the action by an uncalled-for display of musical powers was made all but impossible. The revolutionising tendency of our composer was felt keenly by the adherents of the old system, and the hatred of the two parties became evident when their two champions, Piccini and Gluck, met face to face on the battle-field of the stage. The scene of their deadly contest was the gay Paris of 1777, and the ardour with which it was carried on was quite worthy of the important questions at stake. The highest ranks of French literature and society, royalty itself not excluded, became partisans of the Italian or Franco-German *gonfaloniere*.

The essential difference between the two systems was pretty well defined in the question, "Est-ce pour flatter l'oreille qu'on fait de la musique, ou pour peindre les passions dans toutes leurs énergies?" The reproaches aimed by the conservatives at what was then the music of the future remind one curiously of the refined critical utterances of which Wagner has been and is still the enviable object. Besides this capability of raising the indignant alarm of critical worthies, the artistic consequences of Gluck's and Wagner's aspirations have not as much in common as is generally believed. It is true that Gluck already felt the necessity of a perfect unity between music and poetry, but he never intended to bring about this desirable effect by surrendering any of the strict forms of absolute music. The consequence was that the poet was even more bound to adapt his work to the intentions of the composer, and the latter remained practically the omnipotent ruler on the operatic stage. The high condition of the contemporary spoken drama in France had been of considerable influence on Gluck's production. He wrote his most accomplished works for the opera in Paris and to French words; we cannot therefore be surprised at discerning the immediate results of his career more distinctly in France than in his native country. The grand opera in Paris was swayed for a long time by the great German maestro's traditions, as continued by a school of highly accomplished artists. The representative names are Méhul, Cherubini, and Spontini (the latter two, although Italian by birth, living quite under the mighty spell of French nationality in the same degree as we have seen it repeated in our own days in Meyerbeer and Offenbach), whose place in the history of their art will be secured for ever by the additional dramatic power and intensity which music owes to their efforts. Still the traditional encum-

branches of poetical development by the established musical forms remained unshaken by them.

To those mentioned already, we have now to add two more attempts at the regeneration of the opera made at almost the same time in two different countries. Italy, the old cradle of the divine art, was to recover once more her position at the head of musical Europe. Rossini, the most gifted and most spoiled of her sons, sallied forth with an innumerable army of bacchantic melodies to conquer the world, the Messiah of joy, the breaker of thought and sorrow. Europe by this time had got tired of the pompous seriousness of French declamation. It lent but too willing an ear to the new gospel, and eagerly quaffed the intoxicating potion which Rossini poured out in inexhaustible streams. Looking back with calmer eyes at the enormous enthusiasm with which Rossini was received by our grandfathers, we are almost at a loss to discern the causes for such an unequalled success. It requires, indeed, all the patience of an English audience to stand nowadays a performance of *Otello*, *Semiramide*, or any of Rossini's serious operas. The recitativo secco is treated with all the dryness which this ominous name implies. The melodious structure, mostly founded on dance-like rhythm, verges constantly on the trivial, and wherever Rossini covets the forbidden fruit of counterpoint, his deficiencies become sadly obvious. Only rarely the swan of Pesaro rises with the dramatic power of the situation to a remarkable height of passionate impulse. But Rossini knew his public, and he knew equally well his own resources; prudent, as all Italians are, he did his best to profit by the chances of the situation. What he could do and did admirably well was to open the rich mines of melodious beauty with which nature had endowed him, and which it is so easy to augment and develop in a country whose very language is music, and where the *gondolieri* chant the stanzas of Dante and Tasso to self-invented tunes. This principle of absolute melodiousness, as Rossini carried it out to its extreme, combined with the charming freshness of his good-natured humour, was well adapted to silence the objections of graver criticism in the universal uproar of popular applause. The unpleasant fact of a strong family likeness among all these sweet children of song and their common mother the waltz, whether they deplored the sad fate of Desdemona or mimicked the jealous rage of the Seville Dottore, seems to have struck only very few of the enchanted hearers. We need scarcely add that the pretended reform of dramatic music on the basis of Rossini's absolute melody was a total failure in all respects.

Almost contemporary with his great success, and to a certain extent in opposition to it, we have to record another movement of operatic development much purer in its artistic aims and very

different in its lasting consequences. Karl Maria von Weber stood at the head of this movement, which took its rise from the strong romantic and national feeling pervading at the time all the ranks of German society and literature. It is a remarkable fact that the composer of *Der Freischütz* had also supplied with their musical garment the war songs of Körner and Schenkendorf, which roused and expressed the patriotic indignation against the yoke of the foreign oppressor. Closely connected with this national elevation was the revival of mediæval and popular poetry with its romantic odour of forest and meadow, and all this Weber now embodied in his dramatic creations. By this the first essentially new and highly important addition was made to the resources of the opera as Mozart left it. Rossini's cantilena, although sparkling with originality, was in form and essence nothing but an exact reproduction of the Italian aria of the last century. Weber's melody, on the contrary, was founded entirely on the popular tune of the Volkslied, and to its close connection with the inexhaustible and ever new creating power of popular feeling, it owed the charm of its delightful freshness. Every passion and sentiment within the range of this pure and simple language Weber expressed with incomparable beauty; only where the grand pathos of dramatic action demanded a higher scope of musical conception the limits of his power become obvious. For the foundation of his dramatic production after all was melody, melody quite as absolute, although much purer and nobler than that of Rossini; and the ultimate harmonious amalgamation of music and poetry, by which alone a pure dramatic effect is attainable, was not to be found on this basis.

The new element of national and popular colouring in music was soon appreciated in all its practical results by Weber's skilful colleagues of the French operatic stage. The versatile genius of Rossini proved equal to the occasion. Full of the new idea, he left his country, crossed the Alps, and entered triumphantly the capital of modern civilisation laden with the *Ranze des vaches* and other melodious specimens of the Alpine flora, the innocent charms which he was to interpret to those who haunted the grand opera. Auber, with a simultaneous impulse, explored the Gulf of Naples, and embodied the results of his Lazzaroni experience in the immortal melodies of the *Muette de Portici*. The climax of this national, or it has also been called, historic phase of the opera was reached in Meyerbeer, Weber's countryman and co-disciple of Abbate Vogl. He was too well acquainted with the mysterious practices of popular effect not to see at a glance the immense advantages of a striking air of the national kind. Reverence for the historic individuality, such a tune, and the movement represented by it, was something entirely strange to his eclectic turn of mind; witness the sacrilegi-

way in which he treated Luther's monumental hymn in the *Huguenots*, with all the *raffinement* of the French opera. His artistic conscience was never troubled while he was safe (as well he might be) that his trick would not be found out by the compatriots of his selection. While fully agreeing with Wagner's severe condemnation of such unprincipled writing for momentary effect by which Meyerbeer degraded his own genius and that of his art, we cannot help saying that, upon the whole, his opinion of the composer of the *Huguenots* seems to be marked by an unjustifiable severity. Dramatic music owes to Meyerbeer new accents of genuine pathos, which have added considerably to its powers of rendering passionate emotions. Wagner's aversion seems to find its psychological explanation partly in the circumstance that his own first efforts moved in the sphere of Meyerbeer and Halévi, and that from his present high point of view he looks back with intense horror on the sins of his youth.

Surveying once more the different stages through which we have accompanied dramatic music, from its modest beginning in the seventeenth century to the present day, we notice an enormous progress in the variety and intensity of its means of expression, but scarcely any change in the relative position of poetry and music, of which the latter was from beginning to end considered as the sovereign principle imposing its own conditions on the sister art. The problem of a harmonious union of the two elements could not, as we have seen, be solved on this unnatural basis.

We might call it a kind of Nemesis that in the highest development of music in its separate existence, in the symphony, the demand of a previous poetic inspiration was felt at first, and that it was Beethoven, the greatest musical creator of all time, who was to bow down before the eternal rights of poetry, and usher in the new epoch of what we still may call the music of the future. It must be confessed that before him his art had been in a state of unconsciousness of its own powers and duties. None of the great composers had taken a higher aim than that of displaying the beauties of music in its own limits, that is, in the domain of sound. Hence the wonderful variety of melodious and harmonious combinations in the old Italian masters; hence the prodigious skill in the polyphonus texture of Bach's and Handel's counterpoint. The growth and climax of emotions which these beautiful sounds might convey to the mind remained a secondary consideration, and wherever such emotions were condensed into words their divergence from the accompanying music was not always avoided by the greatest masters. The opening motive of the chorus, for instance, in Bach's celebrated cantata, "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," would suit a joyous ditty quite as well as the quoted complaint of a sorrowful

Christian. Perhaps Bach had sketched the theme of his fugue before he chose the corresponding words. Examples of the same kind might be quoted from all the standard works of the last century—Gluck's operas not excluded. It was, in fact, unavoidable as long as the musical conception preceded in time and importance the poetic idea, whether or not expressed in distinct words. Not so in Beethoven. In all the bliss of musical creation he betrays a longing for something of which he himself was scarcely aware, but which he described with the unconscious divination of genius, and the marks of which are traceable in the works of his last and grandest period. He was the first to condense the vague feelings which were all that music had hitherto expressed into more distinctly intelligible ideas. He even brings the song of birds, the thunder, and the murmuring brook before the ear, not as a portrait of nature, but as at once a suggestive and embodiment of the feelings which would be called up by them. *Mehr Ausruck der Empfindung als Malerei*, as he wrote himself the head of his pastoral symphony. In Schopenhauer's parallel between the act of composing and a dream, this phase of Beethoven's artistic creation would represent the transition between sleeping and waking, where the recovering senses supply the mind with images from the outer world to clothe its dream, which was naked and shapeless. Indeed, there are passages in his later instrumental works, such as long distinct recitativi, which can only be explained by the presence of some occult idea struggling for self-consciousness, or, if it may be, expression. This idea being previous to all musical conception, the forms of absolute music had to submit to its harmonious development, and in this way the spell of their unlimited sway was broken for ever. It therefore was Beethoven who restored the true relations of the two arts, which were henceforth inseparable. The possibility of music for the sole sake of sonorous beauty had virtually ceased to exist, and any composer with higher aspirations than those of a *genre* painter, without subject or artistic purpose, has henceforth to consider it his task to express a preconceived poetical idea by means of his sound. It is the part of music to receive this idea, and to bring it forth again idealised and raised to its own sphere of pure passion. "For music," as Wagner beautifully expresses it, "is a woman; the essence of a woman's nature is love, but this love is receptive, and surrendering itself unconditionally in the act of conception."

The result of Beethoven's gigantic reform for the drama is at once visible. Music in its new position could never attempt to fetter the organic growth of the drama by imposing upon it conditions strange to its own nature. Henceforth the art of sound was limited to its own sphere of intensifying the poet's conceptions by means of its ideal powers. It was not given to Beethoven to make him-

the one last step to the music-drama, perhaps only because he did not find a poem congenial to his inspiration. But it was he who showed the capability of music for this task not by his single opera, which belongs to an early period of his career, and, after all, is not more than a symphony of instruments and human voices, but by the works of his latter period, and foremost of all by his Ninth Symphony, the sublime accompaniment of some immense drama, of which mankind itself, with all its doubts, pains, and joys, is the hero. Wagner calls the Ninth Symphony the last that was ever written, and seems to deny the possibility of a further progress of music in its own sphere. With this, however, we are obliged to disagree to some extent. The music-drama is certainly the highest type of musical development; still, the emergence of this does not make impossible or irrational the perpetuation and perfection of a lower and simpler species as such. Surely the songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Franz, or the symphonies by which the two former composers and Liszt have enriched our literature, cannot leave any doubt about the vitality of these forms, founded as they are on Beethoven's reformatory idea, and bearing witness to the high aspirations of their authors.

We have completed the first part of our task, which was to reconstruct, as far as possible in the condensed form of an essay, the results of Wagner's philosophic and historic researches as they are scattered about in his *Oper und Drama*, *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, and other interesting but not always very perspicuous works. The reader who has followed us patiently in the course of our investigations will, we hope, have a distinct and clear idea of the key-note of a movement which hitherto he was satisfied to know by the vague name of the Music of the Future. He will understand what we, the believers in this future and its art, are struggling for, what are our hopes and fears, what our ideals. It will now be our further task to show how far and in what way these hopes and aspirations are realised in the creations of Richard Wagner; for by a rare gift of nature he is endowed with the combined genius of music and poetry, and in him at last we must recognise the reformer who re-unites in the music-drama the two arts of poetry and music, which seemed to be separated by a profound chasm, and in reality are one.

"Rebus humanis inest quidam orbis," we may say with the great Roman historian. We have seen the starting-point of dramatic music in the antique tragedy, and as the interpreter of poetic intentions; we have accompanied it on its bold course of independent development, and at last we witnessed its return to the original position of a more equal but still dependent companion of poetry in the music-drama of our own time. An orbis of a somewhat similar kind might be traced in the individual career of Wagner

himself. In the chief representative of poetry in music it can not surprise us to see that his first aspirations were entirely of the poetic kind, and that only through these he was led to the complementary aid of musical expression. The first attempts of his youthful music we have to date back as far as the year 1826, when we encounter Wagner as a not very industrious or hopeful pupil of the Kreuzschule at Dresden, aged thirteen. He had been studying English, in order to appreciate Shakspeare in the original, and the overpowering impression of this genius was responsible for the first outbreak of Wagner's youthful eccentricity. The result was an enormous tragedy—a kind of compound of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. The following is Wagner's own humoristic description of his monstrous first-born:—"I have murdered forty-two persons in the course of my piece, and I was obliged to let most of them reappear as ghosts in the last acts for want of living characters." It was about this time that Wagner became acquainted with Beethoven's great works. The music to Goethe's *Egmont* by this master excited his enthusiasm to such a degree that he at once saw the necessity of a similar musical accompaniment for his own tragedy, and notwithstanding his total ignorance of counterpoint and thoroughbass, boldly decided to supply the want from his own resources. This led to a rapid perusal of some theoretical works, and in its further consequences to Wagner's adoption of the musical profession. Childish and grotesque though those first ebullitions of youthful conceit may have been, we cannot but discover with hopeful joy and accept as a good omen the two names of Shakspeare and Beethoven at the outset of our master's thorny way to the pure heights of self-conscious artistic purpose.

With this we must leave Wagner for an interval of more than ten years. He enters now into a period which we might call the prehistoric time, and which we notice in the artistic career of many great musicians. What has become of all the Italian operas which Handel and Mozart composed to order, and by the dozens? Their names are dimly discernible to the careful student of musical history, and one may occasionally meet with an air selected from them in the concert-hall or drawing-room, otherwise they have dwindled again into oblivion and nothingness. The same may be said to a great extent of the various productions of Wagner's *Sturm und Drang* period. We will not encumber the memory of the reader with the enumeration of a symphony, various overtures, and other miscellaneous compositions, nor with the names of several operas which would always have to remain names only. The personal history of Wagner's life during these ten years will also be best passed over in silence. It presents the usual mixture of youthful extravagance, remorseful disappointment and misery, in which so many hopes and gifts have perished miserably. The only work of

this period which has survived the general disaster, and even at the present time manifests its vitality in frequent performances on the German stage, is the grand opera of *Rienzi*. It may be considered as the final result of its author's first phase of development, and shows retrospectively the various struggles of ideal aspirations and worldly errors of his first epoch. The work was begun in 1837, when Wagner held the position of conductor at the opera in Riga. It belonged to the duties of this office to conduct the silliest productions of the French and Italian stage. There is something inexpressibly tragic in the idea of Wagner's rehearsing with the mediocre band and actors of a provincial theatre the trivial pieces of Adam or Donizetti. *Rienzi* was destined by its author to save him from the degrading miseries of this serfdom, and to open his way to wealth and renown. It was written accordingly in the spirit, and arranged with all the splendour, of the grand opera in Paris, and there we find the composer in the autumn of 1839 with introductions from Meyerbeer to Parisian managers, with a view to having one of his works put upon the stage. We almost shudder in thinking of the fatal consequences which a great success might have had on Wagner's creative power. Perhaps he would have been content with the doubtful honour of sharing with Meyerbeer the lucrative laurels of a European reputation. Luckily for himself and his art, fortune handled him with all the pitiless cruelty which it seems to reserve especially for the children of genius. Wagner's visit to Paris proved an utter failure. All his attempts at testing the vitality of his works by the ordeal of a performance before the critical audience of the French capital were in vain. In order to earn his scanty livelihood he had to undergo the most humiliating trials of musical drudgery, and even in this way he narrowly escaped the death from starvation which he described with grim humour in the "End of a Musician in Paris." We may consider it as the most irrefutable test of Wagner's real genius that he did not perish in this overpowering sea of misery and sorrow. It was the original longing of his nature for the purer aims of art that broke into the night of his despair, and taught him now, when every hope of worldly success had vanished, to seek the purer joys of spontaneous creation, which is regardless of ephemeral applause. The infallible instinct of the true artist led him to the inexhaustible source of popular imagination as the only congenial companion of his ideal art, and his searching eye soon discovered two mythological types as the poetical representatives of his individual sufferings and aspirations. They were the *Flying Dutchman*, homeless and longing for love on the pitiless waves of a borderless sea, and *Tannhäuser*, satiated with the bitter pangs of pleasure, and released from the thralldom of lust by the responsive love of pure womanhood.

These two works signify at the same time the artistic Katharsis of their author. The contrast between the spectacular effects of *Rienzi* and the purely artistic means of rendering the finest vibrations of the heart aimed at in *Tannhäuser*, produces a sensation very much akin to the relief felt in passing from the scented atmosphere of a Paris opera-house, or may I say the Venusberg, into the bracing air of sea and forest.

Wagner, as we have seen, entered upon his new career without any previous reflection, urged only by the organic necessities of his nature, and without imagining at once the enormous bearing of his reformatory act on the further development of his art. The result soon justified the boldness of his divining hope, and hence forth he never swerved from his purpose. All his following works show a continuous progress in the depth of poetic conception and musical power of expression. Our limited space will not permit us to follow closely the gradual growing of the new idea from its almost embryonic rise in the *Flying Dutchman* through *Tristan*, to its climax of full development in the Nibelungen trilogy. We must content ourselves with illustrating the movement of the future as far as possible in the frame of one single production, and have chosen for this purpose Wagner's third music-drama, *Lohengrin*—a work particularly adapted for our purpose, as showing all the important new features of Wagner's art, yet without some of the more striking anomalies of the latest works, the beauty and necessity of which can be realised only by the immediate impression of a performance on the stage.

The story of *Lohengrin* Parcival's son, on which our author has founded his drama, is a compound of many different elements. The Celtic mabinogion, with King Arthur and his knights, the mystic symbolism of the Graal, the holy vessel (gradale or sang real, whichever it may be), are mixed up with local traditions of the lower Rhineland of a knight who arrives in a boat without sail or oar, and drawn by a swan. In this form the story appears in a queer collection of riddles, repartees, and legends of various kinds, which are brought into a loose connection by an imaginative prize-singing at Wartburg where they are laid in the mouths of the most celebrated poets of the period. Our story is supposed to be told by the great minnesinger, Wolfram von Eschenbach, whose representative poem "Parcival," might suggest such an arrangement to the compiler of the "Wartburgkrieg." It would be a task of great interest to dissect this late production into its heterogeneous parts, and also to show how far Wagner has altered and remodelled for his dramatic treatment the main features of his mediæval original. From this, however, we must refrain, and limit ourselves to the consideration of Wagner's poem as we actually find it, without inquiries as to its genesis.

The ideal background from which the joys and sorrows of the human actors are reflected with supernal light is the conception of the Holy Graal itself, the mystic symbol of Christian faith, or, in a wider sense, of everything divine and great, as it reveals itself to the ecstatic eye of the pure and self-surrendering soul. Such an act of revelation is the subject of the instrumental prelude which serves our opera as an overture. The prelude, and in a certain sense the opera itself, are based entirely on one melodious phrase—the Graal motive, as we will call it—or one might even say on the change of the two chords, which form the harmonious foundation of this prominent melody. To explain the full meaning of this, we must here add a few words about what, in Wagner's operas, is generally called the (*Leitmotiv*) leading motive or melody. For every important idea or passionate impulse of his characters, Wagner introduces a certain striking harmonious or melodious combination as the musical complement of their dramatic force. Wherever in the course of the drama this impulse comes into action, we hear at once its corresponding motive, either sung by the voice or played by the orchestra, and in manifold variations, according to circumstances. The opening chorus of the pilgrims, interrupted by the wild rhythms of the Venusberg, as the representative melodies of the good and evil principles, in the overture to *Tannhäuser*, or the Romance in the *Flying Dutchman*, may serve the English reader as examples of leading motives. The great increase of intensity and dramatic unity which is thus effected in the musical conception of a character or idea is of course obvious. A similar repetition of melodies was previously applied, but only in a very occasional and undecided manner, by Weber, Meyerbeer, and others. As a distinct principle of art it is entirely due to Wagner's creative genius. The prelude to *Lohengrin* opens with a tremolo of the violins in the highest octaves, continued with the tenderest pianissimo through several bars. It is like the thin white clouds floating in a serene sky, shapeless as yet, and scarcely discernible from the ethereal blue surrounding them. But suddenly the violins sound, as from the farthest distance, and in continued pianissimo, the Graal motive, and at once the clouds take form and motion. Our inner eye discovers a group of angels as they approach us, slowly descending from the height of heaven, and carrying in their midst the holy vessel. Sweetest harmonies float around them, gradually increasing in warmth and variety, till at last, with the fortissimo of the whole orchestra, the sacred mystery in all its overpowering splendour is revealed to our enchanted eyes. After this climax of religious ecstasy the harmonious waves begin to recede, and with their ebbing motion the angels gradually, as they have come, return to their celestial abode. Such was, according to Wagner's own indication,

the poetical, or one might almost say pictorial, idea which suggests the sublime harmonies of his prelude, and never have the sweetness and shudderings of Christian mysticism been more fully realised than in this triumph of instrumental music.

The fresh allegro of the opening first act leads us back from the sphere of transcendental inspiration into the stream of actual life and when the curtain rises we see King Henry of Germany surrounded by his feudal vassals and retainers, on a meadow by the side of the Scheldt, near Antwerp. He has assembled the nobles of Brabant to call on their faithful services against the savage Hungarians, the most dangerous enemies of the empire, and at the same time to mediate in their internal dissensions. The cause of these troubles we hear from the mouth of Count Telramund, a great noble who accuses Elsa, Princess of Brabant, of having murdered her infant brother on a solitary walk from which she alone returned, pretending to have lost sight of him in the wood. The motive of this black deed he finds in Elsa's affection for a secret lover, with whom she hopes to share the rule of the country after her brother's death.

This rule, however, Telramund claims for himself, on the ground of his having been chosen by the late duke as Elsa's husband, although the proud maiden spurned his addresses. He also alleges that his present wife, Ortrud, is a scion of the old heathenish Dukes of Friesland, who once reigned over the country. The musical part of the scene is treated in a kind of continuous arioso resembling most the recitativo obbligato of the regular opera, but showing an immense progress upon it as regards power and accuracy of declamation. Telramund's impeachment of Elsa reminds in its simple grandeur the grave accents of the antique drama. Of leading motives we may mention that representing the king, which consists of a kind fanfare, and always occurs in the key of C major.

At the king's command Elsa now appears before him, accompanied by a few plaintive notes of sweet melodiousness in the orchestra. They soon pass over into a new theme, which might be called the dream-motive, for it is to this that Elsa relates how a knight heavenly beauty has appeared to her in a trance, promising assistance in defending her innocence. The same knight she now chooses for her champion in the ordeal which has been granted the king on Telramund's demand. Here again the different passions of the chief characters—Telramund's hatred, Elsa's unshaken confidence, the king's compassion, and the echo of these feelings in the hearts of the multitude—are rendered by the music in the finest *nuances*. The dramatic climax is reached when after the second call of the herald, and during Elsa's fervent prayer, the suddenly appears, first in the far distance, but quickly approaching, a boat drawn by a white swan, and in it, leaning on his shield,

knight as Elsa has seen him in her vision. The change from doubt and wildest astonishment to joy and triumphant belief, as expressed in a choral piece of the grandest conception, makes this scene one of the greatest effects dramatic music has ever achieved, and one is not astonished at reading of the shouts and tumults of enthusiastic applause with which the impulsive Italian audience greeted the appearance of Lohengrin at the first performance of the opera at Bologna.

It must be confessed that a great part of this overpowering impression is due to the masterly arrangement of the scenic effect as it is prescribed in its minutest details by the composer himself. With this great care for the beauties of scenery on the part of Wagner many purists have found fault, and compared it with the shallow display of the modern French opera; we think, without any reason. The very fundamental idea of the "work of art of the future" consists in the combined action of all the arts towards the common aim, and only where it fits into, nay, is even necessitated by, the dramatic economy, the beauties of a landscape or of a group of human figures are brought by Wagner to bear upon the hearer, not diverting his attention from the more essential parts of the performance, but filling him with that sense of perfect harmony which a real work of art has in common with nature herself.

As soon as Lohengrin leaves his boat a perfect calm follows the outbreak of tumultuous joy, and every one listens in respectful silence as he bids farewell to the swan, his faithful guide through the perils of the deep. After this Lohengrin loudly declares the falseness of Telramund's accusation, and asks Elsa's hand as the prize of his valour to be exercised in her defence. But before the battle begins she must promise him never to ask a question about his being or the place from whence he came to her rescue. With this demand of implicit belief we have reached the tragic key-note of the drama, and its importance is musically indicated by a new melody of gravest rhythmical structure, the motive of warning. When Elsa grants and promises everything in self-surrendering confidence, Lohengrin himself, who hitherto seemed surrounded by unapproachable sublimity, is overcome by her sweet innocence, and breaks out in the passionate words of "Elsa, I love thee!" Here again the effect of the musical interpretation leaves any description in words far behind. The rest of the act is chiefly taken up by Lohengrin's easy victory over Telramund, and a grand *ensemble* expressive of triumphant joy, which in its structure resembles the traditional form of the finale.

When the curtain rises a second time we see Telramund, whose life has been saved by his adversary's magnanimity, and Ortrud lying prostrate in despairing hatred on the steps of the royal palace, the illuminated windows of which, combined with the festive noise of a

banquet, increase the dreary darkness outside. The ensuing duet : musically founded on a new motive, which is meant to represent the evil principle of heathenish hatred and revenge as opposed to the heavenly purity of the Graal motive. For Ortrud now discloses herself as the representative of old Friesisch paganism, who by her falsehood and witchcraft has led her husband to the accusation of the innocent Christian maiden. We confess that this introduction in a by-the-way manner of the two great religious principles seems to us not particularly happy. Ortrud's character is for this reason the least satisfactory of all, and the same circumstance could not but have an unfavourable influence on the musical treatment of her part throughout the piece, and in this scene in particular. Her plan of revenge is founded on the prohibited question about Lohengrin's identity, the asking of which she knows to be fatal to his bride. When Elsa soon afterwards appears on the balcony, Ortrud pityingly admitted into her presence, and repays the kindness of her protectress by beginning at once to sow the seed of doubt in the innocent heart of her victim.

The following scene contains a grand display of scenic effect in the bridal procession of Elsa, which in slow gravity moves down from the palace to the cathedral, accompanied by the most charming strains of both chorus and orchestra. In this masterly way of illustrating the deeper meaning of a dumb ceremony by a kind of decorative music, Wagner's art and dramatic vocation are shown almost as much as in the stronger accents of passion. Among the ladies in attendance we also discover Ortrud, and at the moment when Elsa is going to enter the cathedral, she steps forward and claims the first entrance for herself, covering her enemy at the same time with insults about the dark origin of the knight of the swan. The scene is evidently suggested by the quarrel of the two queens in the *Nibelungenlied*, and, although grand in itself, loses somehow its parallelism with the one next following, when Telramund suddenly appears and accuses Lohengrin of having been victorious by means of hellish witchcraft, daring him at the same time to lift the veil of mystery hanging around him. Lohengrin proudly contemns the slander of an outlaw, appealing to Elsa as his sole judge on earth; and, after she has expressed her unshaken confidence, the twice interrupted procession reaches its destination.

The third act introduces us into the bridal chamber of the newly-united pair. It begins with the outpourings of unimpairable love and happiness. But soon the evil seed of doubt, sown by Ortrud's calumnious insinuations, begins to grow. In all her blindness Elsa feels there is something strange standing between herself and her lord, embittering the sweetness of her love with secret misgivings. The way in which this at first shy and subdued feeling worked up gradually to the pitch of irrepressible curiosity is a master-

piece of psychological characterisation. The calming and imploring words of her saviour and lover, accompanied by the solemn repetition of the motive of warning—nay, even the heroic feelings of her own heart, that wishes to share any possible dangers, are with womanly logic turned into arguments for asking a question which must lead to the certain misery of both. At last, just when she has uttered the fatal words, Count Telramund (rather uncalled for in many respects) rushes into the room with two other assassins, but is easily slain by Lohengrin's sword, which Elsa hands to her husband.

The last scene shows again the same meadow by the Scheldt as in the first act. King Henry and his vassals are preparing for their departure to the war. But their knightly joy is soon interrupted by the corpse of Telramund being carried into their presence. Soon Elsa and, after her, Lohengrin appear. By his wife's unfortunate rashness he is now compelled to disclose his origin and name, as Lohengrin Parcival's son, the Knight of the Graal. The piece in which this is done showing the Graal motive in its fullest development, and the impressive melody of his parting song, are amongst the most beautiful parts of the opera. The conclusion of the whole is, we must confess, not quite satisfactory, and almost seems to verge on the melodramatic. For suddenly Ortrud turns up and tells the astonished audience that the swan, who reappears in the distance, is no other than Elsa's brother, who has been bewitched by herself into this form, but would have been released without his sister's indiscretion; now he is doomed for ever. But in this last emergency the divine power intervenes again. Lohengrin kneels down in silent prayer, and when he rises the swan has disappeared, and a beautiful youth, the Duke of Brabant, stands by his side. Elsa flies to his embrace, and dies in his arms; while the boat of Lohengrin, drawn by a white dove, disappears in the distance.

This is the end of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. We have tried to convey a clear idea of its poetical and musical structure to the reader's mind, as far as language can express at all the effects of an art which by its very essence frustrates an adequate description by words. We have readily acknowledged the high beauties of the work, without concealing its faults and shortcomings. In the history of the opera it marks an immense progress upon its own and any other author's previous works, by the perfect emancipation of its means of expression from the forms of absolute music, by the greater unity and force of dramatic characterisation as brought about by what we called the leading motive, and lastly by the richness and beauty of melodious and harmonious combinations. *Lohengrin* has carried the name of its author to Italy, the land of song, and one would hail it with welcome if the knight of the swan were equally destined to be the champion of the music of the future in this country.

FRANZ HÜFFER.

THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE LAND QUESTION.

THE time appears to be fast approaching when the Land Question as it is vaguely named, will be the foremost question of politics. Parties are already ranging themselves in expectation of the struggle which has been regarded as inevitable since the termination of the great Irish dispute. The hopeful fervour of intending reformers stands in contrast to the somewhat uneasy calm with which the landholders await hostilities; and some profess to see among the latter class a disposition to buy off the enemy, if by some judicious sacrifice the attack may be averted or postponed. But the discussion cannot be much longer delayed; and, indeed, in a half-serious way the skirmishing has already begun. The report upon tenures of land, lately published by the Government, and the admirable publications of the Cobden Club, have lighted up the subject. Mr. Odger has abolished the landlords with surprising facility in an article while Lord Derby in a speech has all but proved our country to be the earthly paradise. The disputes about the game-laws, and the increasing pertinacity of the public claim to waste lands, which were hitherto supposed to be private property, afford more valuable indications of the nature of the coming disputes. And, meanwhile, all classes agreeing that the Land Question must be soon debated, all are inquiring what the Question is expected to be.

The root of the matter, as all agree, lies in the fact that our landed estates are too large, and too few, and too difficult to divide. The movement towards consolidation, which began more than three centuries since, acquired an impetus from the general system of enclosures that has prevailed for a century or more, and increases continually as the riches of the country increase. A familiar example of this movement is found in the history of our northern yeomanry. The once numerous class of "statesmen" is rapidly becoming extinct: the freeholders one after another being led to sell their estates by the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, or the temptation of the fancy prices which larger proprietors in the neighbourhood can afford to offer. It is a common hyperbole to maintain that the whole of England is owned by a very few proprietors: an imperfect return gave occasion to the mistaken estimate that thirty thousand men own the whole, and one hundred and fifty the half of the country. It is said that we might perhaps be nearer the truth in multiplying this estimate by ten or more; but calculations on the point will never have much value until the New Domesday Book has been

compiled. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say that the small holders are disappearing, and the large estates increasing in size, while the condition of the labourers outside the mining and manufacturing districts improves so slowly in comparison with the growing prosperity of the country, that many observers can see no improvement at all.

About these facts the Land Question will be concerned, whatever its form may prove to be. And only in relation to them will there be much importance in the solution of those intricate problems of primogeniture, entails, enclosures, and similar topics of the law of real estate, which are so eagerly disputed already. The same facts present themselves, of course, in very distinct aspects to different thinkers, so that to one and to another radically different questions appear to rise for solution, and a hundred cures are proclaimed for the same disease. To those who believe in socialism few things can appear more simple than to abolish private property in land. An archaeological communist finds encouragement for his principles in the fact that open fields and pastures were once cultivated in common by the township. To some who have read a little history, plain equity commends the course of resuming for the people the land which Norman barons obtained from robber kings. They see, moreover, how compensation might be allotted to the unhappy landowners in the shape of obsolete dues and taxes still supposed to be due from their forefathers' estates. Writers, whose opinion must be respected in any case, have imagined that a logical examination into the nature of landed property might induce the holders to give up to the State the future increase in its value. A more moderate school proposes a milder remedy in "Cobdenic measures" for the creation of a freeholding peasantry. In a famous speech, of which the rhetoric must not be taken too literally, Cobden drew a picture of the evil which he wished to cure. "The English peasantry has no parallel on the face of the earth. You have no other peasantry like that of England—no other country in which it is entirely divorced from the land. There is no other country in the world where you will not find men turning up the furrow on their own freehold. You will not find that in England." It is thought by the school last mentioned that this state of things may be altered by a set of measures which, for the most part, will soon be considered by Parliament. They mostly recommend the alteration of the laws of primogeniture and entail, the settlement of the poor upon waste lands, and a cheap system of land-transfer—all measures which, in truth, might have some tendency to produce the desired effect. *Quot homines, tot sententie.* To many of us it seems that after a generation of civil war there would be as little chance for the communist schemes as at present, and that no legislative measures as yet proposed would avail to create afresh an important order of yeomanry.

The agricultural condition of England is so entirely different from that of Ireland, that little or no assistance, in considering the present question, can be derived from the discussions which resulted in the Land Act. No one has yet proposed to oust the landlords in favour of the tenant-farmers—a class which has incurred odium in several quarters, by the reproach of riches and of readiness to extend a system of managing land in large and thinly-populated farms. It does not seem probable that the average size of farms will ever much increase, even in the sheep-farming counties. The business of agriculture is becoming so intricate and various, that one man's time and attention are amply occupied in looking after a comparatively small holding. It was the opinion of Mr. Caird twenty years ago, which has, I believe, been confirmed by subsequent experience, that this must lead in time to the gradual diminution of the larger farms, and to the concentration of the farmer's capital and energy upon the smaller proportional areas. In some parts of the country there are no doubt, classes of farmers who approach in one respect or another to the condition of the Irish tenants. We are all familiar with districts where the tenants hold at a low rent from year to year, making at their own cost what little improvements they may consider necessary, and having practically almost as much fixity of tenure as a copyholder. In the same districts, which are mostly devoted to mixed husbandry on small farms, it is common to find a class of cottiers on a few acres apiece, who in all but the legal insecurity of their tenure are in the social position of the petty freeholders of ancient times. If these classes had been in modern times more numerous and widely spread it is very possible that we should have had a reappearance of the Irish question in England. But as it is, the position of the farmer does not appear to be much considered by those who propose land reforms of the kind now most in vogue. Farmers and landlords are in the same condemnation, and must stand or fall together. The ordinary farmer would be considerably astonished if he could know the character that is given to him by some of those who lead the Democratic artisans. Mr. Odger, for example, classes the farmer among that host of idle and luxurious non-producers which oppresses the land in England:—

“Let us see of what this host consists. First, the owner of the soil. . . Secondly, the farmer, who is a mere employer of labour, lives upon the profit of such employment. His service to the State consists almost solely in holding the said lands, and for this it is no uncommon thing for him to receive as much as a thousand pounds per annum, or the wages of about forty farm labourers. This immense profit or salary is expended in the keep of servants, horses, &c.

The inaccuracy of these sweeping descriptions may startle or amuse the reader, and will lead many to think that no good end can be attained by argument with the holders of such strange opinions. And in one sense this may be true; for the party of revolution has

made up its mind upon the point, and is not likely to change it. But it is important to consider that, when the discussion about the land-laws has fairly begun, two utterly distinct bodies of reformers will lead the attack upon the existing system, one of which will consist in the main of the socialist artisans. Their arguments, if they resemble what some of their leaders have already published, will be based to a great extent upon descriptions of the kind mentioned above, and to some slight extent, perhaps, upon references to the early history of property in England. Much has been heard of late of the Norman Conquest, which the people are imagined in no way to have condoned, of the breach of a feudal contract by the ancestors of the present landowners, who have persistently avoided the military service which was a condition of their tenure, and of the low rate at which the land-tax has been assessed in proportion to the value of the feudal dues which it replaced. It has even been proposed to quadruple the tax, in order to raise a fund for compensating landlords for the loss of their estates. Mr. Mill is cited as an authority for the fact that the land-tax amounts now to no more than one shilling in the pound :—

“ Why, then,” it is asked, “ should we refrain from re-estimating the value of the land as a means to raise this tax to its original level? The additional money thus raised might be employed to purchase the land from its present holders. I know (writes Mr. Odger) that it will be said that this would be raising the means of purchase from the very persons who now hold the land. But I ask whether the four per cent. was not the price paid to the nation for release from certain obligations in time of war, and whether the re-imposition of a tax of this nature is not to be looked upon as the enforcement of a just debt? Instead of feeling wrath at so just a proposal, my impression is that the holders of land should rejoice at being let off so lightly, for equity would insist upon the payment of all arrears.”

It is, in truth, an ingenious device for raising about a thousand millions of pounds, and one which in the eyes of its proposer has the singular advantage that it would in no way materially impoverish the present holders. A Westminster Reviewer much in the same way proposed not long ago that the State should buy out all the landlords at once, and recoup the money out of the increased value to be obtained by an extended system of draining.

Much has been written of late about the mediæval land communities, which are, no doubt, at least as old in this country as the date of the Teutonic settlement, and perhaps older. Setting aside the portions of the chiefs and of the priests, the arable and pasture lands of the first German settlers in England were occupied in common by the freemen, and traces of this common proprietorship are still to be found in the present tenures of many waste grounds and unenclosed fields. But during centuries before the Norman Conquest private property in large tracts of tilled and untilled land was secured to the Crown, the Church, and the nobles and gentry of many degrees; and it is in the highest degree unlikely that much weight

will be given to delicate antiquarian discussion when the question propounded whether the present foundations of society shall be uprooted. In fact, the whole question of socialism belongs to the class of topics which can only be fairly argued in a debate of "arm opinions." "The land of every country belongs to its people," as a nation may make such land-laws as it may please. From this axiom the writers above mentioned deduce the inference that as the land is at present owned by the richer classes, the sooner the mass of the population resumes its property the better. We may deny, we please, that the nation and the State are bare synonyms for the numerical majority of adult males in England; but we are not likely to convince our opponents, who, on the other hand, might do wisely in giving up the hope of attaining their objects by threats or words of advice. We are told that the issue is certain when the struggle has once begun, but it is assumed that public opinion will be all on the side of the republican poor. "Would it not be well," Mr. Odger has asked, "for those who now hold a monopoly of land to accept of a modification in favour of the nation such as that proposed? It would at least be a sure way of preventing bloodshed and national disaster." It may be so; but that way will not be taken; and if the proposal should ever become a serious question of practical politics, it is hard to see how the promised bloodshed and disaster possibly be averted.

A question of far more present importance is raised by those who would restore the ancient yeomanry; and if means were clearly shown for accomplishing that result, it is almost certain that all parties would join in providing them. "I am not insensible," said Lord Derby in a recent speech, "and no man who keeps his eyes open can be so, of the value in a social point of view of having a numerous body of men concerned in land-owning." And in this he probably spoke for his party. It is very likely that, if no other question were looming ahead, most of our richer classes would choose to prefer the Scotch system, under which large estates and large tenancies are a necessity. Nothing could pay better commercially than a system by which large farms are let by tender to men of capital. In Scotland we see that combination of large holdings, and scientific agriculture practised by a shifting tenantry of educated gentlemen, which was said by Sir Charles Adderley to be conceived in the very spirit of the age. In England we are in this respect behind the age. A desire for political influence, and to a great extent the survival of a feudal attachment between farmers and landlords, have caused the latter to keep up the old system of comparatively small farms, yearly tenancies, and short rents, at least throughout a large portion of the kingdom. It may be also that the climate of a great part of England is unfavourable to large tenancies; it has been noticed by competent observers that farms are consolidated the more rapid

in proportion to the dryness of the climate and the facilities for growing corn or breeding cattle on an extensive scale. Whatever the reason may be, the condition of England certainly appears to be even now more favourable than that of Scotland for the small holder, whether tenant-farmer or yeoman. Why then, it is asked, is there anything unreasonable in the idea that a large class of peasant-holders might prosper in this country? The example of other countries shows, as it is urged, that the class might be created as in Prussia and Denmark, while its probable prosperity may be gauged by a reference to the condition of the peasants in many other countries. Special circumstances prevent our deriving much assistance in considering our own circumstances from the experience of the United States and several of our own colonies, where the abundance of land has as yet kept its market value down; and it is hardly certain as yet whether the new reforms in Russia will not require a sweeping alteration. The experience of the ancient world, and of barbarous tribes in various ages, has been collected to show that our system, wherever tried, has been equally evil, and is in fact repugnant to three-fourths of the human race. And more valuable arguments in favour of the existence of a class of peasant landholders have been drawn of late from the statistics of tenure in France, Holland, Denmark, and our own Channel Islands. The prosperity of the small proprietors in Jersey and Guernsey is indeed very remarkable. Though the rent of land is enormous according to our notions, the produce is more than proportionately larger than our own. Yet we are told that the average size of farms is but ten acres; and in Guernsey even less. In many respects their agriculture is burdened with primitive and disadvantageous customs. But the people are prosperous, and it has been observed that in many cases the properties have continued in the same families for generations, or even centuries. Here, then, we are at once led to the question whether this happy system cannot be transplanted and set up amongst ourselves. It is objected, indeed, that these farmers lead hard lives, not often eating meat, "scarcely taking as much rest as is sufficient to preserve health, *such is their wondrous industry*;" but these are not great evils, considering their sturdiness of independence and their immeasurable superiority in condition to the English labourer. There are in reality several reasons for supposing that these islanders owe their good fortunes to very peculiar circumstances. Since the introduction of free trade, they have lost the valuable privilege of exporting corn to England duty-free, in competition with heavily taxed foreign corn. But they have the advantage of the residence among them of a large class of strangers. The islands are small, and the soil peculiarly rich. And in the chief place they have a system of ancient laws which necessarily keeps up the number of separate proprietors to the greatest extent which the size of the islands will allow. And, in the opinion

of the writer at least, that system of law could never be introduced or imitated here. Freehold estates, when not inherited, are acquired very generally in the following manner. One-fourth, or more, of purchase-money is paid at once, the rest remaining charged upon the land in the form of an annual rent; this may be paid off at purchaser's option by instalments, or may remain as a permanent rent-charge upon the land. At any subsequent time the purchaser who has acquired what for practical purposes is a freehold estate may redeem his ground-rent by a sum of money, or by a transfer of ground-rents, charged upon other property, as he may please. In the next place, a landowner in Jersey (according to a law which once prevailed in England) may not devise his land or freehold rents, but must leave it for his family to divide in the customary shares. "The eldest son takes the house, &c., with rather more than two acres of land adjoining, besides one-tenth of the landed property and rent; the remainder is then shared, two-thirds among sons, and one-third among the daughters, but so that in no case a daughter take a larger share than a son." In Guernsey a very similar law prevails, with even less advantage reserved to the eldest son. It was, if I remember rightly, the opinion of Hallam, that the subdivisions caused by a law of equal partition would always be more than balanced by the influence of purchases and marriages. In the Channel Islands it is found that comparatively few of those who inherit portions of estates are willing to sell their share; or at least so few give up landholding for the purpose of engaging in business elsewhere, that the tendency towards the subdivision of these small properties is not upon the increase. If we wish to find anything in English society resembling the system described above, we shall have to go back to the law of agricultural holdings in the time of Henry II. And we can hardly at the present time imagine any one making a proposal to reproduce a peasantry of the ancient type by re-enacting as far as possible the usages of the *Grand Coustumier*. The long struggle for the free alienation of land has changed the national character too deeply for this to be possible. In France, also, the great multiplication of landownerships is due to causes which have been working for several centuries. The practice of primogeniture before 1789, affected hardly more than the lands of the nobility alone. The Revolution made general a system of partible inheritance, which had already divided France among millions of proprietors. To learn why France and England have in this matter come to differ so widely it is necessary to study the history of law and agriculture in each country. If these are "secular changes," caused by remote and far-reaching influences, and not likely to be much affected by sudden revolutions in politics. The French Revolution has little more to do with the question than the Norman Conquest. Each event has, of course,

contributed something towards the intricacy of the problem, but so little that it would be a considerable advantage if both were in future omitted from its discussion.

One of the main points to be considered in the inquiry appears to be the tacit introduction of primogeniture among the holdings of the English peasants between the reigns of Henry II. and Henry III. The early and general diffusion of this custom supplies one reason for the comparative paucity of freeholders in England. And another may doubtless be found in the fact that as early as the reign of Edward I. the law permitted alienation of lands which their owner had acquired by inheritance. Before the passing of the great statute *Quia emptores terrarum*, in the eighteenth year of that reign, purchased lands alone could be sold, and those only in cases where sufficient remained in the freeholder's ownership to provide for the dues to his lord and the probable requirements of his family. Land thus passed into the class of marketable commodities, a change repugnant to the ideas of almost every European community in early times. The estates of the nobility and gentry were protected for the most part by a strict system of entails, which lasted without any relaxation for two hundred years, during which period a great part of the smaller freeholds must have passed into the families of the new gentry, descended from the merchants whose riches and appetite for land were the paramount causes for passing the statute of entails. This movement certainly lasted till the fifteenth century, at the beginning of which the system of entails was relaxed "by those bold men, the judges in Taltarum's case." It was with reference to this time that Fortescue wrote that famous description of the state of England, which is usually quoted to prove that the number of small freeholders had not diminished when he framed his panegyric. He tells us that in the beginning of the fifteenth century "the country was so filled and replenished with landed men, that therein so small a little hamlet cannot be found where dwelleth not a knight, an esquire, or such a householder as is called a franklin, enriched with great possessions, and also other freeholders and other yeomen." And in another chapter of his work he favourably compares the condition of this country with that of "the other realms of this world." "For though there be in them men of great power, of great riches and possessions, yet they dwell not so nigh one to another as such great men do in England: neither are there so many inheritors and possessors of land elsewhere as in England." We are in possession of no facts which would sustain the literal accuracy of this last statement; and, indeed, the whole tendency of the passages cited is to show that the class of rich landowners had steadily been increasing; from which it is evident that the number of the petty owners had suffered a corresponding decrease.

It was not till after Fortescue's time that the movement toward consolidation acquired any great rapidity, though during several preceding generations its course and influence can be traced. The peasants still owned a large proportion of the land, which they tilled for the most part according to the unprofitable usages of the ancient township-communities. The larger proprietors had let much of their land to the same class of cultivators, who held it upon lives, or for terms of years, at very low rents. A barbarous system of husbandry made land cheap, and at the same time kept down the competition of purchasers. Cattle-breeding on artificial pastures was unknown or neglected, and all the fields, with trifling exceptions, were under tillage, bringing to the landlord in the reign of Henry VI. a rent of eightpence or a shilling per acre. But towards the end of the century a remarkable change took place, which caused a hundred years of bickering and rebellion, and which even now is generally described as an organized scheme of robbery, by which the richer classes got possession of the lands of the poor. The discovery was made that landed property might become exceedingly valuable if a more scientific plan of farming were introduced. The great demand for hides and wool on the Continent indicated the source of future profit. But cattle-breeding was impossible while all the land was tilled for corn, for the most part in open and intermixed fields, the cattle being turned on wet moors and unhealthy waste grounds where disease was absolutely certain to attend any considerable increase in the numbers of the stock. The natural results followed these discoveries. Landlords turned their attention at once to mixed husbandry, with a rude rotation of grass and grain. The open fields and separate properties were enclosed, a step which was necessary to the introduction of the new husbandry; and this led several writers to imagine that the radical feature of the change was enclosure of open lands, which was indeed a grievance to the classes of commoners whose cattle had ranged the stubbles of all the township for a certain period in every year; but the real importance of the matter lies in the change from universal tillage to a course of mixed farming, more suitable to the climate of most of our country and to the demands of the foreign market of that time. This point has been very well explained by Professor Nasse, of Bonn, in his work on the Land-communities of the Middle Ages, with whose conclusions we can in the main agree, though differing from his views upon some of the obscurer portions of mediæval law. It followed in the natural course of events that the landlords got rid as soon as possible of their temporary tenants, and also began buying up the smaller properties. The Statute Book from the reign of Henry VII. to that of Edward VI. is full of complaints of depopulation, which Eden in "The State of the Poor" attributed to a hy-

chondriac temper inherent in the English character. "Many houses and villages in the kingdom are deserted, the arable land belonging to them is enclosed and converted into pasture. Where formerly two hundred men supported themselves by honest labour, are now only to be seen two or three shepherds." This quotation is from the Act against the pulling down of towns, 4 Henry VII. cap. 19. Another well-known Act, passed in 1533, complains of the rapid accumulation of land in a few hands for the purposes of cattle-breeding, and of the consequent depopulation and diminution of tillage. The sermons, law-books, and pamphlets of that age are filled with reproaches against the "enclosers, graziers, and rent-raisers," who were said to cast out the poor like vermin from their holdings, and to make paupers and slaves of the yeomanry. Later on the Protector Somerset adopted the popular view, and appointed a Commission to abate enclosures and restore the ancient proportion of arable culture. But the Commission, as we know, came to nothing, and Somerset's course of action only added another charge to the impeachment which cost him his life.

Styke's works are full of complaints against the covetousness of the gentry, "who fell to raising the rents, turned arable into pasture for grazing sheep, and enclosed commons, to the great oppression of the poor." The Supplication of the Poor Commons to Henry VIII. is filled with lamentations over the same grievances, which are, perhaps, most graphically described in the following passage, which Styke extracted from a publication named the Jewel of Joy:—

"How do the rich men, and especially such as be sheeptomongers, oppress the king's liege people by using the common pastures with their sheep, so that the poor people are not able to keep a cow for the comfort of themselves and their poor families, but are like to starve and perish with hunger if there be not provision made shortly! What sheep-ground escapeth these caterpillars of the commonweal? How swarm they with abundance of sheep, and yet was wool never so dear or mutton of so great a price! If these sheeptomongers go forth as they begin, the people shall both miserably die for cold and wretchedly perish for hunger. For these greedy wolves and cumbersome cormorants will either sell their sheep and wool at their own price, or else they will sell none. Oh! what a diversity is this in the sale of wools! A stone of wool sometime to be sold at eight groats and now for eight shillings, and so likewise of sheep, God have mercy upon us!"

Professor Nasse, attaching what must be considered an undue weight to the vehement and exaggerated language of the "peasants' friends" of that day (if we may borrow a term from the modern politics of Denmark), accuses the landlords of wholesale violations of the law.

"It is very remarkable," he says, "how the supplanting of so many small landed proprietors just then took place, and this after the class among them, that stood in the most unfavourable position in a legal point of view, had obtained protection for their rights of property. In spite of this these copyholders were driven in great numbers from their rural hides. When an Extraordinary

Royal Commission, like that of the Protector, ordered to inquire into inclosures and the eviction of peasants, could not prevail against the classes, it is very easy to conceive that the protection of the High Court of Judicature, or the judges on their circuits, could afford little help to the small peasant."

And he repeats elsewhere Latimer's unproved statement that the judges were corrupted by bribes.

But there does not appear to be any foundation for these suppositions of illegality. The evictions were of that kind with which we have been unhappily familiar in Ireland, in the Scotch Highlands and in the English parishes, where the labourers were turned out that the landlords might evade the poor-rate. There was harshness, no doubt, and carelessness of what became of the dispossessed holders. But the supposition that freeholders or copyholders were turned out of their properties by force of the landlords or by the judges must be treated as baseless. It was easy enough to turn out the holdings of the leaseholders, and to buy up the land of the small owners at a tempting price. From that time the same process has continued, though the course of agriculture and the means leading to the acquisition of land have changed from time to time. The transition to our present system was least rapid, as might have been expected, in the counties most remote from London. Even in our own time the class of peasant-owners has been considerably numerous in the north than it is at present; and it is hardly sixty years ago since the western counties were for the most part filled by a class of small copyholders and leaseholders for lives, which upon Church property is now rapidly disappearing. Mr. Squelcher, an eminent land-agent in the West, is my authority for the following remarks upon the changes which have taken place in the face of Wilts, Hants, and Dorset. At the beginning of the present century the area of the occupations ranged from thirty to a hundred acres, the land remaining for generations in the same families. The renewal for comparatively moderate fines took place at intervals, and the whole burden of erecting and maintaining the dwelling-house and homestead fell, with scarcely an exception, on the copyholder or lessee. The cottages of the few labourers employed were generally of similar tenure, having too frequently been built upon waste land for a nominal acknowledgment to the lord." The line between the labourer and the yeoman was but faintly marked, "and the character of the tenure was such as to enable a thrifty labourer to rise in the condition of a small farmer." It is the opinion of the gentleman whom I have quoted, that nothing could have prevented the conversion of these yeomen and thriving labourers into a semi-proletarian condition. "It was the painful but inevitable conclusion of the condition of things right enough it may be for those or a few previous centuries, but inapplicable to the wants of an increasing and well-

population. The transition state was one of acute suffering to the dispossessed yeoman and labourer, and the agricultural annals of the period are full of schemes for the relief of the distress which prevailed among the labourers." The story is merely a repetition of what occurred in the fifteenth century throughout the greater part of England. Land became more valuable; the owners recognised the advantage of enclosure and the abolition of the old methods of cultivation in common fields, and forthwith proceeded to take the small holdings into hand for the purpose of consolidating the farms. "The benefit of enclosure, the greater economy of management, the increased quantity of stock which might be kept, were fully recognised, and, stimulated by the increasing prices of corn, enclosures were pushed on with great energy. The change in the character and position of the occupiers is indicated by the fact that the rentals of farms after enclosure ranged generally from £100 to £400 per annum, while the rental of the lands held under the old system varied from £15 to £40." It is obvious, the same writer concludes, that while a wealthier class was found to rent the new enclosures, the dispossessed occupiers sank for the most part into the condition of mere labourers. Some of these facts may in a great measure account for that redundancy of labour in our southern and western counties, which keeps down the rate of wages to a standard which is miserably low, when compared with that which is found in the northern parts of England. For that state of things there can be no efficient remedy, we may fear, except a migration of the superfluous numbers.

We have traced some of the steps by which the land, when it once became commercially valuable, began to pass into fewer and still fewer hands, as if by some irresistible law of economy. And here the very difficult question arises, Why did not the richer classes in France and elsewhere buy up the land when it acquired a value in the market? We cannot suppose that the English peasant was less tenacious of his property or less proud of an independent position than the ancestors of the cottagers of Flanders, or the quarter of a million freeholders in the valley of the Loire. While the English landed aristocracy were in full growth, the French nobility were growing poorer in every generation. "It is to this gradual impoverishment," says De Tocqueville, "that the vast subdivision of landed property must partly be attributed. The nobles had sold their lands piecemeal to the peasants, reserving only the seignorial rights, which gave them the appearance rather than the reality of their former position. Several provinces of France were filled with a small, poor nobility, owning hardly any land, and living only on seignorial rights and rent-charges on their former estates."

The answer to this problem will probably be found, when the

matter is more thoroughly discussed, in the early decay of the feudal system in England. The feudal nobles had been almost destroyed in the Wars of the Roses, and it was a class of new rich men who bought out the peasantry. Mr. Froude has remarked in his history that the landowners who shared the possessions of the dissolved monasteries were not the old nobility and gentry, but "the creation of a new age, disregarding in every way the laws of military tenure." And earlier than that, in the time of Henry VII., there were many indications of the growing neglect of the feudal doctrines. England had entered into the commercial stage of existence; in France, down to the Revolution, we find a pedantic resolve on the part of the *seigneurs* to keep up the ancient tenures with all their vexatious incidents. While these were retained scientific farming was simply impossible; but to make a trade of landholding would have seemed like a degradation of the noblest of professions. Partly, then, from the lingering of feudalism, partly from the retention of the ancient laws of descent and alienation, the soil of France remained in the hands of the peasantry.

It may seem paradoxical to assert that the English labourers are paying somewhat dearly in one way for the early liberty of the country; but something might be plausibly put forward in defence of the statement. Leaving France for the present, let us look at Denmark and Prussia, the two countries where the land is passing, or has already for the most part passed, into the ownership of the yeomanry. We are by this time familiar with the story of Stein's and Hardenberg's reforms in Prussia. The peasantry were bowed down with feudal burdens in very much the same way as the serfs in Russia before the late reforms. They had, indeed, a kind of copyhold interest in their tenements, but without the liberty which copyholders in England had gained four centuries ago. The great system of enfranchisement, which followed the disaster of Jena, divided the land between the lord and the base tenant who has now become a freehold owner. In Denmark, again, under the system of "compulsory life-leases," the yeomanry had, in the course of time, become enslaved to the superior lords; and their slavery, in one sense fortunately, lasted so long that their enfranchisement is taking place in a time when politicians are agreed that small proprietors are a nation's blessing.

If the foregoing suppositions are true in the main we may account in this way for the undue accumulation of lands in England into the ownership of the richer classes; in the first place, the influence of primogeniture kept down the number of the small proprietors, and so rendered it easy to buy the land when it became the subject of competition; in the next place, the early decay of the English feudal tenures left the ground clear for the rise of a class of landowners

whose fortunes had been founded on trade, and who had no aversion to a commercial system of agriculture; thirdly, in the period which has just been described the land became exceedingly valuable for cattle-breeding, as later for the high wheat-farming of modern times. Perhaps we may add as a further reason the fact that the new nobility and gentry who shared the lands of the dissolved monasteries had no compunction, as it appears, in the matter of turning out the old tenants of the Church lands. The complaints of the dispossessed holders for lives and terms of years survive in many of the histories of that time, and remind the modern reader very strongly of the similar grievances of the tenants and lessees of chapter estates, which have fallen into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. In other countries no such causes were at work. Property was indefinitely subdivided in the course of generations, and under the painful restrictions of the feudal tenures there was not much inducement to buy land as an investment for the purposes of scientific agriculture.

There are many reasons why the richer classes may be expected to continue investing their money in land. A social *prestige* and a vast amount of political and other influence have come to be attached to the ownership of large landed estates. It is difficult, indeed, to see how this state of affairs can be altered by any of the legislative changes which are currently propounded as cures. The mere abolition of primogeniture in descents of land upon intestacy would work little, if any, change. We may alter the laws of a people without affecting its customs, and property would in all probability be protected against partition by an increased vigilance of the owners in the matter of wills and settlements.

A cheap system of land-transfer can hardly be hoped for until the present intricacy of family settlements is violently disentangled. If such a system could be framed it would, in the opinion of many competent judges, raise the value of real estate four or five per cent. as an investment for the capitalist, who would then, as now, outbid the small farmers and labourers. More effect would, doubtless, in time be produced by a destruction of the power of settling land as at present exercised; but to all appearances the country is not nearly ready for a law which should permit no devise of land except in fee-simple, charged only with jointures, portions for children, and the like. Even if this change were effected, it is doubtful whether the competition would cease which now, for the most part, excludes the poor man from the land-market. These considerations lead but to one conclusion, that the land question which will be raised cannot in the present state of our society be solved in any way which has yet been discussed. The State will not confiscate the estates of the rich, nor will a new order of peasants arise among us for the present. But much, doubtless, may be done in the meanwhile for the class of

agricultural labourers, among whom a more serious land question may some day arise, and if nothing be done to help them, will certainly arise and breed storms for the future. At present the labourers are in too many parts badly housed, badly paid, and kept in too great subjection by the insecure tenure of their cottages and gardens. Much of this evil is the effect of causes which have now ceased to be active, such as the habit of depopulating a parish in order to reduce the poor-rates under the old law. Much is caused by a redundancy of labour in those districts where there is no centre of manufacturing energy, and where no partial migration of labour has as yet been organized. And a great part of the same evil is no doubt, to the inability of the tenants for life under many fixed settlements to spend much money upon the building and improvement of cottages, notwithstanding the institution of the commission for providing agricultural loans. On the other hand, there seems to be an opportunity for improving the condition of the labourers without any great revolution of the law. An undue influence of farmers over their men, which is too often used to depress the rural wages, might be diminished or destroyed if landlords were generally to allow the cottages to be held directly of themselves instead of the farmers. And a benefit of far greater extent would be gained if tenants for life were allowed to give to the labourers the secure tenure of the cottages, and of plots of ground not large enough to take the labourer from farmwork, but sufficient to give him a chance of saving money from its produce. It is said that if the cottagers had land the farmers would combine to lower the wages; but combination is contagious. It would not be necessary or perhaps expedient, to give an ordinary fee-simple estate to cottiers holding these allotments or plots of ground. It is essential to frame provisions which should prevent subdivision of these small estates, and which on any proposed alienation should give a right of pre-emption to the landlord who may own the rent-charges payable out of them. This is merely one out of a hundred suggestions which might be made for the improvement of the labourers' condition. The sooner that land questions of this or of a similar kind may be settled the better it will be for the labourers and for the country generally. Land questions of the broader scope and more ambitious order which have been mentioned in this sketch, will probably rise again and wait much longer for solution.

CHARLES ELT

ESTANISLAO FIGUERAS.

THE art above all others is the art of eloquence. Beyond its intrinsic qualities of thought and logic, language—like poetry, like the harmony of music, like the arts of illustration and of colour, like architecture, like war strategy, like swordsmanship—is governed by supreme laws of skill and address, strict as the supreme moral rules of justice. Oratory is the richest and most varied manifestation of the human mind, and is of many degrees and qualities. Among the principal artists of language, among the most distinguished orators who do honour to our country and our Parliament, all consider Don Estanislao Figueras an inspiration of his native land, the glory of the republican party, which is indebted to him for the direction of its campaign in the constituent Córtes—a man unexampled for prudence and energy in our august chamber. Before analysing the distinctive characteristics of the speeches of Figueras and of his political genius, let us give some biographical data in support of the reputation which the republican orator enjoys as a model of consistency and dignity in his glorious career.

Figueras was born in beautiful and enlightened Barcelona, on the 13th November, 1819. After having studied the humanities in the *Escuela Pia* of that city, in which he remained five years, he applied himself to philosophy at Cervera, and soon afterwards at Tarragona. He entered as a law student in the universities of Barcelona and Valencia, terminating his education in the month of June, 1842. Even while thus engaged, he made some figure in politics, showing an extraordinary ardour in the defence of liberal principles; in 1837 he was enrolled in the ranks of the Progressist party, which then represented the most radical aspirations of the youth of his time. But his active temperament, and his ardent devotion to all that is just and noble, soon separated him from a political school which was as yet unable to satisfy the natural exigencies of a revolutionary epoch. In 1840 he joined the Republican party, being among the first who embraced their idea in Spain. After the events of 1842, which culminated in the bombardment of Barcelona, he differed from the Republicans in their appreciation of that incident. About this period he joined the editorial staff of the *Constitucional*, in connection with Mata and Ribot.

When the famous coalition occurred which threw the reins of power to General Espartero in the names of the most distinguished Liberals, he opposed that rising with all his energy, and foretold its fatal consequences. After the fall of the Regent and the acquisition

of power by the Moderate party, he retired to the town in which his mother resided (Tivisa, in the province of Tarragona), continuing his relations with the Republicans, who in 1848 appointed him their commissioner in Madrid, to organize the movements then attempted by the Liberals. The revolution, twice commenced and twice overthrown, being crushed, Figueras withdrew to Tarragona, where he established himself as an advocate in 1849. He was elected deputy in 1851 for the first district of Barcelona. In that *Córtes* he formed a Republican nucleus with Ortense, Lozano, and Jaen.

In 1854 he became a member of the revolutionary *junta* of Tarragona, and deputy in the *Córtes* for the same provinces. He was one of those one-and-twenty who, on the 30th November, 1854, voted against the monarchy. Since that period Madrid has been his fixed place of residence, and there he exercises the profession of an advocate, in which he has acquired enviable notoriety, being one of the most famous lawyers in the city. In 1862 he was again elected deputy for the first district of Barcelona, and disputed with his friend Don Nicolas Maria Rivero the administration of the Liberal Union, then in power. The retreat of the two parties, Progressist and Republican, being decided, and the movement of the 3rd of January, 1866, being overthrown, Figueras withdrew for a time from active and militant politics, notwithstanding that he maintained his relations with the most important men of his party, and laboured unceasingly, although indirectly, with his counsels for the triumph of the second revolutionary attempt, which occurred in June of the same year. After that abortive revolution, the consequences of which were so fatal for the Liberal party, he threw himself resolutely into the work of conspiracy, which in correspondence with the leaders in exile was carried on in Madrid. In consequence of these labours he was arrested on the 12th of May, 1867, by order of Narvaez, and imprisoned in the Saladero, together with his friend, Don Nicolas Rivero. There he remained two days, when a commissary of police and two civil guards conducted him to Pamplona. In a short time the government ordered him to fix his residence at Aosis. He was pardoned in October of that year, when, the revolution of Aragon and Cataluña being over, the government had nothing to apprehend. Subsequently, he was appointed a member of the revolutionary *junta*, elected justice of the peace for the congressional district, and in the municipal elections member of the council for the district of the Hospital. In the elections for the constituent *Córtes* he was presented as a candidate in Barcelona, Tortosa, Vich, and Madrid; in the two first-named places he was elected.

Being now acquainted with the biography of Don Estanislao Figueras, let us proceed to regard the intellectual qualities which greatly exalt him.

One of the two great peculiarities of our friend—perhaps the most remarkable—is his moral character. Nobody, not even his greatest enemy, can doubt the rectitude of his motives, the nobility of his soul, the integrity of his life. Beneath an exterior expressing the sweetness and docility common to benevolent natures, he conceals an indomitable energy, which has enabled him to stand erect, with a front calm and serene, here in this land where we see so much debility, so much inconsistency, only to be explained by the suggestion of qualities opposed to those which shine so brightly in Figueras—want of energy in the character or want of faith in ideas. Nothing is so difficult as to eradicate prejudices. Habits take root strongly, and remain with the people, even after the institutions have expired under whose influence they developed into existence. It is a common error in Spain to believe that malignity and falsehood are necessary elements in a political character. This may be true in the palaces of kings, where all manner of intrigue finds its natural habitation, and political immorality its familiar seat; but the proceedings of liberty, the political acts of the people, the characters of tribunes, should be frank, loyal—in a word, most nobly moral.

The tribune of the people, like the Grecian athlete, goes forth naked to the combat. He can conceal nothing—not even those beatings of the heart that are hidden and suppressed by the jewels, the velvet, and embroidery with which courtiers are hedizened. The first quality of the popular orator should be frankness, and fidelity the prominent virtue in his character. But if to frankness in expression, if to fidelity in the character, he unites the skill which is part of the tactics of his enemies, and can pursue them with their own arms, gathered in the same field of battle, the tribune of the people elevates himself immensely, and is formidable even under the most disadvantageous conditions. Such, then, is Estanislao Figueras—sincerity personified, fidelity complete, ability unrivalled in that chamber where so many gifted orators have shone with such extraordinary splendour.

The orator must not be judged by any one of his qualities, though he must necessarily have a facile tongue and a lively imagination. No; he must be judged by all combined—his face, his tone, his voice, his action, for all contribute to the lustre of his eloquence. Estanislao Figueras unites great external advantages. His face gives him that oratorical expression mentioned by the ancients; the repose of his attitude adds majesty; his action, neither rapid nor measured, but always suited to the emotions of his soul, is worthy of his attitude. The unalterable serenity, the self-possession, the benevolent smile, which he does not belie even when his lips send forth darts of bitterness, the perfect calmness, which so forcibly contrasts with the excitement produced upon his hearers by his

eloquence—all these qualities make Figueras one of our greatest parliamentary orators, and his struggles in our Parliament the first glories of the Republican party. When the horizon is obscure when the seas become boisterous, when difficulties threaten to overwhelm us, all eyes turn instinctively to Figueras, certain of security from his unequalled dexterity. If we entangle ourselves in legal problems, he lays down their solution; if we engulf ourselves in political questions, his masterly decision is in reserve, with the sense of opportunity which is the greatest of parliamentary gifts.

Never shall I forget the remarkable occasion in which the entire Chamber turned against us for some words of our respected friends, Ortense and Pierrad, in the manifestation against the *Quinquagésima*. Sagasta poured forth burning words upon our heads, Prim threatened us, Topete made those interruptions natural to his nervous temperament, the hosts of the majority insolently vociferated, threats of expulsion appeared on the brows of some of our deputies—and in all that disorder, Figueras, sure of himself, like an experienced mariner in a destroying storm, counselled the one, supported the others, with imperious gesture restrained the just anger of his party, discharging, as it were, stunning bombs in speeches brief as the lightning, and of as vivid effect on his enemies, changing into victories the greatest difficulties, tranquillising the turbulence and confusion, and returning to us in safety, bearing his household gods and his family, as Virgil says Æneas issued from the flaming Troy.

Political eloquence has lost much in our time; now the Press contends with the Tribune, which it eclipses. The subjects discussed are in general prosaic. The apostrophe, the invocations, the appeals of Grecian eloquence, are proscribed in our Parliament, and cannot be attempted save when the orator holds in his hand the heart of his audience, which in the majority is usually hostile. From the modern tribune, men can neither express their thoughts nor their passions. Compare this confined auditorium, this narrow semicircle, with the Greek Agora, with the sea in front, the perspective of a tragic theatre, the people around storming with anger or overflowing with enthusiasm, the green-sward adorned with statues of the gods or the sepulchres of heroes, to which Demosthenes could extend his supplicating arms, and, remembering the days of Marathon, implore the manes which arise in majestic shades to infuse their spirit, and with their spirit their valour, into the souls of the degenerate Athenians, ready to sacrifice the country and the republic.

Thus it is that our parliamentary oratory must be sparing of adjectives, without declining into a school, correct without harshness, lively without passion, severe without bitterness; always prompt to attack the enemy, but never uncourteous; reasonably, but not factiously, striving with the opposition; skilful, untiring, quick to arrive

extraordinary ends with wonderful simplicity of means. The actor who rises and pushes his own ideas to extremity, being ignorant of the beneficial aspects of contrary opinions, harsh to individuals, rough, verbose, subject to that anger which breaks out in suddenness and imprecations, will never be able to follow up any parliamentary openings; neither can he advance himself in public opinion, nor acquire the social influence necessary to his party, nor utilise his own ideas, which require to be surrounded with the more recalcitration, especially if they are most novel or most extreme. Anger should be reserved for rare and supreme occasions, as the atmosphere holds in reserve the rays which consume the miasma. Variety is most agreeable in art, and contrast most necessary. To the sublime one may aspire but seldom, yet it is reached without reiteration; for the sublime is a bright point in the firmament of the soul, and the sentiment which inspires it resembles a shock of electricity.

In hastily writing these reflections, I think I have described the speeches of Figueras. They are sober, correct, and brilliant; earnest, courteous, calm, and reasonable; wonderfully acute, and at the same time persuasive. But when he seeks the sublime, he ascends to sublimity. We remember that night in which he pronounced his *rezo en Dios*, which for the moment converted the assembly into temple. And when passion is necessary, he knows how to be passionate. We recollect his imprecations against the Duc de Montpensier.

But his essential quality is that delicate smile which wounds his enemies like a subtle poison. What a keen glance to divine the weak point in the armour of the enemy! What skill in sowing discord! What a prodigious memory, bringing forward those historical records which inflict such injury upon the opposition! Above all, what sense of opportunity! He is never the victim of subterfuges. He knows how to engage in battles when his resources are unequal to open combat. He can call up storms upon opposition benches with the same facility with which he calms them among his own partisans. In fine, what conciseness, what vigour! Homer named his Achilles the swift-footed, and the name of Figueras we might call the light-winged, did we know how these airy pinions can resist the tempest. In the hour, in the encounter, to direct a sally, to make an assault, for that necessitates the inspiration of a moment, Figueras is unequal in the Spanish Parliament. He is always a combative man, and this is the reason that in the Constituent Assembly, sometimes by natural scepticism from the subjects of debate in an academy, his political expositions shine less than his impetuous passionate polemics. When the conflict comes suddenly,

when he replies to a provocation, when dark clouds surprise him among intricate pathways, when the unexpected thunder rolls in his ears, and the lightning flashes before his footsteps, then all opposition invigorates him, and he becomes greater in face of difficulties.

The records of the parliamentary career of Figueras are those of the progress of the Republican idea in Spain. At the first congress in which he took part he was scarcely twenty-five years old, and stood alone. Afterwards he had two or three companions. In 1868 twenty deputies voted against the monarchy. In 1869 seventy members voted for the Republic. When Figueras, almost a boy, entered the Chamber, with the timidity natural to one who comes for the first time to the *Córtes*, and encountered so powerful a monarchy, with a sovereign still popular, with orators who defended both throne and monarch, with generals who aided so much power—when he faced the brilliant and gilded wall of opposition, behind which sheltered a tradition of twenty ages, renewed by the vigour of modern liberty—certainly none could suppose that at his advance those works would tremble, that at his voice the throne would totter and that Providence had destined him to be one of the first to overthrow the false idol. He struck it, and thus by right became the leader of the Republican minority in the constituent field.

The Republican minority will be judged by the future; it forms a phalanx as deeply interested and no less illustrious than the mass of 1812. Its enthusiasm for ideas is boundless. Its perseverance in the combat is unrivalled. To it belongs the glory of having given to the discussions that calm and manly serenity which accompanies conviction and irresistible power. It has raised the most perplexing questions and the most difficult problems to the luminous regions of science. It has always been the advocate of order, not only as a supreme necessity of the moment, but also as the essential tactics of its party. Its voice has stifled religious intolerance. Its debates have awakened in the sister land of Portugal noble republican aspirations, which our nationality must crown and bring to perfection. Its ideas have been like a ray of light penetrating into the dungeons of the oppressed people. Europe, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Grecian Seas, and from Norway to Italy, has translated in all languages the discourses which converted in so brief space of time the Spanish tribune into a likeness of the French senate at its most exalted period, into the Mount Tabor of the human conscience.

In the labours and the direction of the Republican minority very considerable share falls to Señor Figueras—to his eloquence, to his rectitude, to his integrity. Some appear anxious to depreciate his other qualifications, as if among the vicissitudes of humanity, in the infinite variety of its ways, there were not to be found some

faculties supported at the expense of other faculties. If in the realm of Nature you would form a perfect being, with the voice of the nightingale, the strength of the elephant, the agility of the horse, the flight of the eagle—the result would be a monster. In the mind the same thing happens. The sublime indignation of Mirabeau harmonises not with the perfect and beautiful manner of Vergniaud; the former is great for his speeches, short as those couplets of Esquilo which inspired tragic terror, and the latter excels for his discourses complete as a tragedy of Sophocles, and faultless as a statue of Praxiteles. Fox did not fill his audience with enthusiasm without being many times hurried and confused; Chatham was not admired for his majesty without being often accused of stiffness; Burke did not radiate into sublimity without losing himself in obscurity, as if it was necessary to deepen the darkness, in order to show the greater brilliancy of the lightning. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Spanish eloquence stands as high as the first parliamentary eloquence of Europe. I do no more than repeat a universally admitted judgment in placing Señor Figueras in the immortal band of our most gifted orators. Some shine by their energy, others by the force of logic, and others by their flow of language—none so much as he for sense of opportunity, for ingenuity, for skill, for the most excellent endowments of parliamentary orators. For myself, I say that one of the greatest satisfactions of my life has been to fight by his side, and one of the most pleasing records of my memory his combats and his triumphs. Worthy of the most noble cause, worthy of the Republic, which, conquered to-day to reappear more vigorous to-morrow, will count him among its founders and its heroes.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

CUSTOM AND SEX.

WHILE political questions are rarely or never settled by the natural action of logical force, it is unreasonable to expect that social problems should be more fortunate. All the arguments, and nearly all the facts, which can be brought to bear upon the enfranchisement of women have been worn threadbare; and if it were not to be feared that the fate of Mr. Jacob Bright's bill may condemn us to at least another year of agitation, the present writer would not have been tempted to hazard a few remarks which, waiving the question of right, deal only with minor points of fact and expediency. The debate in the House of Commons last year on the extension of the suffrage to women, so far as it advanced the consideration of the question at all, did so by bringing into relief the fact that an apparently political question was being decided upon entirely on extra-political grounds. Both parties were doubtless aware of the fact; the rambling arguments of the opponents of the bill gathered cogency from the compact force of tradition behind them, and the advocates of innovation were compelled, like the victims of some enchantments, to blunt their swords upon the armour of phantom adversaries, whom they seem to slay, but who are revived again, after every battle, by the magic touch of the mighty witch, whom friends call Habit, and enemies Prejudice. Conservative defeats are brought about, not by the establishment of speculative doctrines, but by the recognition of an accomplished fact. Just as the supreme power in a state is lost, when the right of those who held it is questioned, so the laws of custom must have been abrogated before it can occur to any one to question their validity.

The practical convenience of barbarous or semi-civilised races determined a rough-and-ready division of labour between warriors, priests, women, and slaves. Subsequent subdivisions were sanctioned as they were established; but while the world was young they were certainly not established to satisfy an ideal requirement. No doubt the practical reason of mankind accepted these classifications like all other established facts, and theoretic minds were amply employed in hymning the beauty and use of ends and means, each existing for the sake of the other. But with material changes of all kinds fresh tastes and fresh interests were created, and the work of innovation once begun always proceeds with accelerated velocity. Habit, on the other hand, when it has reached its full dimensions does not bloom or propagate; it takes root, and its roots are strongest when generations looking upon it with changed eyes cease all at once to see the beauty of adaptation to which their forefathers bore witness. The effect of the

collision between the new and natural and the old and artificial may be **traced** in the absence from modern life of harmony, confidence, and **transparency**. For the advocates of both new and old are driven by the **apparent** uncertainty of facts—whose decision would be final—to the **still** more uncertain arbitration of right, which, in the nature of the **case**, must depend upon fact. There is only one way of escape. **Harmony** may be restored by a return, if that be possible, to the conditions **under** which old habits were formed, or else by the deliberate **abandonment**—and here for the first time there is an opportunity for the **voice** of reason to be heard—of all habits of thought and action **which** would not naturally have been contracted under existing **circumstances**.

The application of these remarks to the position of women is sufficiently obvious. The claims of women to the franchise, and a good many other things, are opposed in the House of Commons and elsewhere because the habits formed when women's position was very different from what it is now, are still supposed to prevail, and in point of fact do so far still prevail as to confuse the minds of politicians like Mr. Bouverie with images of a lost ideal. It is, on the whole, pretty generally understood what the woman of the good old times is supposed to have been like, and therefore it would be capricious to object that her admirers omit to particularise the precise period of her greatest glory and abundance. The only point to be insisted on is that she does not exist in England now. Mr. Trollope, *passim*, proves it as conclusively as every lady lecturer. But let us do justice to her memory; for the woman of the past has been nearly as badly treated by reformers as the woman of the present by the majority of the House of Commons. The woman of the past was beautiful, she was useful, and, chief and greatest, she was natural; she was a contented fraction of a harmonious whole. Her course in life was traced out for her by opinion, which she shared, and custom, which was her own second nature; her intellect exercised itself upon the objects within a circle which was as clearly defined as the duties of her guardian or spouse; there was as little uncertainty about her social functions as about her material fortunes; nothing but an irresistible inclination towards vice or martyrdom could enable her to outrage the public opinion of her world; no necessity of choice or effort was laid upon her; nor could any accident disturb her in the serene enjoyment of domestic emotions, not the less real for having, perhaps, less sentimental effusiveness than we generally suppose. In a word, she was happy, she was pretty, and she didn't lecture on the rights of women. Unless it were quite certain that modern progress is from good to better, much might be said in favour of an attempt to restore the type, but unfortunately we should have first to remodel society.

It is often said that the true vocation of women is marriage, and

this is something more than an opinion: woman, in the minds of those who take their ideal from the past, means a wife, or a sister of charity. Whatever local habitation we assign to the ideal of feminine excellence (giving to the word feminine its customary connotation) neither India, nor Greece, nor Italy, neither the barbarians nor the Renaissance, can give us any help as to the treatment of that *luxury nature*, an old maid. The woman of the past is the product, the admirable and amiable product, of a state of society which has ceased to exist in England and America, and is threatened with dissolution in the rest of Europe, and perhaps even in Asia. She flourished in the zenana, in the salon, in the still-room. Civilisation by itself was not fatal to her existence; for marriage by usage or *convenience* has been practised in many highly civilised communities. But human progress has an unfortunate tendency to reverse the allegory of Saturn, for it devours that which gives it birth. Civilisation refined beyond a certain point destroys what made its beauty. Almost soon as society has recognised the idea of womanhood to be such as we have endeavoured faintly to describe, the growth of luxury and population places its existence in jeopardy by rendering it difficult and by degrees impossible, for every man to maintain a wife in the manner prescribed by public opinion and class custom. Polygamy was the first and readiest way of evading the difficulty, and it had the advantage of leaving the material position of women as nearly as possible the same as before; but its general tendency was, no doubt, to impair the grace and purity of the ideal type, and for this reason apart from social prejudices and religious scruples, it is unnecessary to discuss its adaptability to the needs of the nineteenth century. The same may be said of a still more primitive expedient, the exposure of female children.

It is unnecessary to enumerate all the causes which have contributed to deprive women of the present day of the power (and to a lesser degree of the inclination) to obey the unabrogated prescription of what was once healthy public opinion. Competition, over-population, free-trade, radicalism, education, the poor laws, infidelity, whatever public measure, whatever intellectual tendency occurs to the reader as most peculiarly and pre-eminently mischievous, may, with very little hesitation, be set down as contributing its fair share, or rather more, to the result which a numerical majority still professes to deplore. Every liberal measure during the last three centuries has helped to break down the distinctions between the privileged and the non-privileged classes, and in assuming women to have ranked amongst the former we do not prejudice the argument which has been often used in similar cases, that artificial protection is a doubtful benefit even to those who enjoy it. The main point to be remembered is that for good or ill the protection and privileges formerly accorded

to women have been in great part already withdrawn. Whether the forms of modern society have become too various for opinion to legislate on their relations, whether private interests have become too strong to submit to legislation, or whether a new code adapted to modern circumstances be actually preparing for publication, the duties of the sex are at the present moment enveloped in at least as much obscurity as their rights.

The English theory of marriage is partly cause and partly effect of the impending revolution; cause, for it first admitted an uncertain quantity (i.e., inclination) among the forces which disposed of a young woman's future; effect, because an innovation in itself so startling could only have been sanctioned in the hope of making the recognised duty of men as little onerous as possible. The only question is, how long a duty generally felt to be onerous may, under favourable circumstances, continue to be observed. The revolution began when heads of families ceased, as a matter of course, to dower and "establish" the daughters of the house; it was completed (constructively) when daughters with the option of an establishment were first found to choose independence in preference. The movement did not originate with women, but the alterations in their position brought about by material and external causes proved that, like other animals, they possessed the power of modifying or adapting themselves to changed conditions of existence. If this were not so their extermination would be a natural and speedy consequence of the struggle for existence; or rather, as this is a scientific age, which mourns the reckless destruction of the dodo, a few choice specimens of the lost sex would be preserved with care in menageries and museums, and studied like the Aztecs or the last of the New Zealanders. The argument of the natural subordination of the woman to the man goes too far; for in a state of nature both man and woman go without clothes, and eat raw roots; every state of society has its advantages, but it is idle to think of reviving the Garden of Eden in London or New York. Whatever is, is natural, and those who believe in the instincts of nature may add, is therefore right; but it is only natural, and, *a fortiori*, only right, so long as it continues to be, and when it shows signs of ceasing no argument derived from the nature of things can be employed to retard its decay.

It is for the historian of society to enumerate the changes of custom and taste which have co-operated with more fundamental causes in modifying the position held by women even so lately as a century or two ago. Our concern is only with the discrepancies between the actual present, and the present as it appears to us when viewed by the light, or rather in the shadow, of the past. The sober womenfolk of a work-a-day world are expected to model themselves upon the heroines of chivalrous romance, and to "make believe" the

medieval scenery and sentiment which sober men have neither time, patience, nor money to provide; and in return for this complaisance men undertake also to "make believe" that an indifferent personation is the life itself. One of the favourite virtues comprised in the old ideal of womanhood was modesty; but in what sense can womanly modesty of the old type be supposed to survive the present dulness of the marriage market, and the only means recognised by public opinion for its relief? It is true this is one of the points upon which the voice of public opinion is indistinctly heard. Girls are to try to get married, but without husband hunting; they are to aim at fascinating the men they meet, but without flirting; and public opinion has very prudently refrained from attempting to fix the line which separates, in each case, legitimate enterprise from unlawful speculation. Not only is the question difficult to determine in itself, but the fact that society leaves its solution to the private judgment of every individual, is in itself an admission that the time-honoured landmarks and bulwarks of feminine virtue are shattered and obliterated. A period of transition is always one of disguised anarchy, and for that reason alone is better abridged. If our present usages were final, or likely to last without substantial variation for the next two or three hundred years, it would be worth while to recast our ideal, and to frame fresh laws to maintain its new form in undiminished purity and perfection to restore, in fact, the lost harmony between our moral and æsthetic instincts and the world in which we are condemned to live. But the causes which destroyed one ideal are still in such active operation that it is only by following them in fancy to their remotest consequences that we can hope to give a degree of permanence to our conclusions. We must look forward rather than backward; for opinion, whenever it is a real force, acts, not only to sanction the intellectual tendencies amongst which it has arisen, but also to prescribe in advance the course which society must pursue, in obedience to those tendencies. We are only concerned with the past in so far as it is prophetic of the future.

The stages of liberal progress symbolised in the popular mind by Magna Charta, Oliver Cromwell, the great and glorious Revolution and two Reform Bills are, after all, only so many steps towards the most liberal consummation possible—the creation of a political *tabula rasa*. Hereditary privileges and presumptive disabilities of all kinds have given way in turn when summoned to render a reason for their existence. Appeals to the nature of things were regularly made on their behalf, and as regularly disallowed; and no one seemed to suspect that the question, whether nature was blue or yellow was best answered by the fable of the chameleon. The genesis of liberalism was the empirical discovery that the nature of things did alter, and might mend. Hence the protestant character of the

true liberal formula—liberty and equality, freedom from vexatious restraints, and the levelling of artificial inequalities (for the positive element, fraternity, is an after-thought, introduced to satisfy the human *penchant* for trinities). We are already so near the *tabula rasa* that some Liberals of the old school are beginning to grow uneasy at the thought of what may happen after the end, and the possibility of its becoming their duty to protest against the rise of new and strange inequalities, instead of against the maintenance of old abuses, the best and worst days of which are past. The disabilities of sex are by far the most considerable social and legal inequalities that survive, and their removal is recommended by exactly the same arguments of principle, analogy, and convenience which, in every preceding case, have been found successful. The enfranchisement of women may, therefore, be considered certain; but there are special causes which make it desirable that the last triumph of Liberalism should be effected as promptly and peacefully as possible. The demand for political privileges has always been in the main disinterested, the fractional material advantage to be gained from their exercise being too small and remote for consideration. But it is to be feared that when Liberal legislation has done all its work, progress, in sheer *désœuvrement*, having no more abuses to destroy, may take to creating fresh ones. Should there come a time when the central majesty of law is threatened once more with perversion to the service of class selfishness, the cause of what will then be Liberalism may owe everything to the possession of political power by a sex which has not had time to develop interests adverse to the public welfare. Nor is this all; if we could suppose universal suffrage carried without female suffrage, the principle of equality would lose the opportunity of a double triumph which it would enjoy if the political education of two newly-enfranchised classes proceeded simultaneously. By proving that, in the eye of the law, a countess is as good as a mechanic, we should weaken incalculably the force of the presumption that she is a great deal better too.

It is impossible to notice all the piecemeal arguments which have been urged against the expediency of what is felt to be imminent; but as an example of the kind of assumption which opinion, on its onward course, will doubtless discard, we may take the one which dwells on the peril to which the principle of authority is exposed when there is a divorce between the physical and moral force of the State. The danger is a very real one, and much older than the 3rd of December or the 18th of March, though it was first brought home to English journalists by the military collapse of the National Guard of Paris, which had been embodied to represent the principles of peace, order, and domesticity. But it is not easy at first to see why the idea of a female householder should suggest the idea of

a mercenary army. The connection lies in the strange assumption that the woman of the future will never learn to shoot—not, of course, that members of Parliament or electors are *ex officio* members of a volunteer corps, but it is felt, with great reason, that the discharge of one political right or duty would practically entail, if it did not logically imply, the exercise of every other. Undoubtedly when women have seats in Parliament and on the Bench they will also hold commissions in the army, and it may even be surmised that the profession of arms will be rather a favourite with them than otherwise; for military glory has more in common with the ambitions which they have hitherto been encouraged to pursue than any inducements held out by learned or commercial careers. The few cases on record of women who have disguised their sex in order to enter the army offer no criterion as to the number who would do so when the necessity for secrecy was removed. The contrary assumption is much the creation of habit that it is scarcely possible to argue either for or against it. The physical strength of women is the principal difficulty contemplated, but it is obvious, quite apart from the effects of education or training, that the women of some races are taller and stronger than the men of others; and if that consideration appears too remote, it could easily be ascertained how many maids-of-all-work in London work harder than a dragoon. But it is supposed that women will be particularly influenced by the reluctance which we all feel at the prospect of slaughtering our fellow-creatures. Similarly it was held quite recently that they could not—it is still thought in some circles that they should not—cut off babies' legs. Now, to shoot an invader, who may be out of sight, and to cut off a baby's leg, are both painful surgical operations, which no right-minded person would perform except for the benefit of the infant or the fatherland; but there can be no question as to which of the two is the most trying to the nerves and harrowing to the sentiments. Unless antiquity—as is possible—was quite mistaken as to the natural instincts of the female sex, it will prefer the science of destruction to the art of healing.

One great advantage of this and kindred modifications of the social framework is that they will keep society amused; it will be quite impossible to get up a serious alarmist agitation against them, and by the time the general laughter has subsided, the revolution will be over; and like other revolutions, leave the world so very little the worse or the better, that the leaders of opinion on both sides will have nothing to do but condole with each other on the baselessness of their respective hopes and fears. After all, it will make no difference to the personal comfort of the staunchest Conservative that his house was perhaps built by a woman, that the conveyance of his estate was drawn up by a woman, that a woman had

contracted for the railway which takes him to town, or that women called for his rates and taxes. It is not *quâ* women that our grand-daughters will trade with China, or profess Sanskrit, and when they take their place fairly amongst other human beings desirous of earning an honest livelihood, it will be quite unnecessary to form *a priori* theories in explanation of their success or failure. If, on the whole, they fail oftener than men, so much the worse for them ;

“ All labour, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsucces.”

And it is easy to bow to the decision of remote and unimpassioned natural causes. In the laws of nature, the sanction and the precept are one ; their violation is a contradiction in terms, like the arguments by which opinion endeavours to reinforce them. The only reason why women should not do a variety of indifferent things, such as buying and selling, is that they can't or don't ; but so far as they do, and therefore manifestly can, the objection ceases, and opinion need only modify, very slightly, the notion of women current in the popular mind. This process has already gone further than is generally imagined, as we see from the readiness with which every fresh *fait accompli* is accepted and forgotten. There is, for instance, a strong opposition to the desire of women to study medicine, but as soon as a lady has succeeded, by any means, in obtaining a medical degree, we hear no more about it, except, perhaps, a casual recognition of whatever ability she may possess. Similarly in the towns where women were elected members of the local school boards, the controversy about their claims and qualifications, elsewhere rampant, is peaceably extinct ; and the only monument to its past vivacity is a tendency, which will soon wear off, on the part of their male colleagues, to listen with rather unphilosophical deference to what the lady orator may have to say, and not resume the interrupted conversations until she has sat down. A very short time would accustom people to the sight of women in less public, but perhaps even more influential situations.

The wildest dreams of female emancipationists go no farther than a state of things in which both sexes receive the same education, and have the same opportunities of acquiring fortune or competence by marriage, industry, or inheritance, without let or hindrance from the power which is called custom, when it regulates the conduct of both sexes, and fashion when it only regulates that of one. The same power which at one time made such amusements as riding and skating *infra dig.* for the ladies of Germany and England respectively, and which in certain circles makes it not quite “ the thing ” for women to publish, still rules that they shall not engage miscellaneously in remunerative pursuits. Opinions may differ as to the

utility of the prohibition, but it dates from a time when social usages were such as to tempt few women, and compel none, to violate it. The more usage can be proved to have changed already, the more it may be expected to change in future, and as opinion can never quite keep pace with innovation, unless its dicta are periodically revised, it is left increasingly far behind. The objections which apply to opening all professions to female enterprise, apply to opening any, and these were, so to speak, turned, when women first began to write novels for subsistence. The key of the position was an assumption that marriage was the only right and satisfactory provision for women, and only experience could make it untenable.¹ As a matter of fact some women cannot, and others do not marry, and though the breach of usage by the latter class is winked at, public opinion still hesitates about legalising any alternative provision for the former. In the case of women, either married or single, whose means are merely not such as to supply them with the luxuries or conveniences to which they may have been accustomed, society is tolerably well agreed in recommending the exercise of resignation, patience, and self-denial. But custom is quite at sea in prescribing the duties of really destitute gentlewomen; and beyond a despairing hope that the same three Christian virtues may somehow or other turn out to be useful, the advocates of the feminine ideal are reduced to such wild suggestions as that the ladies in question should go to service as upper nurses or professed cooks. Happily, if consistency cannot be maintained in one way, it can be restored in another; that is, by repealing restrictions which have ceased to be operative, except as a stumbling-block to tender consciences. Some women are allowed, under the pressure of necessity to teach, or to write for the press, or, if they have very great energy to profess medicine; it only remains to allow all who have the necessary material inducement to enter the Civil Service (where Mr. Gladstone is evidently prepared to let them have clerkships cheap), the army, the navy, the universities, and any other learned or lucrative profession they may fancy.

The practical effects of the innovation would be less considerable than is generally assumed. Men who, as it is called, marry money find in spending it a satisfactory and tolerably absorbing occupation for life, and there is no reason for supposing that the case would be different with women. Neither the wives nor the daughters of rich

(1) A writer in a German periodical who had collected some useful information about the number, age, and occupation of the self-supporting women of Berlin, was content with pointing out the unpractical nature of the argument from abstract political right. He proved satisfactorily that women ought not to have votes because the daughters of Kaiser Karl and Kaiser Otto learnt to spin, and because her Royal Highness the Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia excels in fancy needlework. This is the right method, and by following it consistently, Germany will probably make up the century or so of social experience by which she is at present our junior.

men are likely to disturb the labour-market by their competition. Life would be made comparatively easy to the class of lone women who at present find it difficult to live at all ; but the large majority of those affected by the change—the wives, widows, and unmarried daughters of those who are neither poor nor rich—would find their position modified, not revolutionised. Women who had engaged in a merely bread-winning profession before marriage, would give it up or not according to the circumstances of their husband ; while a profession embraced from choice would probably only be abandoned if the advent of ten or twelve children made their education a more pressing and interesting consideration. For, no doubt, when women are educated, the education, technical and literary, of a large family will actually engage the time and thought which, by an amusing fiction, ladies are now supposed to bestow on the difficult task of engaging their housemaids and ordering dinner. With the majority, professional life would always be an interlude, more or less seriously conceived, between school and marriage, and a provision against possible accidents or bereavement ; with some it would take the place or supply the want of domestic interests, while a few choice souls would know how to harmonise the claims of public and private life. The only reason for anticipating an increase in the number of old maids would be if it should appear that that amiable class draws more than a fair proportion of recruits from amongst the women of independent means. If this be the case, as is far from unlikely, it follows that some of the marriages at present contracted are based upon mercenary interest rather than free inclination, and the sentimental portion of society would be relieved at the prospect of diminishing the number of such inauspicious unions. Marriages, on the other hand, based upon a complete identity of moral and intellectual tastes and principles, might perhaps be expected to become rather more common in proportion as the tastes and principles of the two sexes become more nearly the same.

The indirect consequences of the new order of things would, no doubt, be more numerous ; the life insurance companies, for instance, would suffer, and perhaps, though that is doubtful, the milliners but details of that kind may safely be left to be adjusted by practical experience. The effect upon the statistics of marriage and population is a more important question ; but it can scarcely be doubted that the contemplated changes would, on the whole, act as a check upon both, and so far meet the dangers which are expected to arise from doubling the number of candidates for employment. Married life, like the woman of the past, is so exceedingly admirable at its best, that it is a pity it should become familiar in any other form. The standard of conjugal felicity may be permanently raised when other refuges are provided for destitute spinsters of mediocre attractions. It is even probable that by restoring the social position

of women to its former stability, and by setting the public conscience once more at ease as to actual usages, we should have done something towards restoring to woman *quâ* woman those qualities which lend a poetical grace to the relation of the sexes. A girl who had been too busy working for scholarships to read many novels, and who went into business directly after taking her degree, might easily have affections as unhackneyed as those of a convent-bred *ingénue*, though perhaps harder to touch; at any rate her maiden self-respect would contrast favourably with the *blasé* daring of young ladies in their twelfth or fifteenth season.

There is only one career which is really mischievous and demoralising to those who pursue it, and at the same time fraught with no possible advantage to the community; the career, namely, of an agitator. It is good to do a thing, however small; it is bad to talk about doing a thing, however great; and the consequences to the sex may be truly disastrous if a considerable number of women are induced, by the difficulty of obtaining other employment, to adopt platform oratory as a profession. The human intellect may innocently and profitably be set to work upon any raw material; "there is nothing from without a man that entering into him can defile him;" but the evil thoughts which proceed out of the heart of men and, it is to be feared, of women also, can have no more congenial fields for development than the discussion of a chronic grievance.

It can make no possible difference to the higher moral life of either man or woman whether a certain portion of time be spent in the study of bookkeeping or of German, of engineering or of illuminating; and it depends upon circumstances whether pursuits, of themselves indifferent, shall serve for innocent distraction, mental discipline, or economical profit.

But one thing at a time is as much as most people can accomplish, and there is a clear loss to the public when an average woman is withdrawn from some productive pursuit in order to prove over and over again to an exhausted world that women pay taxes, can keep the ten commandments when they try, and have occasionally been taught to read and write. The loss to the individual is still more serious; for how can a woman cultivate her natural talents when a curious world keeps pulling them up, as children do flower-seeds, to see why they don't grow? It is small wonder if in revenge she takes to the promulgation of shallow generalities, which leave the real strength of her own and her adversaries' position exactly the same as it was before. It is always irritating to have to argue seriously in defence of a truism, but when the defence itself is part of what helps to make the truism true, the result is an imbroglio from whence the logical sense can scarcely be expected to emerge uncontaminated. Of course the mind can, by an effort, reaffirm the distinction between fact and inference, fallacy and right reason, but confusion is contagious,

and the desultory education of women has not fitted them to set an example of method.

To "orientate" ourselves we must ask, "Are a majority of women really the gentle, retiring, reverential, self-sacrificing creatures which we are adjured to allow them to remain?" Neither man nor woman would dare to answer with a plump No; but the question, "Is it absolutely necessary for them to be so?" may be more fortunate. The tendency of early speculation was to lay undue stress upon natural or accidental distinctions; but modern science, after pointing out the slender physiological barrier which separates man and ape, cannot fail to perceive that however close the connection between different species may be, that between different members of the same species must be indefinitely closer still. The male and female gibbon exhibit some slight structural dissimilarities, but for the greater part of their life they are morally and intellectually indistinguishable. Perhaps this is one of the points in which they approximate to the higher or human type. Virtue, at any rate, is for the most part sexless. In spite of all the rhetoric expended on the subject, society still requires men to obey the calls of natural affection, and women to observe the rules of personal probity. The moral law binding upon both sexes might, no doubt, be tightened with advantage; but by merely generalising its application we should guard against a danger which sometimes suggests itself, namely, that certain virtues may fall to the ground altogether, while the sexes are tossing up to see which shall have the honour of practising them. It is for the interests of society that all its members should practise all the known virtues, and the exemptions, by which particular classes or sexes may at different times have compounded for the indulgence of a favourite sin by the ostentation of an easy virtue, are alike condemned by morality and reason. Reserve, modesty, and disinterestedness are invaluable qualities, which are never likely to be too common; but their place is poorly represented by the mere *absence* of energy, intelligence, and justice. In the general relations of life the same qualities are admirable and serviceable in all human beings; special conditions of life add their claims; but the range of virtues peculiar, let us say, to the marriage state is not much wider than the professional morality of a physician or a tax-collector. Beyond that range the ideal of womanhood has hitherto been chiefly negative, and it is here that additions are requisite, or, at least, unobjectionable; the positive elements within that range can only be discredited by injudicious advocacy. The present confused state of the question arises from the error of mistaking a part for the whole; the duties of women as citizens or labourers are determined by analogy, which could only be appropriate if every woman were separately engaged to be married to creation at large.

The arguments in favour of the *status quo* seem, as far as it is possible to sum up the course of a very desultory controversy, to be about four in number; and though we have endeavoured to prove that the question is not one for the decision of the pure reason, the existence and credit of these arguments are among the facts which must be taken into account. The first one rests upon the inferiority of woman's powers, but this may be briefly dismissed, for both the detractors of women and their eulogists seem disposed, by mutual agreement, to leave the precise degree of inferiority to be decided by experience. This is as it should be, for while, of course, the greater ought to rule the less, natural superiority can only be verified by a trial in which the competitors enjoy equal advantages. The next argument is the one of *a priori* morality, assigning different functions and duties to the sexes. It is the most influential, and we have endeavoured to meet it, first, by pointing out how far duty is the creature of opinion, and opinion the creature of practice; and secondly, by distinguishing between generic differences, and other which are equally real, but too narrow to form a sound basis for philosophical speculation. The third class of considerations are altogether practical. Is it for the interests of society as a whole to maintain the state of things now existing, or can reforms, which may or may not be for the advantage of one half the world, be carried into effect without loss or injury to the other half? Latent uncertainty as to the solution of these questions is probably at the root of most passive and undogmatic opposition to the claims of women. The interest of society, of course, must coincide with the highest interest of all its members, and it is scarcely conceivable that these should clash. If they could, a measure would have to be very clearly indeed for the advantage of woman, to reconcile us to the prospect of its being even possibly injurious to man. But difficulties of this kind are apt to diminish or disappear on a near approach. In the first place, social changes are gradual and almost imperceptible to those most concerned in them; in the second place, such changes are not possible until they are unavoidable, and civil life is one long apprenticeship in the art of making a virtue of necessity; lastly, in the particular case before us, there is no reason to suppose that the innovations contemplated will have any injurious effect at all, though until they have been tried, it is impossible to say whether they will prove as beneficial to the whole human race as their promoters hope and believe.

There remains only one other difficulty, compounded of most of the others, which is a great favourite with practical people and men of the world. What, it is said, will happen when the clerks in an office marry, or the politicians on opposite benches flirt? and again, but somewhat inconsistently, what is to become of the world if women, instead of flirting and marrying, do nothing but make law?

and railways? The first inquiry is almost frivolous, for it admits of only one answer—the clerks *will* marry, and the politicians *will* flirt. No doubt it would be thought a joke if a young lady were dismissed from her office for gross carelessness, which was soon afterwards explained by her marriage to the occupant of the next desk. No doubt it would be thought a scandal if the sudden conversion of a member of the House could be ascribed to the bright eyes of his wife, or some other lady opposite. But jokes and scandals are not unknown in society now; the former ought to be restrained within the rules of good-breeding, and the latter proscribed by those rules; but this is a matter to be looked to by public opinion, which is now far less powerful than it ought to be, or than, in a thoroughly healthy state of society, it would be. The next suggestion is not, at first sight, much more serious, for since men and women marry in spite of vice and folly, only confirmed misogamists would maintain that they will be deterred by wisdom and virtue. But the assumption that emancipated or strong-minded women will be less affectionate than their predecessors, is meant to tell in two directions; if less affectionate, therefore, it is implied less amiable, and if less amiable less womanly, and so the social changes would be made answerable for a definite loss to society of one of the elements which made its charm. At the risk of repetition, we must revert to what has been said before as to the distinction between qualities of race and of sex. The attraction of an attractive woman is partly physical, partly the result of a subtle impression that all she says, and does, and thinks is but an inadequate representation or reflection of what she essentially is. It may be that this is one of the compensatory balances by which democratic nature preserves the level of equality amongst her children, so that, though women on the whole are capable of doing less than men, what they do produces as much effect, and adds as much to the general satisfaction. But if this be indeed a law of nature, no parliamentary measure will avail to repeal it, and it is quite superior to the need for parliamentary support.

These doubts and difficulties may be met more or less satisfactorily; the knot which must give us pause lies behind them all. Every Utopian scheme requires to be perfectly executed by perfect instruments; but if that condition could be complied with, out of Utopia, the result would also be perfection, and we should have no need to seek further for the best possible world. Theoretically, the perfect state of society is that in which every citizen discharges as many duties as possible in as admirable a manner as possible; practically, the soundest opinions on the distribution of duties and privileges between the sexes will not, it is to be feared, lead members of either sex to approach much more nearly than they do at present to the high ideal, which, for the purpose of argument, they profess to have in view.

H. LAWRENNY.

PIERRE LEROUX'S DOCTRINE OF HUMANITY.

THE celebrated author of the *Book of Humanity*, Pierre Leroux, died in the month of April last, at the age of seventy-four. Among contemporary writers, he is one of those of whom modern France is most proud. Patriarch of socialism, author of important works, founder of that famous journal, the *Globe* of 1830, chief editor of various periodicals and of a new encyclopædia, chief of a great socialist school under Louis Philippe, member of the National Assembly in 1848, he took an active part in the various transformations of policy and idea which have agitated our time. Thus he could say without presumption, speaking of himself:—

They fought despotism ; I was there.

They overthrew royalty ; I was there.

They set their faces towards the ideal of progress ; I was there.

They republicanised men's spirits ; I was there.

They constituted socialism ; I was there.

It is principally as philosopher and socialist thinker that a high authority and an important place are accorded to Pierre Leroux. Few men have meditated and discussed to the same extent all the great problems that stir the silent depths of our age. He elaborated a political, religious, and social doctrine; this doctrine has been glorified by artists, and artists of renown—Béranger, George Sand.

In all the questions that he handled he introduced original views. In a work entitled *De l'Egalité*, he considered this grave question of human equality with a power of idea that makes this work fundamental, through the consequences that flow from it, in politics and organisation of men. In another book, *La Réfutation de l'Eclectisme de M. Cousin*, he composed a history of philosophy in which he demonstrates the unity of the human mind. In this book, too, he has furnished a definition of man that has become celebrated in the study of psychology. Pierre Leroux meditated long on human perfectibility and continuous progress, and we owe to do him the justice of admitting that his work on this great modern principle is the first where the doctrine of progress was estimated and propounded at its just worth. All those who have been awakened to human perfectibility, from Pascal to Condorcet and Simon, rather considered it as a fact than as a doctrine. Pierre Leroux raised the doctrine of continuous progress to the height of philosophy and a religion; for with him these terms are identical. I will mention also his book on the question of population, in which he refutes Malthus, by showing that man reproduces his subsistence by the law that he called the *circulus*. Finally, I will recall

celebrated plan of a constitution presented to the National Assembly in 1848. Since Sièyes, no one had ventured to propose a new constitution for establishing a republic in France in a durable manner. The worth of this achievement has always been admitted.

But one of his greatest titles with posterity is his famous Book of Humanity, in which the philosophic and religious part of his doctrine is expounded. This book is viewed as monumental, for the loftiness and importance of the ideas that it contains. What is man, what his destination, and, consequently, what is his right, what his duty, and what his law? Is man bound to other men, his fellows, fortuitously or by some necessary mode? These are some of the questions discussed in this book, which extended the reputation of its author far beyond France. A series of ideas are there specially formulated, which have been designated by the name of doctrine of humanity. Here is the principle of human solidarity and of renaissance in humanity. This doctrine, nevertheless, is inseparably connected with the *ensemble* of his works, with his doctrine of perfectibility. He is concerned with the greatest question by which the human mind can be moved. Solidarity is the law which explains the source of the evil which reigns in human society, and is the remedy for it. Have not all philosophers in turn sought the source or, rather, the sources of the evil? Have not the greatest minds pondered history with anxiety, with torment even, seeking some general law of the past, so that they and others might perceive a vision of order, and there might be no further room for that trouble of which Herder thus speaks :—

“How many have I known who, over the vast ocean of human history, sought in vain that deity whom, in the illimitable sphere of the physical universe, they perceive with their vision, and recognised with an ever-fresh emotion in each blade of grass and in each grain of sand! In the temple of terrestrial creation there rose from every side a hymn to the glory of eternal power and eternal wisdom. On the contrary, on the theatre of human action there was only an everlasting conflict of blind passions, disordered forces, destructive arts, good designs fading away. History resembles that web suspended in a palace-corner, of which the inextricable threads continually preserve the traces of recent carnage, after the insect who wove them has hidden itself away from sight. Yet, if there is a deity in nature, there is this deity, too, in history. For man is a part of creation; and even in the midst of his passions and down to his last extravagances he does not fail to follow laws as glorious and as fixed as those which preside over the revolutions of the celestial bodies.”

According to Pierre Leroux, one of these unknown laws and the cause of this evil is human solidarity. “We seek,” he says, “the source of the evil that reigns over the earth; the evil that reigns over the earth, I mean the evil that reigns in human society, comes from the fact of the essence of human nature having been violated, because the principle of the unity of the human race in all space and throughout all time, and of the mutual solidarity of all

men, has not yet been rightly understood or truthfully applied." is this principle which he thus explains philosophically:—

"The life of man, and of each man, is, by the will of the Creator, attached to an incessant communication with his fellows and with the universe; he calls his life does not belong to him absolutely, and is not in him simply; it is in him and without him; it resides in part and in an undivided fashion in his fellows and in the world round about him."

Solidarity is the law that forcibly unites men among one another, by making them reciprocally necessary, and which consequently brings it about that the human race cannot suffer progress in its members without all its members suffering or progressing equally. One might give a tangible idea of this consequence of solidarity, by saying that it is a mysterious and unbroken chain which reaches to each of us and unites us in the labyrinths of innumerable circles. We might also, borrowing from science a term of comparison, say that it is like the electric wire, whose line traversed as it passes by each one of us by all that is in man, and that comes forth from man, good and evil, falsehood and truth. We have ever to return to this formula; the life of man is an incessant communion, in which he is united with humanity and with nature. Pierre Leroux demonstrates this principle with the aid of philosophy. One of the consequences of solidarity is the impossibility of abandoning the unity of the human race; as men are united among themselves, they can only think of themselves normally in this unit. Solidarity leads him to formulate the idea of humanity, which rises by a hundred cubits above the political, religious, social divisions which have broken humanity into fragments, and marks the divisions as the sources of evil. In truth, if the right and interest of man is to communicate with all men throughout time and throughout space, and to communicate with the whole of nature according to the normal laws which the Creator has given us for the purposes of the twofold communication, there remains the inalienable right of man; this communication could not be restrained or limited, for to limit it would be to destroy it. To limit man in an absolute fashion to fixed communication with his fellows and with nature, with its possible extension, is to build a prison round him. By what right would you confine man to a single nook of the sphere under his feet and the sphere over his head?

The consequence of this dispersion of humanity in fragments explained by history. Evil manifests itself there under the three essential forms that place us in communion of relationship with our fellows, namely, the family, the country, property. For these three things, in themselves so excellent and necessary, may by their excess become mischievous, by absorbing the man and dividing the race. Man has been hitherto slave of all three things at once, and, according to the epoch, he has been successively enslaved in a predominant

manner, either to the family, as in the castes of India; or to the **state**, as among the Greeks and Romans; or to property, as in **med**ieval feudalism, and in that Capitalism of our own days, which is only feudalism in another shape. The right of man and his **inte**rest being free communion with the human race and with all the **universe**, whatever divides the human race, whatever folds off men into flocks mutually hostile or indifferent, deserves to be held **accursed**, whether the means of this folding-off be styled family, or **constit**ution, or civil law. The name of Caste, consecrated to one of **these** kinds of imprisonment and isolation, may be very legitimately **applied** to the others. Politicians have destroyed oriental castes, **which** for centuries have fallen into decay; but their eyes are blind to other castes neither less real nor less disastrous to the human race.

Thus, if the reasonings of Pierre Leroux are well grounded, it follows that all the evils and all the immoralities of the human race **spring** from the fact of this law of unity and universal communion **having** been ignored or violated in the ideas that have been formed of the family, the country, property. Hence privation, suffering, **slavery**, and the rest.

But let us thank God, here is an evil which from the oppressed **ascends** to the oppressors. If evil had only been evil for the oppressed, **it** would have been eternal. But from the very principle of life, **from** the principle that unites man to man, there flows a consequence **that** will destroy evil by itself; this is, that you cannot do ill without **suffering** ill in your own person. The Bible has an admirable **expression** for this solidarity of the master with his slave, of the man-sl^{ay}er with his victim. The Eternal says to Cain, "Where is Abel **thy** brother?" and Cain answered, "I do not know; am I my brother's keeper?" And God said, "Thou shalt be accursed even by the earth which has opened its mouth to receive from thy hand the **blood** of thy brother; when thou tillest the earth, it shall no longer **bring** forth fruit for thee." Cain might say that he was not his brother's keeper; but they were together to make the universe fruitful, and the murder of brother by brother makes the earth barren even **for** the slayer.

Thus Pierre Leroux demonstrates the first principle of morality and politics. We are all one and one in all, as St. Paul explains it. Thou shalt love thy neighbour, because in truth he is thyself; **because** the heavenly benefits are communicated to them by the **channel** of unity, as all evils come to them by disunion; **because** there is no individual salvation, but salvation will come to all through the **harmony** that will establish itself in the bosom of humanity when it **shall** have developed the creative power existing in the alliance of **all** who have one and the same end to attain.

Humanity, divided of old into a multitude of separate streams, **appears** to Pierre Leroux as a single whole. According to him, this

conception is a light that sheds brightness high and far. For only is solidarity of men existent; it is eternal. According Pierre Leroux, it has been a great error to seek a paradise and a out of nature and out of life. If you take away from this present life the character of infinity that it has in itself, you implant in nothingness; you sow the seeds of death in its bosom. What life of the perishable was no more than change or transformation, and you make of this transformation death. For where now is the sequel of this life? The good have always called in their prayers for the end of the world; the bad have cried with the atheist king of the last century, "Let the end of the world come after me; what matter!" This is the issue of the charity and faith of the one, of the incredulity and indifference of the others. We come thus to the egotism of the superstitious devotee, who dreams of working out his salvation below, and by another path to the egotism of the atheist, who dreams of procuring alone his own happiness.

Our faith, says Pierre Leroux, is that God, the invisible, the eternal, the infinite, manifests himself more and more in the successions of creation, and that adding creation to creation with the aim of raising the creatures higher and higher, it follows that creature of increasing perfection issue forth from out of his bosom. It is thus that on our globe humanity has come after animality. Man, says Goethe, is a first discourse between Nature and God. If then God after having caused the emanation of the world and each creature were to abandon them and not to lead them from life to life, up to a term at which they should attain veritable bliss, there would be injustice. The Apostle indeed says, "Shall the vessel ask of the potter, why hast thou made me so?" There is an inner voice instructing us that God cannot work ill, nor create only to inflict suffering. Now this is surely what would come to pass if he abandoned his creatures after a life of imperfection and misery. Men ask, where we shall pass the morrow of our to-day? What perishes at each instant, rather what changes, what is transformed, are the manifestations of your being, the relations of your being with others. The majority of men confound life with the manifestation of life—its present manifestation, which they would fain make eternal. Death comes to put an end to the actual manifestations of their life, under the form of which they are actually conscious, is what they abhor. Do not Descartes dream of an immortality to be conquered for our bodies by the science of medicine? But it is not thus that we are immortal because life in its essence depends neither on time nor space, and only falls under their empire in its manifestations.

But what are we in essence? We are not merely a being, a form, a potentiality; each of us has a determinate nature, each of us is humanity. But what is humanity? People ordinarily interpret this phrase by light and confused ideas. They call humanity to

totality of men who have appeared or who will appear on the earth. Or else they conceive by humanity a kind of collective creature, issuing from the play and reciprocal influence of all men upon one another. We surely need a deeper and profounder idea. Humanity is each man in his infinite existence. What exists in God is the ideal type of humanity progressively realised by the particular creature man. In this way, each man carries in him the ideal type of humanity in his infinite potentiality, which he only develops in contact with his kind; hence humanity is the individual, the particular beings who are humanity in germ, or in the potential state.

Pierre Leroux shows that the human mind forms such a unity, that if we isolate the intelligence of any man that ever lived and that was endowed with more genius than the others, in a moment these great intelligences are stripped of worth and meaning. They derive their worth from their union with the human spirit. Just as they had been prepared and led on, so in their turn they prepared and led on those who followed them. Hence their worth. Take them from this *ensemble*, their value instantly fades away. The relative truths that they knew become fallacies; they are only truths on condition that, being taken up and transformed, they yet further perfect themselves. They are only superior truths by comparison with those which had been perceived before. What would remain, then, either to the philosopher, or to the artist, or to the workman, if humanity, that in every way has given him birth, has furnished him with the substance of his character, of his intelligence, of his power, were to withdraw her gifts? In truth, to be, for such a spirit, is to be man; to be man is to be so in a certain time and in a certain land, so that with the supposition of his existence there recurs the effective intervention of humanity. Our sentiments, and all the ideas that these sentiments suggest to us, realising themselves in the course of ages, form humanity; just as reciprocally it is humanity that, existing without us and within us, causes the sentiments and ideas which are our life. Humanity exists in us like love, hatred, and all our passions. Humanity is, then, an ideal being, composed of real beings, themselves humanity in germ; and, reciprocally, man is a real being, in which exists in a potential state the ideal being. Man had been philosophically defined as a social animal; he had been defined by others as a soul served by organs. "Man," says Pierre Leroux, "is neither an animal nor a soul; man is an animal transformed by reason."

The whole subject of the future life, then, appears for Pierre Leroux to be reducible to these terms: future life is in germ in the present life. Now in the present life man is united to humanity, and with humanity to external nature. Then in the future life, continuation of the present life, man will still be united to humanity.

To these ideas objections are immediately opposed, such as the following:—A child is about to be born. Why should you refuse to the Creator the power of reproducing in this child a man? Is this kind of resurrection impossible for him who has the gift of life in his hands? Again, to this continuation of the individual being in the collective being, humanity, is opposed the absence of recollection. Pierre Leroux shows that, according to Plato and Descartes, the being who lives before you, and that you imagine to have been born yesterday only to die to-morrow, is an eternal being who has already lived, and who has had antecedent existence, as he will have subsequent existence. It is the principle of Reminiscence of Plato and of Innate Idea of Descartes. What then matters it that the various beings coming again into life should have no formal recollection of their previous existence? Each of their existences is a link in the chain; but they do not repeat one another, they are not the useless reproduction of a single manifestation.

Innateness, and the various conditions brought by the beings that come into life to-day, evidently replace the lost recollection of their past existence. This recollection is grafted, so to speak, more profoundly on their existence; it is transformed in faculties, in power of living, in potentiality, in predispositions of all kinds. Why, then, relatively to ourselves and our own future should we lament our loss of formal memory of our existence, after passing through the crucible of death? 'Tis only names and empty images that we lose, provided that the memory we retain of our life is an actual form, found to be replaced by intuition and new conditions of existence, that must represent exactly the actual worth of our life, because they have been weighed in the balance of him who is justice and science, even, him who has made the world—that is, who makes it continual—with weight and measure, *cum pondere, numero, et mensura*.

Is there not feebleness, egotism, and impiety in this attachment of men to their own mere manifestations, and to the fragile memory that they preserve of them during even this life? Is it not a kind of avarice, like the avarice that prevents the miser from living through his insensate passion for his hoard? This treasure is himself, yet he ends by burying his existence in it. Thus the majority of men would fain bury their existence in the mere form of the existence, and they call that not forgetting, and they would like to continue to be beset from life to life by all the details of the present existence. When we speak, is it needful that we should remember our first stammering, and all the faults of utterance with which we began? Such persistence in our first manifestations, so far from augmenting our being, would crush and atrophy it. It will be the dotings of an old man following us to destroy the chance of eternal youth.

There probably happens in the phenomenon of death something like what happens every day in sleep, which the poet, the philosopher

and the common man have so often compared to death. In sleep our ideas, our sensations, our sentiments of the evening before, seem to become incarnate in us, become ourselves by a phenomenon analogous to that of the digestion and assimilation of our bodily food. It is thus that sleep regenerates us, and that we emerge from it the stronger, with a certain oblivion. In death, which is a mightier oblivion, it seems that our life becomes digested and elaborated. Then comes the awakening, or new birth. We have been; we no longer recall the forms of this being, and nevertheless we are in our potentiality the exact sequel of what we were; still the same being but grown larger.

Pierre Leroux has provided an immense basis for his Doctrine of Humanity out of the ideas of all the great philosophers and the teaching of all creeds. He makes tradition his starting-point, and is able to say without ostentation:—

“ We teach nothing new, or at any rate nothing that is not conformable to the tradition of humanity rightly understood. I say that at the bottom of all the religious traditions of mankind, in all times and among all peoples, you will find with the sentiment of immortality, the sentiment of immortality in the bosom of Humanity. I say that the heavens and the hells apart from nature and life are only a heresy in the human tradition. I say finally that the universally held idea of the ancients was that man was born again in Humanity, and that it was only secondarily that they embraced either an intermediate metempsychosis, or the passage into heavens, hells, and the like.”

He makes not less victorious appeal to Moses and to the Gospels to attest the same conviction, which he held to have been taught by all great religions as well as by all great philosophers, from Pythagoras and Plato to Leibnitz and Lessing.

Such is the Doctrine of Humanity that Béranger and George Sand have sung.

LOUIS PIERRE LEROUX.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IT WON'T BE TRUE.

Mrs. GREYSTOCK, in making her proposition respecting Lady Linlithgow, wrote to Lady Fawn, and by the same post Frank wrote to Lucy. But before those letters reached Fawn Court there had come that other dreadful letter from Mrs. Hittaway. The consternation caused at Fawn Court in respect to Mr. Greystock's treachery almost robbed of its importance the suggestion made as to Lord Fawn. Could it be possible that this man, who had so openly and in so manly a manner engaged himself to Lucy Morris, should now be proposing to himself a marriage with his rich cousin? Lady Fawn did not believe that it was possible. Clara had not seen those horrid things with her own eyes, and other people might be liars. But Amelia shook her head. Amelia evidently believed that all manner of iniquities were possible to man. "You see, mamma, the sacrifice he was making was so very great!" "But he made it!" pleaded Lady Fawn. "No, mamma, he said he would make it. Men do these things. It is very horrid, but I think they do them more now than they used to. It seems to me that nobody cares now what he does, if he not to be put into prison." It was resolved between these two women that nothing at the present should be said to Lucy or to any one of the family. They would wait awhile, and in the meantime they attempted,—as far as it was possible to make the attempt without express words,—to let Lucy understand that she might remain at Fawn Court if she pleased. While this was going on, Lord Fawn did come down once again, and on that occasion Lucy simply absent herself from the dinner-table and from the family circle for the evening. "He's coming in, and you've got to go to prison again," Nina said to her, with a kiss.

The matter to which Mrs. Hittaway's letter more specially alluded was debated between the mother and daughter at great length. They, indeed, were less brave and less energetic than was the married daughter of the family; but as they saw Lord Fawn more frequently they knew better than Mrs. Hittaway the real state of the case. They felt sure that he was already sufficiently embittered against Lady Eustace, and thought that therefore the peculiarly unpleasant task assigned to Lady Fawn need not be performed. Lady Fawn had not the advantage of living so much in the world as her daughter, and was oppressed by, perhaps, a squeamish delicacy. She really could not tell him about her sitting and—and ~~kiss~~.

the man. Could I, my dear?" "I couldn't," said Amelia;—"but Clara would."

"And to tell the truth," continued Lady Fawn, "I shouldn't care a bit about it if it was not for poor Lucy. What will become of her if that man is untrue to her?"

"Nothing on earth would make her believe it, unless it came from himself," said Amelia,—who really did know something of Lucy's character. "Till he tells her, or till she knows that he's married, she'll never believe it."

Then, after a few days, there came those other letters from Bobsborough,—one from the dean's wife and the other from Frank. The matter there proposed it was necessary that they should discuss with Lucy, as the suggestion had reached Lucy as well as themselves. She at once came to Lady Fawn with her lover's letter, and with a gentle merry laughing face declared that the thing would do very well. "I am sure I should get on with her, and I should know that it wouldn't be for long," said Lucy.

"The truth is, we don't want you to go at all," said Lady Fawn.

"Oh, but I must," said Lucy in her sharp, decided tone. "I must go. I was bound to wait till I heard from Mr. Greystock, because it is my first duty to obey him. But of course I cannot stay here after what has passed. As Nina says, it is simply going to prison when Lord Fawn comes here."

"Nina is an impertinent little chit," said Amelia.

"She is the dearest little friend in all the world," said Lucy, "and always tells the exact truth. I do go to prison, and when he comes I feel that I ought to go to prison. Of course, I must go away. What does it matter? Lady Linlithgow won't be exactly like you,"—and she put her little hand in upon Lady Fawn's fat arm caressingly, "and I shan't have you all to spoil me; but I shall be simply waiting till he comes. Everything now must be no more than waiting till he comes."

If it was to be that the "he" would never come, this was very dreadful. Amelia clearly thought that "he" would never come, and Lady Fawn was apt to think her daughter wiser than herself. And if Mr. Greystock were such as Mrs. Hittaway had described him to be,—if there were to be no such coming as that for which Lucy fondly waited,—then there would be reason ten-fold strong why she should not leave Fawn Court and go to Lady Linlithgow. In such case,—when that blow should fall,—Lucy would require very different treatment than might be expected for her from the hands of Lady Linlithgow. She would fade and fall to the earth like a flower with an insect at its root. She would be like a wounded branch, into which no sap would run. With such misfortune and wretchedness possibly before her, Lady Fawn could not endure the

idea that Lucy should be turned out to encounter it all beneath the cold shade of Lady Linlithgow's indifference. "My dear," she said, "let bygones be bygones. Come down and meet Lord Fawn. Nobody will say anything. After all, you were provoked very much, and there has been quite enough about it."

This, from Lady Fawn, was almost miraculous,—from Lady Fawn, to whom her son had ever been the highest of human beings! But Lucy had told the tale to her lover, and her lover approved of her going. Perhaps there was acting upon her mind some feeling, of which she was hardly conscious, that as long as she remained at Fawn Court she would not see her lover. She had told him that she could make herself supremely happy in the simple knowledge that he loved her. But we all know how few such declarations should be taken as true. Of course, she was longing to see him. "If he would only pass by the road," she would say to herself, "so that I might peep at him through the gate!" She had no formed idea in her own mind that she would be able to see him should she go to Lady Linlithgow, but still there would be the chances of her altered life. She would tell Lady Linlithgow the truth, and why should Lady Linlithgow refuse her so rational pleasure? There was, of course, a reason why Frank should not come to Fawn Court; but the house in Bruton Street need not be closed to him. "I hardly know how to love you enough," she said to Lady Fawn, "but indeed I must go. I do so hope the time may come when you and Mr. Greystock may be friends. Of course it will come. Shall it not?"

"Who can look into the future?" said the wise Amelia.

"Of course, if he is your husband, we shall love him," said the less wise Lady Fawn.

"He is to be my husband," said Lucy, springing up. "What do you mean? Do you mean anything?" Lady Fawn, who was not at all wise, protested that she meant nothing.

What were they to do? On that special day they merely stipulated that there should be a day's delay before Lady Fawn answered Mrs. Greystock's letter,—so that she might sleep upon it. The sleeping on it meant that further discussion which was to take place between Lady Fawn and her second daughter in her ladyship's bed-room that night. During all this period the general discomfort of Fawn Court was increased by a certain sullenness on the part of Augusta, the elder daughter, who knew that letters had come and that consultations were being held,—but who was not admitted to those consultations. Since the day on which Augusta had been handed over to Lizzie Eustace as her peculiar friend in the family, there had always existed a feeling that she, by her position, was debarred from sympathising in the general

desire to be quit of Lizzie; and then, too, poor Augusta was never thoroughly trusted by that great guide of the family, Mrs. Hittaway. "She couldn't keep it to herself if you'd give her gold to do it," Mrs. Hittaway would say. Consequently Augusta was sullen and conscious of ill-usage. "Have you fixed upon anything?" she said to Lucy that evening.

"Not quite;—only I am to go away."

"I don't see why you should go away at all. Frederic doesn't come here so very often, and when he does come he doesn't say much to any one. I suppose it's all Amelia's doings."

"Nobody wants me to go, only I feel that I ought. Mr. Greystock thinks it best."

"I suppose he's going to quarrel with us all."

"No, dear. I don't think he wants to quarrel with anyone;—but above all he must not quarrel with me. Lord Fawn has quarrelled with him, and that's a misfortune,—just for the present."

"And where are you going?"

"Nothing has been settled yet; but we are talking of Lady Linlithgow,—if she will take me."

"Lady Linlithgow! Oh dear!"

"Won't it do?"

"They say she is the most dreadful old woman in London. Lady Eustace told such stories about her."

"Do you know, I think I shall rather like it."

But things were very different with Lucy the next morning. That discussion in Lady Fawn's room was protracted till midnight, and then it was decided that just a word should be said to Lucy, so that, if possible, she might be induced to remain at Fawn Court. Lady Fawn was to say the word, and on the following morning she was closeted with Lucy. "My dear," she began, "we all want you to do us a particular favour." As she said this, she held Lucy by the hand, and no one looking at them would have thought that Lucy was a governess and that Lady Fawn was her employer.

"Dear Lady Fawn, indeed it is better that I should go."

"Stay just one month."

"I couldn't do that, because then this chance of a home would be gone. Of course, we can't wait a month before we let Mrs. Greystock know."

"We must write to her, of course."

"And then, you see, Mr. Greystock wishes it." Lady Fawn knew that Lucy could be very firm, and had hardly hoped that anything could be done by simple persuasion. They had long been accustomed among themselves to call her obstinate, and knew that even in her acts of obedience she had a way of obeying after her own fashion. It was as well, therefore, that the thing to be said should be said at once.

"My dear Lucy, has it ever occurred to you that there may be a slip between the cup and the lip?"

"What do you mean, Lady Fawn?"

"That sometimes engagements take place which never become more than engagements. Look at Lord Fawn and Lady Eustace.

"Mr. Greystock and I are not like that," said Lucy proudly.

"Such things are very dreadful, Lucy, but they do happen."

"Do you mean anything;—anything real, Lady Fawn?"

"I have so strong a reliance on your good sense, that I will tell you just what I do mean. A rumour has reached me that Lord Greystock is—paying more attention than he ought to do to Lady Eustace."

"His own cousin!"

"But people marry their cousins, Lucy."

"To whom he has always been just like a brother! I do think that is the cruellest thing. Because he sacrifices his time and money and all his holidays to go and look after her affairs, this can be said of him! She hasn't another human being to look after her and, therefore, he is obliged to do it. Of course he has told me about it. I do think, Lady Fawn,—I do think that this is the greatest shame I ever heard!"

"But if it should be true ——?"

"It isn't true."

"But just for the sake of showing you, Lucy ——; if it ~~was~~ be true——?"

"It won't be true."

"Surely I may speak to you as your friend, Lucy. You need not be so abrupt with me. Will you listen to me, Lucy?"

"Of course I will listen;—only nothing that anybody on earth could say about that would make me believe a word of it."

"Very well! Now just let me go on. If it were to be so ——

"Oh-h, Lady Fawn!"

"Don't be foolish, Lucy. I will say what I've got to say. I will if—— Let me see. Where was I? I mean just this. You had better remain here till things are a little more settled. Even if it is only a rumour,—and I'm sure I don't believe it's anything more than a rumour,—you had better hear about it with us,—with friends round you, and with a perfect stranger like Lady Linlithgow. If anything were to go wrong there, you wouldn't know where to go for comfort. If anything were wrong with you here, you could come to me, though I were your mother.—Couldn't you, now?"

"Indeed, indeed I could! And I will; I always will. Lady Fawn, I love you and the dear darling girls better than all the world—except Mr. Greystock. If anything like that were to happen, I think I should creep here and ask to die in your house. But I won't. And just now it will be better that I should go away."

It was found at last that Lucy must have her way, and letters were written both to Mrs. Greystock and to Frank, requesting that the suggested overtures might at once be made to Lady Linlithgow.

Lucy, in her letter to her lover, was more than ordinarily cheerful and jocose. She had a good deal to say about Lady Linlithgow that was really droll, and not a word to say indicative of the slightest fear in the direction of Lady Eustace. She spoke of poor Lizzie, and declared her conviction that that marriage never could come off now. "You mustn't be angry when I say that I can't break my heart for them, for I never did think that they were very much in love. As for Lord Fawn, of course he is my—ENEMY!" And she wrote the word in big letters. "And as for Lizzie,—she's your cousin, and all that. And she's ever so pretty, and all that. And she's as rich as Cæsus, and all that. But I don't think she'll break her own heart. I would break mine; only,—only,—only—— You will understand the rest. If it should come to pass, I wonder whether 'the duchess' would ever let a poor creature see a friend of hers in Bruton Street?" Frank had once called Lady Linlithgow the duchess, after a certain popular picture in a certain popular book, and Lucy never forgot anything that Frank had said.

It did come to pass. Mrs. Greystock at once corresponded with Lady Linlithgow, and Lady Linlithgow, who was at Ramsgate for her autumn vacation, requested that Lucy Morris might be brought to see her at her house in London on the 2nd of October. Lady Linlithgow's autumn holiday always ended on the last day of September. On the 2nd of October Lady Fawn herself took Lucy up to Bruton Street, and Lady Linlithgow appeared. "Miss Morris," said Lady Fawn, "thinks it right that you should be told that she's engaged to be married." "Who to?" demanded the countess. Lucy was as red as fire, although she had especially made up her mind that she would not blush when the communication was made. "I don't know that she wishes me to mention the gentleman's name, just at present; but I can assure you that he is all that he ought to be." "I hate mysteries," said the countess. "If Lady Linlithgow——" began Lucy. "Oh, it's nothing to me," continued the old woman. "It won't come off for six months I suppose?" Lucy gave a mute assurance that there would be no such difficulty as that. "And he can't come here, Miss Morris." To this Lucy said nothing. Perhaps she might win over even the countess, and if not, she must bear her six months of prolonged exclusion from the light of day. And so the matter was settled. Lucy was to be taken back to Richmond, and to come again on the following Monday. "I don't like this parting at all, Lucy," Lady Fawn said on her way home. "It is better so, Lady Fawn." "I hate people going away; but, somehow, you don't feel it as we do."

"You wouldn't say that if you really knew what I do feel."

"There was no reason why you should go. Frederic was getting not to care for it at all. What's Nina to do now? I can't get another governess after you. I hate all these sudden breaks up. And all for such a trumpery thing. If Frederic hasn't forgotten all about it, he ought."

"It hasn't come altogether from him, Lady Fawn."

"How has it come, then?"

"I suppose it is because of Mr. Greystock. I suppose when a girl has engaged herself to marry a man she must think more of him than of anything else."

"Why couldn't you think of him at Fawn Court?"

"Because—because things have been unfortunate. He isn't your friend,—not as yet. Can't you understand, Lady Fawn, that, dead as you all must be to me, I must live in his friendships, and take his part when there is a part?"

"Then I suppose that you mean to hate all of us!" Lucy could only cry at hearing this;—whereupon Lady Fawn also burst into tears.

On the Sunday before Lucy took her departure, Lord Fawn was again at Richmond. "Of course, you'll come down,—just as if nothing had happened," said Lydia. "We'll see," said Lucy. "Mamma will be very angry if you don't," said Lydia.

But Lucy had a little plot in her head, and her appearance at the dinner-table on the Sunday must depend on the manner in which her plot was executed. After church, Lord Fawn would always hang about the grounds for awhile before going into the house; and on this morning Lucy also remained outside. She soon found her opportunity, and walked straight up to him, following him on the path. "Lord Fawn," she said, "I have come to beg your pardon."

He had turned round hearing footsteps behind him, but still was startled and unready. "It does not matter at all," he said.

"It matters to me, because I behaved badly."

"What I said about Mr. Greystock wasn't intended to be said you, you know."

"Even if it was it would make no matter. I don't mean to think of that now. I beg your pardon because I said what I ought not to have said."

"You see, Miss Morris, that as the head of this family——"

"If I had said it to Juniper, I would have begged his pardon. Now Juniper was the gardener, and Lord Fawn did not quite like the way in which the thing was put to him. The cloud came across his brow, and he began to fear that she would again insult him. He oughtn't to accuse anybody of an untruth,—not in that way; and I am very sorry for what I did, and I beg your pardon." Then she turned as though she were going back to the house.

But he stopped her. "Miss Morris, if it will suit you to stay with my mother, I will never say a word against it."

"It is quite settled that I am to go to-morrow, Lord Fawn. Only for that I would not have troubled you again."

Then she did turn towards the house, but he recalled her. "We will shake hands, at any rate," he said, "and not part as enemies." So they shook hands, and Lucy came down and sat in his company at the dinner-table.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY LINLITHGOW AT HOME.

Lucy, in her letter to her lover, had distinctly asked whether she might tell Lady Linlithgow the name of her future husband, but had received no reply when she was taken to Bruton Street. The parting at Richmond was very painful, and Lady Fawn had declared herself quite unable to make another journey up to London with the ungrateful runaway. Though there was no diminution of affection among the Fawns, there was a general feeling that Lucy was behaving badly. That obstinacy of hers was getting the better of her. Why should she have gone? Even Lord Fawn had expressed his desire that she should remain. And then, in the breasts of the wise ones, all faith in the Greystock engagement had nearly vanished. Another letter had come from Mrs. Hittaway, who now declared that it was already understood about Portray that Lady Eustace intended to marry her cousin. This was described as a terrible crime on the part of Lizzie, though the antagonistic crime of a remaining desire to marry Lord Fawn was still imputed to her. And, of course, the one crime heightened the other. So that words from the eloquent pen of Mrs. Hittaway failed to make dark enough the blackness of poor Lizzie's character. As for Mr. Greystock, he was simply a heartless man of the world, wishing to feather his nest. Mrs. Hittaway did not, for a moment, believe that he had ever dreamed of marrying Lucy Morris. Men always have three or four little excitements of that kind going on for the amusement of their leisure hours,—so, at least, said Mrs. Hittaway. "The girl had better be told at once." Such was her decision about poor Lucy. "I can't do more than I have done," said Lady Fawn to Augusta. "She'll never get over it, mamma; never," said Augusta.

Nothing more was said, and Lucy was sent off in the family carriage. Lydia and Nina were sent with her, and though there was some weeping on the journey, there was also much laughing. The character of the "duchess" was discussed very much at large,

and many promises were made as to long letters. Lucy, in truth, was not unhappy. She would be nearer to Frank; and then it had been almost promised her that she should go to the deanery, after residence of six months with Lady Linlithgow. At the deanery, of course she would see Frank; and she also understood that a long visit to the deanery would be the surest prelude to that home of her own of which she was always dreaming.

"Dear me;—sent you up in the carriage, has she? Why shouldn't you have come by the railway?"

"Lady Fawn thought the carriage best. She is so very kind."

"It's what I call twaddle, you know. I hope you ain't afraid of going in a cab."

"Not in the least, Lady Linlithgow."

"You can't have the carriage to go about here. Indeed, I never have a pair of horses till after Christmas. I hope you know that I'm as poor as Job."

"I didn't know."

"I am, then. You'll get nothing beyond wholesome food with me. And I'm not sure it is wholesome always. The butchers are scoundrels, and the bakers are worse. What used you to do at Lady Fawn's?"

"I still did lessons with the two youngest girls."

"You won't have any lessons to do here, unless you do 'em with me. You had a salary there?"

"Oh yes."

"Fifty pounds a year, I suppose."

"I had eighty."

"Had you, indeed; eighty pounds;—and a coach to ride in!"

"I had a great deal more than that, Lady Linlithgow."

"How do you mean?"

"I had downright love and affection. They were just so many dear friends. I don't suppose any governess was ever so treated before. It was just like being at home. The more I laughed, the better every one liked it."

"You won't find anything to laugh at here; at least, I don't. If you want to laugh, you can laugh up-stairs, or down in the parlour."

"I can do without laughing for a while."

"That's lucky, Miss Morris. If they were all so good to you, what made you come away? They sent you away, didn't they?"

"Well;—I don't know that I can explain it just all. There were a great many things together. No;—they didn't send me away. I came away because it suited."

"It was something to do with your having a lover, I suppose. To this Lucy thought it best to make no answer, and the conversation for a while was dropped.

Lucy had arrived at about half-past three, and Lady Linlithgow was then sitting in the drawing-room. After the first series of questions and answers, Lucy was allowed to go up to her room, and on her return to the drawing-room, found the countess still sitting upright in her chair. She was now busy with accounts, and at first took no notice of Lucy's return. What were to be the companion's duties? What tasks in the house were to be assigned to her? What hours were to be her own; and what was to be done in those of which the countess would demand the use? Up to the present moment nothing had been said of all this. She had simply been told that she was to be Lady Linlithgow's companion,—without salary, indeed,—but receiving shelter, guardianship, and bread and meat in return for her services. She took up a book from the table and sat with it for ten minutes. It was Tupper's great poem, and she attempted to read it. Lady Linlithgow sat, totting up her figures, but said nothing. She had not spoken a word since Lucy's return to the room; and as the great poem did not at first fascinate the new companion,—whose mind not unnaturally was somewhat disturbed,—Lucy ventured upon a question. "Is there anything I can do for you, Lady Linlithgow?"

"Do you know about figures?"

"Oh yes. I consider myself quite a ready-reckoner."

"Can you make two and two come to five on one side of the sheet, and only come to three on the other?"

"I'm afraid I can't do that, and prove it afterwards."

"Then you ain't worth anything to me." Having so declared, Lady Linlithgow went on with her accounts, and Lucy relapsed into her great poem.

"No, my dear," said the countess, when she had completed her work. "There isn't anything for you to do. I hope you haven't come here with that mistaken idea. There won't be any sort of work of any kind expected from you. I poke my own fires, and I carve my own bit of mutton. And I haven't got a nasty little dog to be washed. And I don't care twopence about worsted work. I have a maid to darn my stockings, and because she has to work, I pay her wages. I don't like being alone, so I get you to come and live with me. I breakfast at nine, and if you don't manage to be down by that time, I shall be cross."

"I'm always up long before that."

"There's lunch at two,—just bread and butter and cheese, and perhaps a bit of cold meat. There's dinner at seven;—and very bad it is, because they don't have any good meat in London. Down in Fifeshire the meat's a deal better than it is here, only I never go there now. At half-past ten I go to bed. It's a pity you're so young, because I don't know what you'll do about going out. Perhaps, as you ain't pretty, it won't signify."

"Not at all, I should think," said Lucy.

"Perhaps you consider yourself pretty. It's all altered now as I was young. Girls make monsters of themselves, and I'm told men like it;—going about with unclean, frowzy structures on their head, enough to make a dog sick. They used to be clean and smart and nice,—what one would like to kiss. How a man can like to kiss a face with a dirty horse's tail all whizzling about it, is what I cannot at all understand. I don't think they do like it, but they have to do it."

"I haven't even a pony's tail," said Lucy.

"They do like to kiss you, I daresay."

"No, they don't," ejaculated Lucy, not knowing what answer to make.

"I haven't hardly looked at you, but you didn't seem to me to be a beauty."

"You're quite right about that, Lady Linlithgow."

"I hate beauties. My niece, Lizzie Eustace, is a beauty; and I think that, of all the heartless creatures in the world, she is the most heartless."

"I know Lady Eustace very well."

"Of course you do. She was a Greystock, and you know Greystocks. And she was down staying with old Lady Fawn at Richmond. I should think old Lady Fawn had a time with her, hadn't she?"

"It didn't go off very well."

"Lizzie would be too much for the Fawns, I should think. She was too much for me, I know. She's about as bad as anybody I ever was. She's false, dishonest, heartless, cruel, irreligious, ungrateful, mean, ignorant, greedy, and vile!"

"Good gracious, Lady Linlithgow!"

"She's all that, and a great deal worse. But she is handsome. I don't know that I ever saw a prettier woman. I generally go out in a cab at three o'clock, but I shan't want you to go with me. I don't know what you can do. Macnulty used to walk round Grosvenor Square and think that people mistook her for a lady of quality. You mustn't go and walk round Grosvenor Square by yourself, I know. Not that I care."

"I'm not a bit afraid of anybody," said Lucy.

"Now you know all about it. There isn't anything for you to do. There are Miss Edgeworth's novels down-stairs, and 'Pride and Prejudice' in my bed-room. I don't subscribe to Mudie's, because when I asked for 'Adam Bede,' they always sent me the 'Bandit Chatterbox.' Perhaps you can borrow books from your friends at Richmond. I daresay Mrs. Greystock has told you that I'm very cross."

"I haven't seen Mrs. Greystock for ever so long."

"Then Lady Fawn has told you,—or somebody. When the w

is east, or north-east, or even north, I am cross, for I have the lumbago. It's all very well talking about being good-humoured. You can't be good-humoured with the lumbago. And I have the gout sometimes in my knee. I'm cross enough then, and so you'd be. And, among 'em all, I don't get much above half what I ought to have out of my jointure. That makes me very cross. My teeth are bad, and I like to have the meat tender. But it's always tough, and that makes me cross. And when people go against the grain with me, as Lizzie Eustace always did, then I'm very cross."

"I hope you won't be very bad with me," said Lucy.

"I don't bite, if you mean that," said her ladyship.

"I'd sooner be bitten than barked at,—sometimes," said Lucy.

"Humph!" said the old woman, and then she went back to her accounts.

Lucy had a few books of her own, and she determined to ask Frank to send her some. Books are cheap things, and she would not mind asking him for magazines, and numbers, and perhaps for the loan of a few volumes. In the meantime she did read Tupper's poem, and "Pride and Prejudice," and one of Miss Edgeworth's novels,—probably for the third time. During the first week in Bruton Street she would have been comfortable enough, only that she had not received a line from Frank. That Frank was not specially good at writing letters she had already taught herself to understand. She was inclined to believe that but few men of business do write letters willingly, and that, of all men, lawyers are the least willing to do so. How reasonable it was that a man who had to perform a great part of his daily work with a pen in his hand, should loathe a pen when not at work. To her the writing of letters was perhaps the most delightful occupation of her life, and the writing of letters to her lover was a foretaste of heaven; but then men, as she knew, are very different from women. And she knew this also,—that of all her immediate duties, no duty could be clearer than that of abstaining from all jealousy, petulance, and impatient expectation of little attentions. He loved her, and had told her so, and had promised her that she should be his wife, and that ought to be enough for her. She was longing for a letter, because she was very anxious to know whether she might mention his name to Lady Linlithgow;—but she would abstain from any idea of blaming him because the letter did not come.

On various occasions the countess showed some little curiosity about the lover; and at last, after about ten days, when she found herself beginning to be intimate with her new companion, she put the question point blank. "I hate mysteries," she said. "Who is the young man you are to marry?"

"He is a gentleman I've known a long time."

"That's no answer."

"I don't want to tell his name quite yet, Lady Linlithgow."

"Why shouldn't you tell his name, unless it's something improper? Is he a gentleman?"

"Yes;—he is a gentleman."

"And how old?"

"Oh, I don't know;—perhaps thirty-two."

"And has he any money?"

"He has his profession."

"I don't like these kind of secrets, Miss Morris. If you won't say who he is, what was the good of telling me that you were engaged at all? How is a person to believe it?"

"I don't want you to believe it."

"Highly, tightly!"

"I told you my own part of the affair, because I thought you ought to know it as I was coming into your house. But I don't see that you ought to know his part of it. As for not believing, suppose you believed Lady Fawn."

"Not a bit better than I believe you. People don't always tell truth because they have titles, nor yet because they've grown old. He don't live in London;—does he?"

"He generally lives in London. He is a barrister."

"Oh,—oh; a barrister is he? They're always making a heap of money, or else none at all. Which is it with him?"

"He makes something."

"As much as you could put in your eye and see none the worse. To see the old lady, as she made this suggestion, turn sharp round upon Lucy, was as good as a play. "My sister's nephew, the dear son, is one of the best of the rising ones, I'm told." Lucy blushed up to her hair, but the dowager's back was turned, and she did not see the blushes. "But he's in Parliament, and they tell me spends his money faster than he makes it. I suppose you know him?"

"Yes;—I knew him at Bobsborough."

"It's my belief that after all this fuss about Lord Fawn, he'll marry his cousin, Lizzie Eustace. If he's a lawyer, and as sharp as they say, I suppose he could manage her. I wish he would."

"And she so bad as you say she is!"

"She'll be sure to get somebody, and why shouldn't he have as much money as well as another? There never was a Greystock who did not want money. That's what it will come to;—you'll see."

"Never," said Lucy decidedly.

"And why not?"

"What I mean is that Mr. Greystock is,—at least, I should think so from what I hear,—the very last man in the world to marry for money."

“What do you know of what a man would do?”

“It would be a very mean thing;—particularly if he does not love her.”

“Bother!” said the countess. “They were very near it in town last year before Lord Fawn came up at all. I knew as much as that. And it’s what they’ll come to before they’ve done.”

“They’ll never come to it,” said Lucy.

Then a sudden light flashed across the astute mind of the countess. She turned round in her chair, and sat for a while silent, looking at Lucy. Then she slowly asked another question. “He isn’t your young man;—is he?” To this Lucy made no reply. “So that’s it; is it?” said the dowager. “You’ve done me the honour of making my house your home till my own sister’s nephew shall be ready to marry you?”

“And why not?” asked Lucy, rather roughly.

“And Dame Greystock, from Bobsborough, has sent you here to keep you out of her son’s way. I see it all. And that old frump at Richmond has passed you over to me because she did not choose to have such goings on under her own eye.”

“There have been no goings on,” said Lucy.

“And he’s to come here, I suppose, when my back’s turned?”

“He is not thinking of coming here. I don’t know what you mean. Nobody has done anything wrong to you. I don’t know why you say such cruel things.”

“He can’t afford to marry you, you know.”

“I don’t know anything about it. Perhaps we must wait ever so long; five years. That’s nobody’s business but my own.”

“I found it all out,—didn’t I?”

“Yes;—you found it out.”

“I’m thinking of that sly old Dame Greystock at Bobsborough,—sending you here!” Neither on that nor on the two following days did Lady Linlithgow say a word further to Lucy about her engagement.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TOO BAD FOR SYMPATHY.

WHEN Frank Greystock left Bobsborough to go to Scotland, he had not said that he would return, nor had he at that time made up his mind whether he would do so or no. He had promised to go and shoot in Norfolk, and had half undertaken to be up in London with Herriot working. Though it was holiday time, still there was plenty of work for him to do,—various heavy cases to get up, and papers to

be read, if only he could settle himself down to the doing of it. But the scenes down in Scotland had been of a nature to make him unfit for steady labour. How was he to sail his bark through the rocks by which his present voyage was rendered so dangerous? Of course, to the reader, the way to do so seems to be clear enough. To work hard at his profession; to explain to his cousin that she had altogether mistaken his feelings; and to be true to Lucy Morris was so manifestly his duty, that to no reader will it appear possible that to any gentleman there could be a doubt. Instead of the existence of a difficulty, there was a flood of light upon his path,—so the reader will think;—a flood so clear that not to see his way was impossible. A man carried away by abnormal appetites, and wickedness, and the devil, may of course commit murder, or forge bills, or become fraudulent director of a bankrupt company. And so may a man be untrue to his troth,—and leave true love in pursuit of tinsel and beauty, and false words, and a large income. But why should one tell the story of creatures so base? One does not willingly grovel in gutters, or breathe fetid atmospheres, or live upon garbage. If we are to deal with heroes and heroines, let us, at any rate, have heroes and heroines who are above such meanness as falsehood in love. This Frank Greystock must be little better than a mean villain, if he allows himself to be turned from his allegiance to Lucy Morris for an hour by the seductions and money of such one as Lizzie Eustace.

We know the dear old rhyme;—

“It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be honest and true,
It is good to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.”

There was never better truth spoken than this, and if all men and women could follow the advice here given there would be very little sorrow in the world. But men and women do not follow. They are no more able to do so than they are to use a spear, staff of which is like a weaver's beam, or to fight with the sword Excalibur. The more they exercise their arms the nearer will they get to using the giant's weapon,—or even the weapon that is divided. But as things are at present their limbs are limp and their muscles soft, and over-feeding impedes their breath. They attempt to be merry without being wise, and have theories about truth and honesty with which they desire to shackle others, thinking that freedom from such trammels may be good for themselves. And in that matter love,—though love is very potent,—treachery will sometimes seem to be prudence, and a hankering after new delights will often interfere with real devotion.

It is very easy to depict a hero,—a man absolutely stainless, perfect

fect as an Arthur,—a man honest in all his dealings, equal to all trials, true in all his speech, indifferent to his own prosperity, struggling for the general good, and, above all, faithful in love. At any rate, it is as easy to do that as to tell of the man who is one hour good and the next bad, who aspires greatly, but fails in practice, who sees the higher, but too often follows the lower course. There arose at one time a school of art, which delighted to paint the human face as perfect in beauty; and from that time to this we are discontented unless every woman is drawn for us as a Venus, or at least a Madonna. I do not know that we have gained much by this untrue portraiture, either in beauty or in art. There may be made for us a pretty thing to look at, no doubt;—but we know that that pretty thing is not really visaged as the mistress whom we serve, and whose lineaments we desire to perpetuate on the canvas. The winds of heaven, or the flesh-pots of Egypt, or the midnight gas,—passions, pains, and, perhaps, rouge and powder, have made her something different. But still there is the fire of her eye, and the eager eloquence of her mouth, and something, too, perhaps, left of the departing innocence of youth, which the painter might give us without the Venus or the Madonna touches. But the painter does not dare to do it. Indeed, he has painted so long after the other fashion that he would hate the canvas before him, were he to give way to the rouge-begotten roughness or to the flesh-pots,—or even to the winds. And how, my lord, would you, who are giving hundreds, more than hundreds, for this portrait of your dear one, like to see it in print from the art critic of the day, that she is a brazen-faced hoyden who seems to have had a glass of wine too much, or to have been making hay?

And so also has the reading world taught itself to like best the characters of all but divine men and women. Let the man who paints with pen and ink give the gaslight, and the flesh-pots, the passions and pains, the prurient prudence and the rouge-pots and pounce-boxes of the world as it is, and he will be told that no one can care a straw for his creations. With whom are we to sympathise? says the reader, who not unnaturally imagines that a hero should be heroic. Oh, thou, my reader, whose sympathies are in truth the great and only aim of my work, when you have called the dearest of your friends round you to your hospitable table, how many heroes are there sitting at the board? Your bosom friend, even if he be a knight without fear, is he a knight without reproach? The Ivanhoe that you know, did he not press Rebecca's hand? Your Lord Evandale,—did he not bring his coronet into play when he strove to win his Edith Bellenden? Was your Tresilian still true and still forbearing when truth and forbearance could avail him nothing? And those sweet girls whom you know, do they never

doubt between the poor man they think they love, and the rich man whose riches they know they covet?

Go into the market, either to buy or sell, and name the thing you desire to part with or to get, as it is, and the market is closed against you. Middling oats are the sweepings of the granaries. A useful horse is a jade gone at every point. Good sound port is sloe juice. No assurance short of A 1 betokens even a pretence to merit. And yet in real life we are content with oats that are really middling, are very glad to have a useful horse, and know that if we drink port at all we must drink some that is neither good nor sound. In those delineations of life and character which we call novels a similarly superlative vein is desired. Our own friends around us are not always merry and wise, nor, alas! always honest and true. They are often cross and foolish, and sometimes treacherous and false. They are so, and we are angry. Then we forgive them, not without consciousness of imperfection on our own part. And we know,—or at least believe,—that though they be sometimes treacherous and false, there is a balance of good. We cannot have heroes to dine with us. There are none. And were these heroes to be had, we should not like them. But neither are our friends villains,—whose every aspiration is for evil, and whose every moment is a struggle for some achievement worthy of the devil.

The persons whom you cannot care for in a novel, because they are so bad, are the very same that you so dearly love in your life, because they are so good. To make them and ourselves somewhat better, not by one spring heavenwards to perfection, because we cannot use our legs,—but by slow climbing, is, we may presume, the object of all teachers, leaders, legislators, spiritual pastors, and masters. He who writes tales such as this, probably also has, very humbly, some such object distantly before him. A picture of surpassing glory like nobleness,—a picture of a King Arthur among men, may perhaps do much. But such pictures cannot do all. When such a picture is painted, as intending to show what a man should be, it is true. If painted to show what men are, it is false. The true picture of life as it is, if it could be adequately painted, would show not what they are, and how they might rise, not, indeed, to perfection, but one step first, and then another on the ladder.

Our hero, Frank Greystock, falling lamentably short in heroism, was not in a happy state of mind when he reached Borough. It may be that he returned to his own borough and his mother's arms because he felt, that were he to determine to be false to Lucy, he would there receive sympathy in his treachery. His mother would, at any rate, think that it was well, and his father would acknowledge that the fault committed was in the original engagement with poor Lucy, and not in the treachery. He

written that letter to her in his chambers one night in a fit of ecstasy; and could it be right that the ruin of a whole life should be the consequence?

It can hardly be too strongly asserted that Lizzie Eustace did not appear to Frank as she had been made to appear to the reader. In all this affair of the necklace he was beginning to believe that she was really an ill-used woman; and as to other traits in Lizzie's character,—traits which he had seen, and which were not of a nature to attract,—it must be remembered that beauty reclining in a man's arms does go far towards washing white the lovely blackamoor. Lady Linlithgow, upon whom Lizzie's beauty could have no effect of that kind, had nevertheless declared her to be very beautiful. And this loveliness was of a nature that was altogether pleasing, if once the beholder of it could get over the idea of falseness which certainly Lizzie's eye was apt to convey to the beholder. There was no unclean horse's tail. There was no get up of flounces, and padding, and paint, and hair, with a dorsal excrescence appended with the object surely of showing in triumph how much absurd ugliness women can force men to endure. She was lithe, and active, and bright,—and was at this moment of her life at her best. Her growing charms had as yet hardly reached the limits of full feminine loveliness,—which, when reached, have been surpassed. Luxuriant beauty had with her not as yet become comeliness; nor had age or the good things of the world added a pound to the fairy lightness of her footstep. All this had been tendered to Frank,—and with it that worldly wealth which was so absolutely necessary to his career. For though Greystock would not have said to any man or woman that nature had intended him to be a spender of much money and a consumer of many good things, he did undoubtedly so think of himself. He was a Greystock, and to what miseries would he not reduce his Lucy if, burthened by such propensities, he were to marry her and then become an aristocratic pauper!

The offer of herself by a woman to a man is, to us all, a thing so distasteful that we at once declare that the woman must be abominable. There shall be no whitewashing of Lizzie Eustace. She was abominable. But the man to whom the offer is made hardly sees the thing in the same light. He is disposed to believe that, in his peculiar case, there are circumstances by which the woman is, if not justified, at least excused. Frank did put faith in his cousin's love for himself. He did credit her when she told him that she had accepted Lord Fawn's offer in pique, because he had not come to her when he had promised that he would come. It did seem natural to him that she should have desired to adhere to her engagement when he would not advise her to depart from it. And then her jealousy about Lucy's ring, and her abuse of Lucy, were proofs to him of her

love. Unless she loved him, why should she care to marry him? What was his position that she should desire to share it;—unless she so desired because he was dearer to her than aught beside? He had not eyes clear enough to perceive that his cousin was a witch whistling for a wind, and ready to take the first blast that would carry her and her broomstick somewhere into the sky. And then, in that matter of the offer, which in ordinary circumstances certainly should not have come from her to him, did not the fact of her wealth and of his comparative poverty cleanse her from such stain as would, in usual circumstances, attach to a woman who is so forward? He had not acceded to her proposition. He had not denied his engagement to Lucy. He had left her presence without a word of encouragement, because of that engagement. But he believed that Lizzie was sincere. He believed, now, that she was genuine; though he had previously been all but sure that falsehood and artifice were second nature to her.

At Bobsborough he met his constituents, and made them the normal autumn speech. The men of Bobsborough were well pleased and gave him a vote of confidence. As none but those of his own party attended the meeting, it was not wonderful that the vote was unanimous. His father, mother, and sister all heard his speech, and there was a strong family feeling that Frank was born to set the Greystocks once more upon their legs. When a man can say what he likes with the certainty that every word will be reported, and can speak to those around him as one manifestly their superior, he always looms large. When the Conservatives should return to their proper place at the head of affairs, there could be no doubt that Frank Greystock would be made Solicitor-General. There were not wanting even ardent admirers who conceived that, with such claims and such talents as his, the ordinary steps in political promotion would not be needed, and that he would become Attorney-General at once. All men began to say all good things to the dean, and to Mrs. Greystock it seemed that the woolsack, or at least the Queen's Bench with a peerage, was hardly an uncertainty. But then,—there must be no marriage with a penniless governess. If he would only marry his cousin one might say that the woolsack was won.

Then came Lucy's letter; the pretty, dear, joking letter about the "duchess," and broken hearts. "I would break my heart, only, only, only——" Yes, he knew very well what she meant. He would never be called upon to break my heart, because you are not a false scoundrel. If you were a false scoundrel,—instead of being, as you are, a pearl among men,—then I should break my heart. That was what Lucy meant. She could not have been much clearer, and he understood it perfectly. It is very nice to walk about one's own borough and be voted unanimously worthy of confidence, and be a

great man; but if you are a scoundrel, and not used to being a scoundrel, black care is apt to sit very close behind you as you go caracolliug along the streets.

Lucy's letter required an answer, and how should he answer it? He certainly did not wish her to tell Lady Linlithgow of her engagement, but Lucy clearly wished to be allowed to tell, and on what ground could he enjoin her to be silent? He knew, or he thought he knew, that till he answered the letter, she would not tell his secret,—and therefore from day to day he put off the answer. A man does not write a love-letter usually when he is in doubt himself whether he does or does not mean to be a scoundrel.

Then there came a letter to "Dame" Greystock from Lady Linlithgow, which filled them all with amazement.

"MY DEAR MADAM,"—began the letter,—

"Seeing that your son is engaged to marry Miss Morris,—at least she says so,—you ought not to have sent her here without telling me all about it. She says you know of the match, and she says that I can write to you if I please. Of course, I can do that without her leave. But it seems to me that if you know all about it, and approve the marriage, your house and not mine would be the proper place for her.

"I'm told that Mr. Greystock is a great man. Any lady being with me as my companion can't be a great woman. But perhaps you wanted to break it off;—else you would have told me. She shall stay here six months, but then she must go.

"Yours truly,

"SUSANNA LINLITHGOW."

It was considered absolutely necessary that this letter should be shown to Frank. "You see," said his mother, "she told the old lady at once."

"I don't see why she shouldn't." Nevertheless Frank was annoyed. Having asked for permission, Lucy should at least have waited for a reply.

"Well; I don't know," said Mrs. Greystock. "It is generally considered that young ladies are more reticent about such things. She has blurted it out and boasted about it at once."

"I thought girls always told of their engagements," said Frank, "and I can't for the life of me see that there was any boasting in it." Then he was silent for a moment. "The truth is, we are, all of us, treating Lucy very badly."

"I cannot say that I see it," said his mother.

"We ought to have had her here."

"For how long, Frank?"

"For as long as a home was needed by her."

"Had you demanded it, Frank, she should have come, of course. But neither I nor your father could have had pleasure in receiving her as your future wife. You, yourself, say that it cannot be for two years at least."

"I said one year."

"I think, Frank, you said two. And we all know that such marriage would be ruinous to you. How could we make her welcome? Can you see your way to having a house for her to live in with twelve months?"

"Why not a house? I could have a house to-morrow."

"Such a house as would suit you in your position? And, Frank, would it be a kindness to marry her and then let her find that she were in debt?"

"I don't believe she'd care, if she had nothing but a crust to eat."

"She ought to care, Frank."

"I think," said the dean to his son, on the next day, "that in our class of life an imprudent marriage is the one thing that should be avoided. My marriage has been very happy, God knows; but I have always been a poor man, and feel it now when I am quite unable to help you. And yet your mother had some fortune. Nobody, I think, cares less for wealth than I do. I am content almost with nothing."—The nothing with which the dean had hitherto been contented had always included every comfort of life, a well-kept table, good wine, new books, and canonical habiliments with the gloss still on; but as the Bobsborough tradesmen had, through the agency of Mrs. Greystock, always supplied him with these things as though they came from the clouds, he really did believe that he had never asked for anything.—"I am content almost with nothing. But I do feel that marriage cannot be adopted as the ordinary form of life by men in our class as it can be by the rich or by the poor. You, for instance, are called upon to live with the rich, but are not rich. That can only be done by wary walking, and is hardly consistent with a wife and children."

"But men in my position do marry, sir."

"After a certain age,—or else they marry ladies with money. You see, Frank, there are not many men who go into Parliament with means so moderate as yours; and they who do perhaps have stronger ideas of economy." The dean did not say a word about Lucy Morris, and dealt entirely with generalities.

In compliance with her son's advice,—or almost command,—Mrs. Greystock did not answer Lady Linlithgow's letter. He was going back to London, and would give personally, or by letter written there, what answer might be necessary. "You will then see Miss Morris?" asked his mother.

"I shall certainly see Lucy. Something must be settled." There was a tone in his voice as he said this which gave some comfort to his mother.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LIZZIE'S GUESTS.

TRUE to their words, at the end of October, Mrs. Carbuncle and Miss Roanoke, and Lord George de Bruce Carruthers, and Sir Griffin Tewett, arrived at Portray Castle. And for a couple of days there was a visitor whom Lizzie was very glad to welcome, but of whose good nature on the occasion Mr. Camperdown thought very ill indeed. This was John Eustace. His sister-in-law wrote to him in very pressing language; and as,—so he said to Mr. Camperdown,—he did not wish to seem to quarrel with his brother's widow as long as such seeming might be avoided, he accepted the invitation. If there was to be a lawsuit about the diamonds, that must be Mr. Camperdown's affair. Lizzie had never entertained her friends in style before. She had had a few people to dine with her in London, and once or twice had received company on an evening. But in all her London doings there had been the trepidation of fear,—to be accounted for by her youth and widowhood; and it was at Portray,—her own house at Portray,—that it would best become her to exercise her hospitality. She had bided her time even there, but now she meant to show her friends that she had got a house of her own.

She wrote even to her husband's uncle, the bishop, asking him down to Portray. He could not come, but sent an affectionate answer, and thanked her for thinking of him. Many people she asked who, she felt sure, would not come,—and one or two of them accepted her invitation. John Eustace promised to be with her for two days. When Frank had left her, going out of her presence in the manner that has been described, she actually wrote to him, begging him to join her party. This was her note.

"Come to me, just for a week," she said, "when my people are here, so that I may not seem to be deserted. Sit at the bottom of my table, and be to me as a brother might. I shall expect you to do so much for me." To this he had replied that he would come during the first week in November.

And she got a clergyman down from London, the Rev. Joseph Emilius, of whom it was said that he was born a Jew in Hungary, and that his name in his own country had been Mealyus. At the present time he was among the most eloquent of London preachers, and was reputed by some to have reached such a standard of pulpit-

oratory, as to have had no equal within the memory of living hearers. In regard to his reading it was acknowledged that no one since Mrs. Siddons had touched him. But he did not get on very well with any particular bishop, and there was doubt in the minds of some people whether there was or was not any—Mrs. Emilius. He had come up quite suddenly within the last season, and had made church-going quite a pleasant occupation to Lizzie Eustace.

On the last day of October, Mr. Emilius and Mr. John Eustace came each alone. Mrs. Carbuncle and Miss Roanoke came over with post-horses from Ayr,—as also did Lord George and Sir Griffin about an hour after them. Frank was not yet expected. He had promised to name a day and had not yet named it.

"Varra weel; varra weel," Gowran had said when he was told of what was about to occur, and was desired to make preparation necessary in regard to the outside plenishing of the house; "na doobt she'll do with her ain what pleases her ainself. The mair y poor out, the less there'll be left in. Mr. Jo-ohn coming? I'll be glad then to see Mr. Jo-ohn. Oo, ay; aits,—there'll be aits enuch. And anither coo? You'll want twa ither coos. I'll see to the coos. And Andy Gowran, in spite of the internecine warfare which existed between him and his mistress, did see to the hay, and the cows and the oats, and the extra servants that were wanted both inside and outside the house. There was enmity between him and Lady Eustace, and he didn't care who knew it;—but he took her wages and he did her work.

Mrs. Carbuncle was a wonderful woman. She was the wife of a man with whom she was very rarely seen, whom nobody knew, who was something in the City, but somebody who never succeeded in making money; and yet she went everywhere. She had at least the reputation of going everywhere, and did go to a great many places. Carbuncle had no money,—so it was said; and she had none. She was the daughter of a man who had gone to New York and had failed there. Of her own parentage no more was known. She had a small house in one of the very small Mayfair streets, to which she was wont to invite her friends for five o'clock tea. Other receptions she never attempted. During the London seasons she always kept carriage, and during the winters she always had hunters. Who paid for them no one knew or cared. Her dress was always perfect,—as far as fit and performance went. As to approving Mrs. Carbuncle's manner of dress,—that was a question of taste. Audacity may perhaps, be said to have been the ruling principle of her toilet;—not the audacity of indecency, which, let the satirists say what they may, is not efficacious in England, but audacity in colour, audacity in design, and audacity in construction. She would ride in the park in a black and yellow habit, and appear at the opera in white velvet

without a speck of colour. Though certainly turned thirty, and probably nearer to forty, she would wear her jet-black hair streaming down her back, and when June came would drive about London in a straw hat. But yet it was always admitted that she was well dressed. And then would arise the question, Who paid the bills?

Mrs. Carbuncle was certainly a handsome woman. She was full-faced,—with bold eyes, rather far apart, perfect black eyebrows, a well-formed broad nose, thick lips, and regular teeth. Her chin was round and short, with, perhaps, a little bearing towards a double chin. But though her face was plump and round, there was a power in it, and a look of command of which it was, perhaps, difficult to say in what features was the seat. But in truth the mind will lend a tone to every feature, and it was the desire of Mrs. Carbuncle's heart to command. But perhaps the wonder of her face was its complexion. People said,—before they knew her,—that, as a matter of course, she had been made beautiful for ever. But, though that too brilliant colour was almost always there, covering the cheeks but never touching the forehead or the neck, it would at certain moments shift, change, and even depart. When she was angry, it would vanish for a moment and then return intensified. There was no chemistry on Mrs. Carbuncle's cheek; and yet it was a tint so brilliant and so transparent, as almost to justify a conviction that it could not be genuine. There were those who declared that nothing in the way of complexion so beautiful as that of Mrs. Carbuncle's had been seen on the face of any other woman in this age, and there were others who called her an exaggerated milkmaid. She was tall, too, and had learned so to walk as though half the world belonged to her.

Her niece, Miss Roanoke, was a lady of the same stamp, and of similar beauty, with those additions and also with those drawbacks which belong to youth. She looked as though she were four-and-twenty, but in truth she was no more than eighteen. When seen beside her aunt, she seemed to be no more than half the elder lady's size; and yet her proportions were not insignificant. She, too, was tall, and was as one used to command, and walked as though she were a young Juno. Her hair was very dark,—almost black,—and very plentiful. Her eyes were large and bright, though too bold for a girl so young. Her nose and mouth were exactly as her aunt's, but her chin was somewhat longer, so as to divest her face of that plump roundness which, perhaps, took something from the majesty of Mrs. Carbuncle's appearance. Miss Roanoke's complexion was certainly marvellous. No one thought that she had been made beautiful for ever, for the colour would go and come and shift and change with every word and every thought; but still it was there, as deep on her cheeks as on her aunt's, though somewhat more transparent, and with more delicacy of tint as the bright hues faded away and became merged in the almost marble whiteness of her

skin. With Mrs. Carbuncle there was no merging and fading. The red and white bordered one another on her cheek, without any merging, as they do on a flag.

Lucinda Roanoke was undoubtedly a very handsome woman. It probably never occurred to man or woman to say that she was lovely. She had sat for her portrait during the last winter, and her picture had caused much remark in the Exhibition. Some said that she might be a Brinvilliers, others a Cleopatra, and others again a Queen of Sheba. In her eyes as they were limned there had been nothing certainly of love, but they who likened her to the Egyptian queen believed that Cleopatra's love had always been used simply to assist her ambition. They who took the Brinvilliers side of the controversy were men so used to softness and flattery from woman as to have learned to think that a woman silent, arrogant, and hard of approach, must be always meditating murder. The disciples of the Queen of Sheba school, who formed perhaps the more numerous party, were led to their opinion by the majesty of Lucinda's demeanour rather than by any clear idea in their own minds of the lady who visited Solomon. All men, however, agreed in this, that Lucinda Roanoke was very handsome, but that she was not the sort of girl with whom a man would wish to stray away through the distant beech trees at a picnic.

In truth she was silent, grave, and, if not really haughty, subject to all the signs of haughtiness. She went everywhere with her aunt, and allowed herself to be walked out at dances, and to be accosted when on horseback, and to be spoken to at parties; but she seemed hardly to trouble herself to talk,—and as for laughing, flirting, or giggling, one might as well expect such levity from a marble Minerva. During the last winter she had taken to hunting with her aunt, and already could ride well to hounds. If assistance were wanted at a gate, or in the management of a fence, and the servant who attended the two ladies were not near enough to give it, she would accept it as her due from the man nearest to her; but she rarely did more than bow her thanks, and, even by young lords, or hard-riding handsome colonels, or squires of undoubted thousands, she could hardly ever be brought to what might be called a proper hunting-field conversation. All of which things were noted, and spoken of, and admired. It must be presumed that Lucinda Roanoke was in want of a husband, and yet no girl seemed to take less pains to get one. A girl ought not to be always busying herself to bring down a man, but a girl ought to give herself some charms. A girl so handsome as Lucinda Roanoke, with pluck enough to ride like a bird, dignity enough for a duchess, and who was undoubtedly clever ought to put herself in the way of taking such good things as her charms and merits would bring her;—but Lucinda Roanoke stood aloof and despised everybody. So it was that Lucinda was spoken of

when her name was mentioned; and her name was mentioned a good deal after the opening of the exhibition of pictures.

There was some difficulty about her,—as to who she was. That she was an American was the received opinion. Her mother, as well as Mrs. Carbuncle, had certainly been in New York. Carbuncle was a London man; but it was supposed that Mr. Roanoke was, or had been, an American. The received opinion was correct. Lucinda had been born in New York, had been educated there till she was sixteen, had then been taken to Paris for nine months, and from Paris had been brought to London by her aunt. Mrs. Carbuncle always spoke of Lucinda's education as having been thoroughly Parisian. Of her own education and antecedents, Lucinda never spoke at all. "I'll tell you what it is," said a young scamp from Eton to his elder sister, when her character and position were once being discussed. "She's a heroine, and would shoot a fellow as soon as look at him." In that scamp's family, Lucinda was ever afterwards called the heroine.

The manner in which Lord George de Bruce Carruthers had attached himself to these ladies was a mystery; but then Lord George was always mysterious. He was a young man,—so considered,—about forty-five years of age, who had never done anything in the manner of other people. He hunted a great deal, but he did not fraternise with hunting men, and would appear now in this county and now in that, with an utmost disregard of grass, fences, friendships, or foxes. Leicester, Essex, Ayrshire, or the Baron had equal delights for him; and in all counties he was quite at home. He had never owned a fortune, and had never been known to earn a shilling. It was said that early in life he had been apprenticed to an attorney at Aberdeen as George Carruthers. His third cousin, the Marquis of Killiecrankie, had been killed out hunting; the second scion of the noble family had fallen at Balaclava; a third had perished in the Indian Mutiny; and a fourth, who did reign for a few months, died suddenly, leaving a large family of daughters. Within three years the four brothers vanished, leaving among them no male heir, and George's elder brother, who was then in a West India regiment, was called home from Demerara to be Marquis of Killiecrankie. By a usual exercise of the courtesy of the Crown, all the brothers were made lords, and some twelve years before the date of our story George Carruthers, who had long since left the attorney's office at Aberdeen, became Lord George de Bruce Carruthers. How he lived no one knew. That his brother did much for him was presumed to be impossible, as the property entailed on the Killiecrankie title certainly was not large. He sometimes went into the City, and was supposed to know something about shares. Perhaps he played a little and made a few bets. He generally lived with men of means;—or perhaps with one man of means at a time; but they, who knew him well, declared that he never borrowed a shilling from a friend, and

never owed a guinea to a tradesman. He always had horses, but never had a home. When in London he lodged in a single room, and dined at his club. He was a Colonel of Volunteers, having got up the regiment known as the Long Shore Riflemen,—the roughest regiment of Volunteers in all England,—and was reputed to be a bitter Radical. He was suspected even of republican sentiments, and ignorant young men about London hinted that he was the grand centre of the British Fenians. He had been invited to stand for the Tower Hamlets, but had told the deputation which waited upon him that he knew a thing worth two of that. Would they guarantee his expenses, and then give him a salary? The deputation doubted its ability to promise so much. "I more than doubt it," said Lord George; and then the deputation went away.

In person he was a long-legged, long-bodied, long-faced man, with rough whiskers and a rough beard on his upper lip, but with a shorn chin. His eyes were very deep set in his head, and his cheeks were hollow and sallow, and yet he looked to be and was a powerful, healthy man. He had large hands, which seemed to be all bone, and long arms, and a neck which looked to be long; because he so wore his shirt that much of his throat was always bare. It was manifest enough that he liked to have good-looking women about him, and yet nobody presumed it probable that he would marry. For the last two or three years there had been friendship between him and Mrs. Carbuncle; and during the last season he had become almost intimate with our Lizzie. Lizzie thought that perhaps he might be the Corsair whom, sooner or later in her life, she must certainly encounter.

Sir Griffin Tewett, who at the present period of his existence was being led about by Lord George, was not exactly an amiable young baronet. Nor were his circumstances such as make a man amiable. He was nominally, not only the heir to, but actually the possessor of, a large property;—but he could not touch the principal, and of the income only so much as certain legal curmudgeons would allow him. As Greystock had said, everybody was at law with him,—so successful had been his father in mismanaging, and miscontrolling, and misappropriating the property. Tewett Hall had gone to rack and ruin for four years, and was now let almost for nothing. He was a fair, frail young man, with a bad eye, and a weak mouth, and a thin hand, who was fond of liqueurs, and hated to the death any acquaintance who won a five-pound note of him, or any tradesman who wished to have his bill paid. But he had this redeeming quality,—that having found Lucinda Roanoke to be the handsomest woman he had ever seen, he did desire to make her his wife.

Such were the friends whom Lizzie Eustace received at Portray Castle on the first day of her grand hospitality,—together with John Eustace and Mr. Joseph Emilius, the fashionable preacher from Mayfair.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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FROM AGRAM TO ZARA.

My visit to Croatia was especially prompted by a wish to become acquainted with the Military Frontier and its peculiar institutions, which threaten so soon to become things of the past. Although I actually entered the Frontier at Sissek, I may be said to have made its acquaintance at Agram.¹ The latter place boasts to be the centre of South Slavia, a claim naturally disallowed by its Servian rival, Belgrad. In the portion of the Military Frontier, however, which I visited the influence of Agram may be said to be predominant. The political aspirations and tendencies of the Croatian Military Frontier cannot be understood apart from those of the civil portions of the kingdom. Besides, it was in Agram that I made my first Frontier acquaintances, one of whom, a retired colonel, kindly wrote out for me a plan of my route, to which I for the most part adhered. At the time of my visit the animosity which exists between the National, or anti-Magyar, and the Unionist, or as it is commonly nick-named "Magyarone," parties was at its height. It was considered dangerous for any conspicuous Nationalist to be out late at night and alone, as he incurred the danger of being attacked and maltreated by the hirelings of the Magyarones, and as the police authorities belonged entirely to the latter party, a complaint preferred by an ill-treated Nationalist would only lead to an aggravation of his original misfortune. Such, at least, was the account given me by members of the opposition party, and conscious as I was that my residence in Hungary and knowledge of the Magyar language rendered me more or less an object of suspicion in the eyes of Croatian patriots, I did not care to imperil my position in National society by intercourse with their social and political enemies. I continually

(1) Called by the Croats and Hungarians "Zágréb" or "Zágráb" (behind the ditch).

met in that society young men who had lately been in prison for taking part in demonstrations against the Government, either for cheering the National bishop, Strossmeyer, or insulting the newly appointed archbishop, Mihailevit. I heard of several professors of the University deprived of their professorships, and of government employes removed from their posts, on account of their patriotic leanings. One of the gentlemen I met was under prosecution for a libel on the Ban, Baron Rauch.¹ The alleged libel had been published in the *Zatochnik* ("Champion"), the organ of the anti-Magyar opposition. This paper had since the "reconciliation" (*ausgleich*) between Hungary and Croatia removed from Agram to Sissek, on the Military Frontier, in order to escape the Hungarian press laws at any rate their administration by Magyar judges and jurists. In the military frontier the Austrian code was in force, and offences, of whatsoever kind, tried by a so-called court-martial. I was advised by my Agram friends to conceal my supposed philo-Magyar sympathies even more carefully while in the Military Frontier than in Civil Croatia. All these *misères* reminded me forcibly of the state of things I had seen in Hungary in 1862, when Schmerling attempted to terrorise the Magyars into his patent constitutionalism.

One curious point connected with the past history and present condition of the South Slavs is their subjection to various foreign influences. These influences have stamped their impress so clearly on South Slav life, that a traveller, judging only from what meets the eye, might easily fail to perceive the common nationality, while he would be struck by the great outward diversity. At any rate, this is the case with regard to the towns. Thus Laibach, Agram, and Zara, the capitals respectively of the South Slav countries Carniola, Croatia, and Dalmatia, differ from one another as any three Austrian, Hungarian, and Italian cities might do. The diversity between Laibach and Agram is, to be sure, not so striking as the contrast which Zara presents to either of them. This is on account of the great influence which Germany has for the last thousand years exercised over the central portions of Eastern Europe, especially over Hungary. As the traveller is carried down the valley of the Rava by the railway from Steinbrück to Agram, he notices much the same change as he does when travelling on the railway from Vienna to Pest. But when he crosses the Velebit, the change from Hungary to Italy is much more striking than the previous one from Germany to Hungary. This is partly because climatic and perhaps historical influences have made Italy much more different from Germany or Hungary than these two are from each other. But the contrast is also the more marked because a distinct frontier

(1) He has since been acquitted, and Baron Rauch has been replaced in the office of Ban by M. Bedekovich.

mountain, intervenes between them. Before I saw Agram, I expected it to present the appearance of a Hungarian provincial town, and in this I was not mistaken. But two things I did not anticipate—to find it so well-built, nor to hear so much German spoken in its streets, hotels, and cafés. Agram has wide streets and large, open market-places, built partly around the foot, partly on the top, of a spur of the Slemme hills, which occupy the centre of Civil Croatia. Its cathedral stands on a low, isolated hill, surrounded by the palace of the archbishop and the houses of the canons. It has suffered a good deal both from war and repairs, having been bombarded by the Spanish soldiers whom the Emperor Charles V. sent to the assistance of his brother Ferdinand, in his struggle for the crown of Hungary against John Zápolya. The views from the upper town, and the steepness of the streets leading down the hill, reminded me of some parts of Brighton. From certain points of view, and in particular lights, the broad plain on either side of the Save, and the river itself, about one English mile distant, gave me for a moment the impression that I was looking at the sea.

Among the points in which Agram resembles a Hungarian provincial town may be reckoned the hospitality of its inhabitants. Their hospitality, combined with the uncertain and inclement state of the weather, detained me amongst them longer than I had originally intended, and it was with a certain perceptible effort of will that I tore myself away from the little capital of Croatia, and travelled by the railway in a perfect deluge of rain to Sissek. This place is divided into two separate communities by the river Kulpa, a tributary of the Save. The Kulpa here forms the frontier between Civil and Military Croatia. As the point of contact between the railroad and river communications which connect Vienna with the corn-growing countries of North-Western Turkey, Sissek is a place of rising commercial importance. The external appearance of this village-town is disordered and unfinished, the majority of its houses being mere cottages, and its streets innocent of Macadam. In these respects it reminded me of Hungary, and suggested thoughts of a new "city" by the side of some river in one of the Western States of America. Before the railway was built, Military Sissek was the place where the corn-boats were unladen, as the bed of the Kulpa was deeper on the southern than on the northern side. Of late years the corn-trade has been in great measure transferred to Civil Sissek. This has happened partly for the sake of being close to the railway terminus, and partly because the stiffness and want of elasticity which characterise the military administration embarrass trade. These causes have been assisted by a change in the course of the river, which in its caprice has deepened its channel at a point on the northern side close to the railway station. The community of Civil

Sissek levies a toll of one kreutzer per centner¹ on all corn passing through, which brings in an annual revenue of forty thousand florin.

At Sissek I spent two days in the society of the staff of the *Zatochnik*, chiefly in discussing the wrongs which the South Slavs endure at the hands of their Magyar and Turkish oppressors, the European consuls in Turkey, and English writers of books of travel. One of the company had spent some years in Bosnia, and his remarks about the European consuls there were sufficiently ill-natured to be amusing. One of them told how the consul of a power notoriously jealous of Austria expected a cook to be sent to him from home, but as the cholera was raging at that time she was detained for several days at the frontier. In order the sooner to enjoy the services of so valuable a domestic the consul moved heaven and earth, and insisted on the utter futility of such a quarantine. His, however, was a temporary and individual grievance, while for the subjects of Austria, the quarantine was a serious inconvenience. But when the Austrian consul took measures to have it abolished, his colleague, whose cook had in the meantime arrived safe, headed the opposition against him for his unwarrantable interference with the independence of the Ottoman Empire. The English consul in Bosnia had lived there for many years without learning the South Slav language. My informant once ventured to remonstrate with him for not learning the language of the people he was among, and not informing himself about the actual condition of the people, instead of merely accepting the reports of the Turkish authorities. The Englishman explained to him that the condition of the people was no business of his; that he was there for the purpose of maintaining good relations between the English and Turkish Governments, and assisting the traders of his nation; and if he preferred to shoot wild animals to learning the jargon of a barbarous people, of no use outside their own obscure corner of the earth, why he had a right to spend his leisure time as he pleased.

A leading subject of my conversation with the Croats and Serbs whom I met at Agram and Sissek, related to the probability of the Turkish Government retaining its hold on its Servian and Croatian provinces. A Bosniack priest observed to me that the Turks had three friends—the Austrian official world, the Emperor Napoleon III., and the English. The first had in consequence drunk many and bitter draughts of recent humiliation; the second had been cast down from his throne by the cries of the poor, oppressed by Ishmaelite tyranny, that continually ascended up to heaven against the friend of their tyrants. For England, he added, God has still left a place for repentance. But newspaper editors, leaders of the National party in the Croatian Diet, and others who were or supposed

(1) About 123 lbs. avoirdupois.

themselves politicians, were quite as ready to argue the question from a more worldly point of view. I especially pressed them on the point, that while many Englishmen who have no practical acquaintance with the Turkish empire sympathise strongly with the Christian rayahs, Englishmen who have travelled or resided in Turkey are almost unanimous in preferring the Mohammedan to the Christian population. Their answers seemed to me to be exceedingly pertinent, and their arguments difficult, if not impossible, to resist. They admitted that there was a great deal to admire in the Turkish character when not spoiled by the exercise of power. They admitted, too, that the rayahs were demoralised by slavery; that, they said, was merely an argument in favour of removing the source of their demoralisation. On my observing that the same virtues which characterised the Turkish peasant in Turkey were to be found among their brethren who lived under Russian rule in the Crimea, Kazan, &c., they answered that only proved that the Russian Government was not so demoralising as the Turkish; and on my observing that some people considered that the days of Philip III. and the expulsion of Jews and Moriscos had long ago passed away, that the ideas of religious toleration, not to say religious indifferentism, prevailing in Europe at the present day, favoured the amalgamation of a Christian and Mohammedan population, and were opposed to the idea of expelling from their homes two millions of people merely because they professed to believe in the divine mission of Mohammed, and had come into Europe only three centuries ago, they answered that such influences really fought on their side, that if the Christian and Mohammedan populations of European Turkey ever became amalgamated into one nation, the result would be a Slav and not a Turkish nation, on account of the overwhelming numerical superiority of the former. But to look at the matter practically, England cannot, however much she may wish it, fight against the laws of nature, cannot prevent the less civilised few from being expelled or absorbed by the more civilised many. "Besides," added the editor of the *Zatochnik*, very significantly, "a man's resolution is his justification."

On the third day I left for Petrinia, the *stabsort*, staff-station or head-quarters of the 2nd Banal Regiment. And here I may as well observe that as the "Military Frontier" is at once an army and a territory, so the words "regiment" and "company" have a territorial over and above their usual signification. The word "company," at any rate, I found to be used in common parlance with two other meanings. It not only denotes a district, but also the government of such a district, which is in the hands of the captain and his administrator. Hence it has come to be used to denote the place in which they have their official residences. In their regiments and

companies the officers are not only the military commanders of the armed population, but are at the same time their judges in civil and criminal cases, relieve the poor, punish the idle, repair the roads and bridges, &c., &c. Hence a captain could say to me that if he were not a married man war would for him be preferable to peace. In war he would have only his military duties to attend to, like any captain in a line regiment, whereas in peace he had to discharge all the duties of a captain in the army, and, besides, to provide for all the wants of his district. Petrinia was the nearest approach to a town that I found within the limits of the Military Frontier. It is what is called a "military free community," having rights of municipal self-government, being emancipated from the control of the officers of the regiment and directly subject to the commanding general in Agram. These "military free communities" differ from the rest of the frontier in that their inhabitants are not bound to military service; only in time of war the community has to furnish a fixed number of soldiers. I was told that its population amounted to 3,300 souls, while its territory is about 10,000 joch, including an oak forest of 2,200 joch. I had been furnished in Agram with a letter to M. P., a public-spirited citizen of Petrinia, a pensioned *conscript*, or clerk of the War Office at Vienna. This gentleman had devoted himself to getting up a society which had at last been constituted for the purpose of improving agriculture, and more especially horticulture, throughout the frontier. Before dinner this gentleman pointed out to me the various buildings belonging to the regiment—*e.g.*, the *kanzlei*, where the official business of the regiment is carried on, the official residences of the colonel and other officers, the prison, magazine, &c., &c. These buildings are for the most part ranged round a green in the form of a square which serves as a parade ground. I was also shown over the buildings of the first training-college established in the Military Frontier, then in course of erection, which is intended to furnish the whole of that territory with schoolmasters. After dinner at a magnificent inn—of course mean for that part of the world—the like of which I never beheld again from Agram to Trieste, my kind *cicerone* took me to his own house, his *stammschloss* or hereditary castle, as his wife, a native of Silesia, jocosely styled it. It consisted of two wooden edifices on each side of an old wooden gateway, the whole place giving one the idea of being as combustible as tinder. Each of the separate buildings were but little better than the houses of the peasantry, the habitable rooms being on the first floor, those on the ground floor serving as storeroom, cellar, stable, &c. Here I was shown as much of his library as he had by that time removed from Vienna and immense quantities of silkworms. Thence we started to look for a piece of land a little way out of the town, twenty-five joch in

extent, which had been purchased by the Agri Horticultural Society for 2,400 florins. This is laid out as a model nursery for improved plants adapted to the country, and especially for mulberry trees. While descending the slope on which the little plantation was placed, being somewhat in advance of my companion, I stood still to regard the landscape before me. The secretary coming up said to me, "You are doubtless thinking how different your own country looks." "Pardon me," I answered, "I was, on the contrary, thinking what a striking likeness there is between the landscape before me now and those which I have so often seen among the Welsh hills." It was an open upland valley, with an evident tendency to be marshy in several places, intersected with low useless-looking hedges. This last feature, which made it so much more like home than is usual in the more cultivated districts of the Continent, was the very thing which he most objected to. "Why," he said, "instead of those useless quickset hedges do they not plant mulberry trees?" We get at once some idea of the peculiar government to which the Military Frontier has been so long subjected when we learn that the horticultural society, its plantation, as also the training-college in the town, all in the stage of earliest infancy, exist under the patronage, indeed, by the permission, of the Minister of War at Vienna.

By way of completing his kindness, M. P. procured for me for my next day's journey a driver who could speak German, and recommended me to the favourable consideration of one or two captains, through whose companies I should have to pass, who happened to be at Petrinia in consequence of the autumn manœuvres.

My next day's journey consisted of a drive of five hours, which brought me to Kostainica, on the other side of the frontier. In the morning I had looked across the Kulpa on Civil Croatia, by dinner-time I looked across the Unna on Turkish Croatia. The land before me, if I may so express myself, was already Mohammedan. The road along which we drove was excellent, having been built by the French under Marshal Marmont during their occupation of this part of the country from 1809 to 1813. It led through pleasant scenery diversified by hills and forests; now and then we passed through villages, if villages they could be called, being loose groups of farmhouses standing each in its own yard, in which were to be seen two or three or even more small huts. The spaces between the farmyards were generally occupied by orchards of plum trees, whose abundant fruit the population were busily gathering. The most striking feature, however, was the people themselves, almost every male, even when only a boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age, carrying either a pistol stuck in his belt or a gun over his shoulder.

After dinner a tradesman, who had often travelled on business in Bosnia, took me over the bridge to the little village of Turkish

Kostainica. It is a settlement which has sprung up during the last few years, being inhabited by Mohammedan refugees from Servia, who had left their native land when the Turkish Government had to give up the six fortresses it held in that country. Between the two Kostainicas the river is divided by an island into the Tuna and the Unnica. The long, broad wooden bridge which connects this island with the Christian, as well as the shorter one which connects it with the Turkish, side of the river, were built by the French under Marshal Marmont, in furtherance of his plan of organising a land traffic from Constantinople which should, to some extent, relieve the inconveniences caused by Napoleon's continental system. On the island itself are some tumble-down buildings containing a guard-house, a custom-house, and a large enclosed space used as a *rastell*, or market-place, between the inhabitants of the two contiguous empires. Arrived on the Turkish side of the river, we passed a row of open shops, or rather, booths, for the sale of tobacco, clothing, and such few wares as the poor and unluxurious Mohammedan population might require. The shops were such as one sees in illustrations of Eastern travel, in fact, much such boot as I had seen in the quarterly fairs of Pest and Debreczen; and cheap as were the wares and small as was the stock-in-trade, they seemed almost too good for the accommodation accorded them. The packets of cigarette paper came from France, and the textile fabrics were, or pretended to be, of English manufacture. The real village or rather hamlet, consisting of a few scattered houses, lay a little farther off. On the way, we passed the mosque, an ugly brick building in course of erection. A common mason from the Frontier was the contractor, and that he was doing his work very badly, and cheating the "stupid Turks," seemed to my guide to be quite a matter of course. The houses differed from those of the peasantry of the Frontier only in having most of the windows covered with lattice-work, of course by way of securing the privacy of the female members of the household. As we walked along the street a girl of from twelve to sixteen, who was sitting before the gate of a courtyard rose deliberately and turned her back on the road. As we had had sufficient time to look at her face, this was as clear a piece of formalism as can well be conceived. A cup of coffee for a piastre that is, ten kreutzers Austrian, drunk on a wooden bench just outside a lonely hut which served the cafetier as kitchen, finished my first visit to the Sultan's dominions. I could not help feeling that I was entering them by a back door, and so far taking our august ally at a disadvantage. A great many of the Mohammedan Slavs had a very sinister expression of countenance, and their clothes for the most part showed signs of poverty. In both these respects they contrasted unfavourably with the few Osmanlis I saw, especially with

the kadi, a tall and dignified person of benevolent aspect, arrayed with the sumptuous elegance which we associate with the East.

As I intended in the course of the next day visiting Novi, which the Turks still consider a fortress, I had to get my passport viséd in the morning by the Austrian officials. These gentlemen do double work, providing with passports not only Europeans entering Turkey, but also Turkish subjects proceeding to Europe. While his lieutenant was preparing the visa, the major asked me what I thought of the "neighbours." His comments showed that he himself had a very poor opinion of them indeed. The principal ground for the contempt he expressed was their inability permanently to acquire smartness. "However long," he said, "a Turk may live in Europe, however well he may speak French, he has no sooner got back to his own people for a few days, than he is the same lounging, slouching sloven that all the rest of them are. And then the fellow has no manners; after talking with you for half-an-hour, he'll turn away without as much as saying, 'I commend myself;' that is for him all liver sausage."

My whole journey from Sissek to Zara was made in the springless light waggons, or four-wheeled carts, with which I was so familiar in Hungary. But I never felt the inconvenience of these vehicles so much as when being jolted over the uneven stones that form the street of Kostainica. When we were once clear of the little village town, the drive was pleasant enough as we progressed up the cultivated valley of the Unna to Podove. Inquiring of the innkeeper for the lieutenant to whom I was recommended, I found that, as it happened to be market day, he was in Novi. The innkeeper instantly brought out another waggon and two fresh horses, and his servant drove me down to the rastell, on the Christian side of the river. By dint of a great deal of shouting, we induced a Frontier-man to ferry us over, and then walked through the dirty, crowded street to the shop, or booth, in which we found the lieutenant sitting on a small cask, talking to one or two Christian tradespeople. He at once rose and escorted me over the puddles of Novi, and through the lanes of hovels made of wattles and mud that serve it for streets. Every house having its garden with wattled palisade, the place somewhat resembled a Hungarian village, except that I never saw one that looked so wretched, dirty, and untidy as Novi. The castle stands in an angle of the river's course, and was, doubtless, once upon a time, a strong place. But it is commanded by the surrounding hills, and was taken by the cannon of Marshal Loudon in the war which Joseph II. waged with so little success against the Turks. The lieutenant merely led me into the first court of the fortress—a mediæval castle resembling those of Western Europe—which had once belonged to a Croat family of Hungarian noblemen

named Cerit. Like the majority of the Bosnian nobles, they embraced Mohammedanism. The present head of the family lives at Turkish Dubica. The only Oriental feature about the castle is its Turkish inscriptions in the Arabic characters above the gateway. Although I believe as a rule the "Turks" generally respect the Austrian officers, we had more than once to step off the sounder part of the road into a puddle to get out of the way of horses ridden by impassive-looking barbarians.

It was already dusk when I got to the inn at Beshlinac. This was more comfortable than many houses of entertainment in the Frontier, owing to the regular amount of custom from the employés of the large smelting works close at hand; but I thought it strange that I had no sooner got out of my waggon into what I suppose I must call the common parlour of the inn, than my host began to talk about the wickedness of the people of the neighbourhood. By this, I found, he meant they were addicted to highway robbery. He then told me that they might have a little peace for the present, as a young man who had rendered highways and byways insecure had been recently shot. He had ordered a certain *sereshaner* (a sort of mounted Frontier guard) to pay him, time and place named thirty florins, and withal to give up his uniform. The *sereshaner* did so, having previously instructed a friend to lie in wait with loaded gun. After handing over the money to the robber, he flung down the bundle containing his uniform with the bitterest invective against him as having made him a ruined man. The robber, it should be observed, was a person rather below the average in point of physical strength. He had no sooner stooped to pick up the bundle than he was seized by the *sereshaner*, who called his friend out of his hiding-place, and the robber was at once despatched by a shot through the back.

The next day, making the acquaintance of the captain of the company, a most amiable man, he not only told me of the somewhat short-lived career of this misguided youth, but how he himself had brought to justice a more dangerous brigand. Having heard, one winter evening, that the robber was staying in a house in his company, he at once proceeded thither with a corporal and twelve men. The brigand had just sufficient warning of their approach to escape into an outhouse. There he kept his pursuers at bay for the whole night. Opening the door with the intention of making his escape he received a bullet so close to his ear as to convince him that his pursuers were in earnest. He then opened a parley with the captain, requesting only that should he be condemned by the court martial, he might be despatched with powder and ball, instead of by the rope. The captain promised to use his influence with the

regimental court, and the man was subsequently shot under the gallows-tree.

Of this man I learnt more in the course of my wanderings, especially from the captain of a neighbouring company in the next or 1st Banal Regiment, who was well acquainted with his family. They were of the name of Suzit. One of them, in the previous generation, was the leader of a robber band, who for thirteen years defied the authorities. So daring were his expeditions, that he even robbed the castle of Auersperg, in Carniola. On one occasion he and his men, about twenty in number, were surrounded on the craggy side of a hill. The cordon was being drawn continually closer and closer, and their only way of escape lay across a bridge which was guarded by several jägers. It was agreed that any one of their band being disabled, should be despatched at once, lest falling into the hands of the enemy, he should give information which might lead to the destruction of his comrades. Creeping cautiously along under cover of the rocks to within a few yards of the bridge, the robbers rushed out all at once, their guns slung behind their backs, a pistol or a yataghan in each hand. The jägers, taken by surprise, gave way before them, and the hasty volley which they poured after them only succeeded in wounding one robber in the foot. Two of his comrades instantly turned round to despatch him, but desisted on his expostulating that he was coming along with them, and indeed they all got off. In order to render the pursuit of them more effectual, the military authorities transported the whole Suzit family to a distant regiment, but all in vain. After a struggle of thirteen years, Suzit and the authorities made a formal peace, a free pardon was given to him and his fellow-brigands, and his family were reinstated in their old possessions in a wooded corner of the 1st Banal Regiment, close to the Turkish frontier and that of the 2nd Banal Regiment, in which Beshlinac is situated.

The captain who gave me this information was one of those who regard brigandage with something more than favour, regarding it apparently as the natural outcome, at any rate in the case of a generous and high-spirited people, of a state of society with which they feel themselves more or less in accord. With regard to the younger member of the family, whom my friend in the adjoining regiment brought to such an untimely end, he seemed to consider him the victim of more than ordinarily complicated misfortunes. The old Suzit had assured him when his nephew took to the woods, that nothing would come of it, for he said, "I can assure you, sir, from my own experience, that no bread is so bitter as that eaten by a brigand." "But," continued my informant, "it really seemed as

if a curse rested upon the family." He then described the patriarchal hospitality with which he had been received by them—for the family was, for its rank, wealthy—and mentioned that they had in the orchard a cherry tree of a peculiarly fine sort, the fruit of which they were accustomed to send as presents to the priest and the officers. When the old man, who was the head of the house—I forget whether he was the brother or the cousin of the ex-robber—died, his four sons agreed to divide the property into two parts, each pair of brothers taking a half. It was a fine summer afternoon when the two brothers, who had been chosen house-fathers of the respective halves, were amicably engaged in marking out the respective shares, till they came to the above-mentioned cherry tree. This neither the one nor the other would give up, and the contention grew so sore between them that the youngest of the two house-fathers levelled his gun and shot his brother dead on the spot. Struck with horror at his rash act, he at once took to flight, but the report of the gun had already brought the whole of the family out of the house. Seeing at a glance the state of affairs, the brother whose lot had been cast in with the murdered man, took aim at the fugitive. In order to prevent further bloodshed, the women seized and flung him to the ground, but his piece was already discharged, wounding the murderer in the leg, but not severely enough to prevent his making his escape.

When stories are told across the supper-table of a *restauration* where it is almost *de rigueur* to order wine by the quart, the listener's memory cannot be entirely relied upon, nor does the narrator himself always follow historical order. It should also be remembered that the rest of the company who listen with attention are often better acquainted than the foreigner can be, not only with the customs of the country, but often with the *dramatis personæ* themselves. The reader will therefore pardon me for not knowing precisely how this little family affair was settled. It was followed by another series of troubles at least as characteristic of the peculiar life of the Frontier. The Suzit family were, as I before observed, exceedingly well off, and considered themselves superior to the general run of the Frontier-men around them. It so happened, however, that a young man of the neighbourhood chose to fall in love with a girl of the Suzit family. His proposals for marriage were met not only by refusal, but with disdain; but the lover was not so easily disheartened. He seems to have had at least a fair share of the obstinacy commonly attributed to the Croats. He simply told the family that he would have the girl, if not with their consent, without it. No notice was taken of this threat, but a few days after, as the girl was tending the geese at some distance from the house, her lover surprised her, and, seizing her by the hair of her head,

dragged her into the woods. It was twenty-four hours before her friends could find them. The young man was taken before the "company." Besides forcibly compelling her to follow him, it appeared that he had done the girl no further wrong, and he was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment.

"Now," said the narrator, "if, instead of confining him for this ridiculously short time, and then sending him back among the very people against whom he had a grudge, the authorities had sent him away to a distant regiment, none of the subsequent misfortunes would have followed." For the young man was no sooner liberated, than he proceeded that evening to the Suzit orchard, and having thrown a stone against the window to attract attention, he told them that although they had disgraced him in the eyes of the world, he would yet have the girl in spite of them all. A day or two after the girl was again tending the geese, when her lover attempted a second time to drag her away by the hair of her head. This time, however, her cries brought to her assistance people working in a neighbouring field. She returned home to complain of the attempted outrage, and the house-father, his brother, and the pardoned outlaw whom we mentioned above, took up their guns, and went out with the intention of exacting immediate vengeance. It so chanced, however, that their way lay across a field which belonged to a brother of the young man they were pursuing, and the owner himself was to be seen walking along the side of his field with his gun in his hand. As soon as the three Suzit reached the field, and made as though they would cross it, he at once forbade them to trespass on his land. "Do not you interfere," answered the house-father Suzit; "we have no quarrel with you; it is only your brother that we are seeking." "With that," answered the other, "I have nothing to do; but whoever trespasses on my ground does so at the peril of his life;" and with that he levelled his gun at the other, who raised his also with the intention of taking aim. Before he could do so, he was shot dead. The brother of the fallen raised his piece in turn to avenge his death. This he would doubtless have done, were it not for the intervention of the outlaw, who, striking the weapon up before the trigger could be pulled, said, "At another time, if you will, but not now; not before mine eyes; remember that I held him at the font."

Here the narrator interrupted himself again to observe how absurd the intervention of the old outlaw was. If each side had then and there killed its man, the matter might have been settled at once. As it was, the foundation was laid for a blood feud that continued for many years, until of the numerous family of Suzit only some four or five males were left, and of their enemies only one. Of course, in such blood-feuds the lives of women are sacred. It was through the accusations brought against him by the last representative of

the hostile family that the brigand Suzit was led to betake himself to the woods, until he capitulated in the cowhouse to my hospitable friend.

In recounting the adventures of the Suzit family, I perceive that have been led to presume—perhaps prematurely—some knowledge on the part of my readers of the peculiar tenure of property that prevails amongst the South Slavs—I mean the system of so-called “house-communions.” And here, at the outset, I will guard against an error commonly made by writers who have written of the institution of the Military Frontier. It is that of supposing that there is any necessary connection between the military organisation of the Frontier and the house-communion tenure of property which prevails amongst its inhabitants. The system of house-communions was according to Slav writers, common to all Slavonic tribes, but in modern times it has only survived amongst the South Slavs—Croato-Serbs. For instance, it has long ago disappeared from among their nearest relations—the Slovenians or Wends of Carniola.

The system of house-communions, stated succinctly, is as follows. The land in the countries and among the class in which it prevails did not belong to individuals, but was held as a sort of trust in perpetual entail for the benefit of house-communions. A house-communion consisted of a number of individuals united by an actual, or occasionally a fictitious, tie of consanguinity. All the children of members of the house-communion were *ipso facto* co-partners in the property of what we may call the family corporation. As a woman on marrying became at once a member of the house-communion to which her husband belonged, membership in a house-communion descended only through the male line. There were several instances in which men entered the communion to which their wives belonged. This, however, they did, not in virtue of their marriage, but in consequence of their adoption by the communion, which might—in fact often did—happen without any such affinity. Unmarried women belonged, of course, to the house-communions of their fathers, and widows to those of their late husbands. Should a widow having children marry again, the children of her former husband remained in the house-communion in which they were born, while she herself passed into that of her second husband. An adopted member took the surname of the house-communion into which he was received.

At the head of each house-communion stood the house-father, who alone represented it in its dealings with the outer world; for instance with the government. Whatever may have been the case in former times, the house-father now resembles a constitutional monarch rather than an autocrat, and it is an understood thing that he governs the community, but first consults with all the older and therefore, more influential members of it. Indeed, for all the me-

important transactions, such as the sale or mortgage of any portion of the property of the community, the purchase of land, in short, whatever actually affects, or may affect its pecuniary position, the consent of a majority of the male and female members above the age of eighteen is required. It is generally understood that the house-father is to be the oldest man in the community, who is capable of performing all the duties of the office. Consequently, when a house-father feels that he is getting too old he resigns his position. At present the law directs that the house-father is to be elected by the members of the house-communion and approved by the military authorities. Should, however, the family not be able to agree in the election of the house-father, he is chosen by the committee of the commune or township (*Gemeinde-Ausschuss*). The house-father may be called to account for his administration of the common property, and in case of want of confidence another member of the community may be entrusted with extra keys of the chest and storeroom, &c. A house-father may be only eighteen years old, but whatever may be his age he is always exempt from military service.

Just as a house-communion could acquire land by purchase, so it could also sell portions of its own estate. At the same time it was not allowed to do what it liked with its own in the Military Frontier. All cases of transfer had to be submitted to the military authorities. The military regulations recognised two categories of landed property on the part of a house-communion—firstly, what we may call the hereditary entailed estate belonging to the family, considered by the authorities sufficient to enable it to discharge efficiently its military obligations, and, secondly, what the family had acquired over and above the hereditary estate. The first was, as a rule, inalienable, and only in especial cases could it be burdened to the extent of one-third of its value. Formerly the military authorities preferred to keep the house-communions together; but of late years, owing to influences of which I shall have to speak further on, the division of house-communions has become continually more frequent. In any case, however, the military authorities require that no communion should have less than two adult males—one to serve as house-father, and the other as a soldier, nor to have less than six joch of land. Any one might leave the communion in which he was born, as it was supposed that the remaining members gained by the value of his undivided share what they lost by the withdrawal of his labour. Priests, both of the Roman and Greek Churches, officers in the imperial royal army, and the inhabitants of towns were not members of house-communions, yet the persons composing the two former classes often came out of the house-communions. Members of a house-communion might, with the consent of the house-father, go out for hire, in which case they paid a certain proportion of their

earnings to the common fund. In the more barren portion of the frontier, in the rocky district of the Karst, it is common for the younger men to go away in the spring to work for hire in Slavonia, returning home at the end of autumn, and paying a certain proportion of their earnings to compensate the communion for the expense of keeping them during the winter. This last circumstance, by giving a great number of members of house-communions a private property over and above their undivided share in the common estate, is one of the factors at present undermining surely and rapidly the system of house-communions. Besides this the contact with commercial communities such as Sissek and Zengg, and the long period spent by the soldiers in their expeditions to Milan on the west and Bucharest on the east, make them acquainted with the fact that individual tenure of property is the rule, and their common tenure is the exception in the great world. Added to this is the general decay of military discipline in the Frontier, in itself a symptom of the powerful reaction now going on throughout the whole Austro-Hungarian monarchy against the military spirit so rampant in the years following 1849. Since the Prussian War of 1866 the use of the stick for maintaining discipline in the army has been forbidden. As the officers of the Frontier maintain that it is impossible to keep order among a population that despise the more civilised punishment of imprisonment without the stick, its abolition serves as an excuse with many of them for relaxing their exertions to keep order at all.

My departure from Beshlinac was so far characteristic of the country that after waiting the whole of the forenoon to allow the floods caused by the heavy rains of the night to subside, I started for Glina, by way of Klashnit, according to the route marked out for me, but was obliged to return on meeting a pope, who assured me that the road was impassable. So I had to wait till next morning and take the longer route round by Kraljevchani. The road leading over a woody hill, the only human beings we met on the greater part of our journey were a few charcoal-burners. I reached Glina early in the afternoon, and having expected to see something rivaling the civilisation of Petrinia, I was greatly disappointed. The inn containing the officers' casino was already full, and so was the next to which I applied, but at a third inn I got a bedroom inside another; the hostess, however, assured me that as the occupant of the outer room went to bed very late and was going off very early, should not be incommoded. She somewhat surprised me by recognising me as an Englishman the moment I entered the house, but it appeared that she came from Fiume, where Marshal Nugent and the paper-mills have made the inhabitants acquainted with the three British nationalities. As Glina is near to Civil Croatia the roads leading into it are both better and more frequented than o

On the other side of the frontier, and when I got to Topusko—with its springs of great efficacy in cases of rheumatism and cutaneous diseases—I found myself once more amid the comforts of civilized life. The few days that I lingered there were made the more agreeable by my having introductions to the captain of the company and to the *Regiments-Arzt* stationed at the baths. The memories

of Topusko are the more pleasant because it was one of the last places in the frontier that I was really able to enjoy, as the day after I left Topusko I contrived to sprain my ankle at the rastell or international market at Maljevac. At first I took but little notice of it, but by the time I had been jolted over the rough road leading to Sluvin my foot had got so painful that I was detained a whole week at that wretched though picturesque place. Before my visit to the rastell at Maljevac I had spent a night at Valis Selo (Wallis' village), named after an Austrian general of Irish extraction, who had covered this part of the country from the Turks. The inns at Kostainica and Glina were tolerable; that at Beshlinac was habitable, but at Valis Selo and at Sluvin my lodging was the worst I have ever had in a house calling itself an inn. At the former place I was favoured as a favour, and by the influence of the major, who induced the host to give up to me his own bed. The house from the outside looked like a wooden shed, and was so constructed that the smoke from the kitchen hearth circulated through the rooms.

When I arrived at Valis Selo the major was not there, but a young man, a non-commissioned officer, hearing from the host that a foreigner who could not speak Croatian and inquired for the major had arrived, offered his services as an interpreter. On my mentioning that I wished to see the fortress of Cetin he told me that I could find the major there, as an inspection of the fortress, which is now used as a prison, was being held that very day. I took his advice and drove thither. My recollections of the building are somewhat indistinct, but its late mediæval character is in a great measure lost by modern alterations and additions, as it has been used continuously up to the present time either as a fortress or as a prison. The stranger shown a large upper room entirely destitute of all appearance of interest, but noteworthy as the place where the assembled estates of Croatia determined to offer the crown of their country to Ferdinand I., the brother of the Emperor Charles V., on the 1st of January, 1527. A long time after that the Turks made themselves masters of Cetin, and it remained in their possession until the peace of Sistov, in 1791.

Where I first came upon the Turkish frontier at Kostainica, and from thence to Novi, the river Unna forms the boundary between the two empires. A little above the last-named place—that is, to the south-west of it—we have what is called the "dry Frontier: "

such is the case at Maljevac, and along the road to Valis Selo the frontier is marked by a small brook, which a boy might almost jump over. The fields on the further side of this brook, although belonging to Mohammedan landlords, are farmed by Frontier-men. On my asking whether the Frontier-man was not afraid of being cheated by the Turks, I was told that, on the contrary, the former was, and felt himself to be, more than a match for the latter at either fraud or force. The non-commissioned officer before mentioned, in answer to my inquiry about the Turks, said, "They are our good neighbours; there are bad people among them, but not more than among ourselves." He might have added that the "bad people" on either side of the Frontier are very often, perhaps as a rule, confederates. As on the Turkish side there is a landlord class absolutely poor, but rich in comparison with their peasantry, while in the Frontier a greater equality of social conditions prevails, the operations of such confederacies or robbers are for the most part carried on on Turkish soil. At any rate, in this regiment of Sluin, as in the two Banal regiments through which I had passed, although I heard several stories of robbers, none of them were described as either Mohammedan or Christian subjects of the Sultan. I first heard of such composite bands infesting the Frontier when I had reached the regiment Likka.

Whether on the banks of the Unna, or on the dry Frontier, the traveller sees guard-houses posted at varying intervals, but as a rule so near as to be in sight of one another. They are called *tchardaks* and present a somewhat curious appearance. Those which I saw were built of wood, and raised one story above the ground, so as to command a wider look-out. The doing sentinel duty for eight days at a time in these *tchardaks*—in other words, guarding the cordon—is one of the most burdensome of the military duties incident on the tenure of property in the Frontier. Close as these *tchardaks* stand to one another, it was of course impossible to prevent individual Turks, or even small bands of them, from occasionally crossing the Frontier unperceived, especially at night, or in bad weather. Down to 1836, and to a lesser extent down to 1848, such violation of Austrian territory by the Turks was a matter of frequent occurrence. In their turn the Frontier-men were accustomed to steal over the border and exact vengeance in kind. In fact, a sort of running account in murder, rapine, and arson was kept between the two armed populations on either side of the border. The general disarmament of the population of Bosnia by Omar Pasha, in 1848, and the increase of self-confidence on the part of the Christian inhabitants in Turkey, have so entirely reversed the situation, that it is now the Turks who seek to protect themselves against aggression. They have even begun to erect guard-houses to keep out possible in-com-

The prevention of smuggling is the pretext assigned for their erection, but it is well known that the contraband goods which they wish to exclude are arms and ammunition forwarded to the Christian malcontents. The Turkish authorities are also incessant in urging on the Austrian authorities not to give passports for Bosnia to strangers.

In the old days, which are not so very old but that they are fresh in the memories of men still living, the two armed populations on either side of the Frontier enlivened their friendly or hostile intercourse with duels. The particulars of one of them were related to me, with evident gusto, by a young officer, who had heard the story from his mother. By the terms of it the Christian champion was to fight on foot, while the Moslem was mounted on horseback. On the other hand, the former had the advantage of standing behind a palisade breast-high. The Christian was armed with his single-barrelled gun; the horseman had his Turkish pistols. The one had thus the advantage in point of range, the other in possibility of flight. For a long time the combat was undecided, as the Turk made his horse curvet and bound as he described all possible figures just without the range of his enemy's weapon, in the hope of inducing him to waste his one shot. Meanwhile the Christian stood ready, but at the same time calmly smoking his pipe, till a stratagem occurred to him which proved successful. Drawing in the smoke until he had accumulated as much as he could retain, he watched the moment when his adversary had approached the palisade in the circle he was describing, and then with one strong effort puffed out the whole of the smoke. The Turk, supposing his opponent's piece had missed fire, instead of wheeling round rode straight on, and dropped down dead amidst the cheers of the Christian spectators.

I particularly asked my informant if he knew of any cases in which the relationship of *pobratim*, or sworn brother, was ever entered into between Christian and Moslem. He said that he knew of but one instance, in which an officer of the Frontier entered into this relationship with a Bosniack Mohammedan, for the purpose of getting at a robber whom he particularly desired to get hold of, which he could hardly do unless assisted by the treachery of one of the robber's co-religionists. This accords ill with the romantic accounts which most writers on South Slavia give of this relationship; but it is fairly paralleled by an instance in one of the Servian popular stories collected by Vuk Karadzhit. In this story one rogue, having filled a sack with moss and put some wool on the top of it, offers it for sale as wool, but meets with another of the same class as himself, who had filled a sack with gall apples, and covered them with nuts. It was proposed that they should exchange sacks, but the rogue who would sell wool, since wool had a higher price in the market than nuts, stood out for two groschen over and above the exchange. The second

rogue not agreeing to those terms, the first reflected that after nuts were better than moss, and so far lowered his terms as to give the other credit for the two groschen. In order that he might measure of their being paid to him, he swore brotherhood with the seller of nuts. The rest of the story is of a piece with the beginning genial rascality. Nor does the resolution of the one sworn brother to watch the whole night in the church over the supposed corpse of the other impress us so much when we remember the Eren humorist who in his declining years refused on principle to pay a creditor, in order that he might make sure of one sincere mourner at his funeral.

I have hitherto called the Mohammedan people "Turks." This I have done, not only because they are so called both by the educated and the uneducated inhabitants of the Frontier, but also because they call themselves so. As a matter of fact, they have scarcely a Turkish blood in them at all; they are just as much Croats as the Christian neighbours, the only difference between them being that they changed their religion about three centuries and a half ago. This change, however, brought with it a considerable diversity of moral, social, and political ideas. Wherever the Turks conquered they either drove out the "nobles," the class that bore the sword, reduced them to the status of peasants unless they embraced Islam. In the case of Bosnia, a very large proportion of the "nobility" chose the latter alternative, and thereby preserved unto the present time their feudal privileges, or at any rate the lands which they held under feudal tenure. Hence it comes to pass that many families are represented on both sides of the Frontier. A gentleman from the coast of the Adriatic told me how, in the course of his travels through Turkish territory, he was introduced to the head of his family, Mohammedan landholder in the Hercegovina; and he seemed to think it very natural that the head of his family in former times should have changed his religion to keep an estate of two German square miles, for such, he said, was its extent. A great number of these nobles preserve the diplomas of nobility, written in dogskin and granted to their ancestors by mediæval Hungarian kings. One informant told me (but as the statement was afterwards contradicted I do not wish to guarantee its authenticity) that on the commencement of a new reign in Hungary many of these Mohammedan "Hungarian noblemen" were in the habit of sending the diplomas to the Hungarian Chancellerie at Vienna, in order to have them confirmed. Under such circumstances it is difficult to believe that they have that strong religious repugnance to Christianity which they are sometimes credited.

I asked several persons in the Frontier as to what they supposed would be the fate of Islam in Bosnia if the province were annexed

the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. From their vague and contradictory answers it was evident that they had not formed any opinion worthy of the name upon the subject. Our experiences of the past are no guide to us in this instance. Formerly, it is true, Mohammedanism receded with Ottoman rule; but it is now about ninety years since any change was made in the Austro-Turkish frontier, and these ninety years have brought with them many changes bearing directly upon the question. Such are, for example, the religious indifference which characterises the nineteenth century, the ideas respecting the equality of man, the formal admission of Turkey into the European state system, and, what are not less effective than the preceding, the suppression of private war and the mutual familiarity produced by increased means of locomotion. Already in Agram you perceive the vicinity of the East. There are interned, and at the same time supported by the Austrian Government, a small band of Montenegrine exiles, concerned in the assassination of a former prince of their country. These men, with their wives and children, wear the picturesque costume of the Black Mountain. At the railway station of the same town I met my first Turkish acquaintances, who had come up with a cargo of corn from Dubica, and were drinking beer—a liquor not forbidden by the Koran—in the crowded refreshment-room. My guide, philosopher, and friend, a South Slav, in the dress of a European gentleman, began conversing with his begirdled and beturbaned neighbours in his and their common mother-tongue. It is perhaps only natural that they seemed chiefly to interest themselves with the state of things before Paris. On my being introduced to them as an Englishman who wished to travel in Bosnia, they agreed with my guide that it would be difficult for me to do so if I did not know the “Turkish” language. On inquiry I found that they meant Croatian; the real Turkish they called *Osmanli*, or the Turkish of Constantinople.

With respect to the probable effects of Austrian or Hungarian conquest on Bosnian Mohammedanism there is, however, one other point to be taken into consideration. Whenever I was told of the disaffection that prevailed in Bosnia among the Mohammedan population against the Ottoman Government—as a Franciscan observed to me, “*Pecuniam semper petit et nunquam habet*”—I was generally told that its fiscal oppression led them to remember that they were after all of the same blood as their Christian neighbours. Their conversion to Islam is of too recent a date for them to have forgotten that their forefathers were Christians. Consequently, their hatred of the *Osmanli*’s bureaucracy, introduced since 1848, and the fiscal oppression which has to so great an extent ruined the old Bosnian families, is apt to take the form of an inclination to re-embrace Christianity. “Does that Cross,” say they, “weigh more than a

hundred okas? ”¹ And when answered in the negative, say, we can bear it as well as you.” Or, as another version expresses it, “Your Cross will not be heavier to bear than our Koran.”

Having heard that a Bosnian Franciscan had recently translated the Koran into the Croatian language, I made inquiries afterwards, and was told by a Roman Catholic priest that the Turkish authorities had contrived to have its publication suppressed. I did not know whether the version still exists. As a translation of the Koran into the vernacular of a European Mohammedan people, it would not be believed, a unicum. The Mohammedans, as is well known, show their reverence for their sacred book by not translating it.

One curious literary complication arising from the identity of name and language between the Mohammedan and Christian South Slav is that both of them write, or rather compose, ballads on contemporary history, sometimes on the same event. These poems being composed in the same language, but by bards who have not the same stock of ideas, despite the comparatively unimportant differences of creed, are mutually intelligible, and are addressed in a popular sense to a common public. While I was at Sluvin the Roman Catholic priest showed me a magazine for Bosnian literature; but when beginning to read one of the ballads, it was so full of Turkish names, many of which had a different meaning in Servian, that I was obliged to give up the translation of it. The common patriotism of all Bosnians as such has been appealed to in the proclamations of the anonymous revolutionary committees, calling upon all Bosnians to merge their confessional differences, and whether Catholic, Orthodox, or Moslems, to unite against the oppressor of their common country—the Osmanli Turk. The captain who showed me the family history of the Suziti told me of a Turkish Mohammedan—outlaw, on whose head the Turkish Government put a price of several hundred ducats. It appeared that he had been concerned in some disturbances in Bosnia and Turkish Croatia, in which Christians had also taken part. A sereshaner came to him one day and told him that he had found out that he was in hiding in the house of a Frontier-man in the company of the question whether he should be denounced and delivered up to the Turkish authorities, the captain answered that it was dishonourable to betray a refugee, especially one who had got into trouble by helping Christians. The refugee, however, seemed subsequently to have made his peace with the Turkish authorities, and fell in with the infidels of Montenegro.

The relation of lord and serf, which to some extent still exists in Bosnia, also prevailed in Servia before the so-called Servian

(1) An oka equals two and three-quarter lbs. avoirdupois.

lution in the beginning of this century. Consequently, the insurrection against Mohammedan rule had a social as well as a political aspect. The landlords were either massacred or driven into exile. If the Christian population in Bosnia were to shake off Mohammedan rule by internal insurrection, a similar result might be expected; but in the case of the interference of a regular civilised European power, the disappearance of the Mohammedan element would be due to its own faults—to intolerant bigotry, to aristocratic pride and indolence, or to an incapacity to modify their habits to a changed state of affairs. It is often stated that the Bosniacks are more fanatical Mohammedans than the true Turks themselves. But I suspect that this is true only with regard to the social and political questions supposed to be involved in that of religion. For them the triumph of Christianity means a social revolution, in which they would be at best the equals of their former subjects.

But it must be remembered that in this part of the world Christian and Moslem is not the only religious antithesis. The Christians themselves are divided into Catholics and Orthodox. In the adjoining Austrian province of Dalmatia the former are in a decided majority. I believe that the same was the case in Bosnia before the Turkish conquest. The present numerical preponderance of the Orthodox is to be explained by the fact that the Catholic portion of the population, as politically most in the ascendancy under the mediæval Hungarian kings, were most likely to resist the Mohammedan invaders to the death, or secure their privileges as freemen either by emigration or apostasy. Bosnia was long contested between Hungary and the Byzantine Empire, the former finally gaining the upper hand. From Dalmatia the Byzantines were obliged to retire at a still earlier period, and the province was then contested between Hungary and the Republic of Venice—both of them Latin powers. In Servia, on the other hand, despite the great efforts that were occasionally made by the more able or energetic of the kings of Hungary, Byzantine influence maintained itself long enough to render Orthodoxy scarcely separable from the idea of Servian nationality. There is little doubt that the conquest of Servia by the Turks was facilitated by the prevalence of the Greek form of Christianity in that country. In the first place, the previous conquest of so many Oriental Christians by the Osmanlis rendered the idea of subjection to their rule less repugnant to the Serbs than it was to the Latin nations beyond them. At the same time, it rendered both clergy and people especially suspicious of their would-be masters and defenders, the kings of Hungary. Indeed, the most distinguished of these Lewis kings—such as Lewis the Great and Matthias Hunyady—avowed themselves champions of the Holy See. This

was not merely, nor perhaps so much, from a feeling of religious enthusiasm, as from considerations of policy. That so many members of the Orthodox Church are to be found in Hungary, in the Croato-Slavonian kingdom, and especially in the Military Frontier, is owing to events that have taken place since the Turkish conquest of Servia. Numbers of Serbs who preferred continuous resistance, even on foreign soil, to submission to the infidels, took refuge in Hungary and received grants of land on condition of defending their adopted country against the Turks. When, after the expulsion of the latter from Hungary, the armies of the House of Austria advanced into Wallachia, Servia, and Bosnia, only to retire again, they were followed by thousands of the inhabitants, who had compromised themselves during the brief success of the Christian arms, and feared the vengeance of their returning masters. Thus in many parts of what is now the Military Frontier, the constant inroads of the Turks first of all destroyed the original Roman Catholic population, and then the waste places so caused were filled up by Orthodox refugees from the lands still held by the Moslems. One circumstance is interesting, as showing the difference produced by a diversity of history between peoples so nearly akin in blood as are the Croats and Serbs. The Croats, who were, politically, Hungarians, and consequently imbibed the feelings of the Western aristocracies on the subjects of trade and commerce, have, or at any rate to a very recent period had, a certain repugnance to becoming tradesmen. On the other hand, of the Serbs who were educated in the Christianity and civilisation of Byzantium, it is a proverb that every Serb is a born "market-man." One officer whom I met in the Frontier assured me that not even his experience in Italy had prepared him for such subtlety and cunning as he found among his own people.

In Sluin I lay for about a week on a bed in the public room of the one inn which the place contained, consoling myself for my unavoidable detention by conversing with the officers and the priest who came to visit me, and by reading pamphlets of historical controversy between Hungarians and Croatians. Sluin is a poor village, picturesquely situated on the banks of the Korana, on the opposite side of which stand the ruins of a castle that once belonged to the Franks. Sluin gives its name to the 4th Regiment of the Frontier, the head-quarters of which are, however, at Karlstadt. From this point onward my journey lay across a country of the same physical formation as the Karst, familiar to all who have travelled on the S. B. Bahn between Adelsberg and Trieste. The formation is a sort of limestone that is pervious to water, and is marked everywhere by curious pits, or rather depressions in the soil. These depressions in the ground contain almost the whole of the scanty and uncertain tillage which the country can show. Another striking phenomenon on

The disappearance of rivers into mountains, to reappear again at some distance off. Of such fragmentary rivers there are several in the regiments of Ogulin, Otochac, and Likka.

Stopping for my mid-day meal at a little inn at Rakovica, an officer came into the room and introduced himself as having received a letter from Agram to the effect that I should be passing that way, and he had been expecting me some days. I explained how I had been detained by my accident, and he then proceeded to criticise in a highly unfavourable manner both the population and the institutions of the Frontier from the point of view of an officer who, although born in that country, had served most of his time outside of it. He considered the house-communion system as a direct encouragement to idleness, and consequently to brigandage. Of four men in a family, said he, one is house-father and manages the family affairs; another is a soldier, and in the interval between drill, target practice, and sentry duty, a thief; a third is a loafer; and a fourth has to work both for himself and the others. In proof of his assertion that thefts and robberies were chiefly committed by the "soldiers," he stated that he always found that in his company such crimes were particularly rare during the weeks in which the spring and autumn manœuvres were carried on. As for brigandage, it was enabled to exist by the cowardice of the rest of the population, most especially the commercial or shop-keeping class. By way of illustration he related another exploit of our old friend Suzit. A caravan of twelve waggons filled with tradesmen, or, as perhaps they would wish to be called, merchants, were returning to Glina from a fair in Turkish Croatia. They made up so large a party expressly for the purpose of protecting themselves and their newly-acquired gains, and in furtherance of the same object they were each of them provided with all sorts of weapons. As they were passing through a wood between the Turkish frontier and Topusko, Suzit presented himself with his pistol in his hand, accompanied by one follower similarly armed, who pointed his gun at the driver of the first vehicle. Suzit then ordered the passengers in it to hand over their arms. The order was at once complied with, and the weapons were laid in a heap by the roadside. Those belonging to the passengers in the other waggons were collected in a similar manner. The purses of the disarmed tradesmen were then requisitioned. Finally, the heaps of weapons were examined, and such as Suzit considered useful for himself and his band were kept, the rest being returned to their owners. Amongst those rejected was a six-chambered revolver, which was considered a "Swabian" invention, not fit for the use of an honest unsophisticated soldier such as the bandit doubtless considered himself. The second story he told related to an almost equally incredible specimen of cowardice. Suzit, when a soldier, had once received

corporal punishment from a lieutenant of his regiment. This officer had been transferred to the service of the forests, in which he held a rank corresponding to that he had held in the army. Once in making his rounds, accompanied by three sub-officers, he fell in with Suzit and two of his men. The robber at once ordered the whole of the other party to lie down on their faces, which they accordingly did, and each received chastisement according to his rank. The rangers and robbers then parted without further ceremony. The officer went on to tell me that a priest in the very company in which we then were had lately told him that he had never felt so ashamed in his life as at a funeral at which he had had to officiate. There were present eight notorious robbers; six of them carried the bier, another bore the cross in front of it, and the eighth was the chief mourner. It was, I think, in another place that I was told of a robber in one of the Slavonian regiments, who, like so many Homeric heroes, had had the misfortune to have slain a man, made his escape from the prison in which he was confined, and, in order to be out of the way of danger, established himself in a lonely cottage not far from Sluin. Now and then notice would be given to the "company" in Sluin of his character and whereabouts. A corporal would then be sent to the place to investigate the truth of the report. From some motive, however, either of prudence or sympathy, the corporal always gave him notice beforehand of his intended visit, and the refugee took care not to be at home that day. The corporal, on his return to the company, made a report to the effect that he had found no trace of the man.

In fact, under the present *régime*, it is unlikely that anything serious will be done to suppress brigandage, from the simple reason that when not relations of the pursued criminal, its instruments are his neighbours, and the neighbours, too, of his kinsmen, who would be both willing and able to avenge him. In the first burst of energetic centralisation after the civil war of 1848-49, the Schwartzemberg-Bach Government introduced the gendarmerie into the Frontier as into the other provinces of the empire. As in Hungary, so here, they were hated as an institution at once foreign and novel. A traveller may easily collect stories to their discredit. They were accused of extortion and peculation, and ridiculed for the mistakes they often made owing to the extreme difficulty in obtaining information among population unanimous in hostility. In Hungary they lasted till the general overthrow of all Austrian institutions in that country in 1860. In the Frontier the military authorities at once commenced an official agitation against them, and succeeded in getting rid of them in less than two years. Such an independent and foreign body of men, it was urged, undermined the respect which the population ought to feel towards its military superiors.

asked my new informant if it was true, as I had been told in Agram, that the most daring robbers never laid hands on government money, and never attacked an officer. He did not exactly contradict or confirm the statement. He, however, admitted that he had heard that a gang of robbers who rendered the way between Agram and Karlstadt insecure, detached two of their number to follow a waggon containing money for the expenses of the company, lest scrupulous robbers should lay hands on it and they get the money. None of the patriotic admirers of the Frontier and its high-spirited brigands seemed to appreciate the fact that such stories and their assertions contain the severest condemnation of the military authorities, by showing that it is only through the apathy of the Government that brigandage has subsisted so long. I had been told more than once that Marshal Marmont, during the French occupation of Croatia south of the Save, put down brigandage by summarily hanging robbers before the doors of their own houses, and placing a French soldier under the gallows-tree to prevent the friends or relatives of the criminal taking the body down and burying it. He ordered the people to leave their ploughs and carts out in the fields at night, when they had half finished their agricultural labour, instead of bringing them home, guaranteeing their owners that their property would not be stolen. If a man justified his possession of somebody else's property by saying that he found it lying in the highway, he was still punished as a thief. "For," reasoned the inflexible marshal, "whoever left it there would be sure to go back and look for it." Talking to a major with regard to this Spartan discipline, he seemed to consider that no good result whatever could excuse such cruelty to the population. In point of fact, the universal pessimism which prevails in Austria prevents the authorities acting with a logical consequence of this sort. Judging by my own experience, the military authorities have as little faith in themselves, or the system they have to administer, as any one else in the empire.

From Rakovica my way lay through Drezhnik to Vaganac, a small hamlet close to the cordon, where there was a little village somewhat more decent than the two I had last been stopping at. The three companies through which I passed this day—Sluina, Rakovica, and Drezhnik—have all a bad character for robbers. The chief feature which struck me on the road was that I had not only come into the region of the Karst, but also into the land of the red fez. This head-dress not sheltering the eyes, gives the wearers of it a sinister expression produced by a continual frown. An officer, however, gave it as his opinion that it was very good for strengthening the eyes, and appealed in corroboration to the uniform of the French infantry, the peaks of whose caps point upwards. Along with the fez I made the acquaintance of what may be called the

peculiar national melody of the Croato-Serbs along the coast of **the** Adriatic. Heinrich Noë, in his book on Dalmatia, which I **had** read before entering Croatia, gives the following description of **this** peculiar sound. "The song of the Morlachs is unlike anything **else**. Imagine a man to continue uttering as long as his breath lasts **him** a chest tone, at the same time striking with the palm of his **hand** his outstretched throat so as to produce a certain indescribable tremolando, an O-o-o-o-o-o, continued to infinity. Nothing better represents the monotony, desolation, ruin, and joylessness of this country than this lamentation when heard in the distance." This peculiar wailing song is as characteristic of what is sometimes called the Dalmatian part of the frontier, of Likka and Krkava, as it is of Dalmatia proper. Not only is it heard from the throats of shepherds hidden from the passing traveller by the bushes or rocks of the Karst, but in the wine-shop it replaces for the Likkaner the bacchanalian songs of less melancholy lands. Both my own observations as well as remarks made by natives and strangers alike pointed to the conclusion that melancholy and a certain confused sense of **their** miserable and neglected condition are characteristics of the population of this portion of the Frontier. A medical friend was **struck** with the same sounds serving as the expression of joy and sorrow alike. He had recently called to see a young girl who was a **patient** of his, when he found her dead, and her mother striding across **the** room, using such poetical language and such lively and at the **same** time dignified gestures as would have insured the success of a **tragic** actress on any civilised stage.

ARTHUR J. PATTERSON—

(To be continued in the next Number.)

OUR RELIGIOUS POLICY IN INDIA.

Great Britain the relations of the State to religion are still in a delicate condition. Hardly any subject is so keenly discussed so little settled even in this country, where we are a self-governing people very fairly agreed upon essential beliefs, at any rate unanimous in accepting Christianity as the religious basis of our civil society. No question of home politics ferments so rapidly under controversy among Englishmen, and for that reason nothing would more likely attract their serious attention to Indian affairs than a general impression that our Government in the East had been blundering in its dealings with the religious convictions of the people. Yet I imagine that Englishmen at home do not always realise or make allowance for the degree to which the universal problem as to the proper functions of government becomes complicated, when the points under debate are the duties and attributes of the government of India by the English; more particularly whenever we have to decide upon the attitude which Christian rulers should take up in regard to the numerous creeds and sects which abound in and constantly issue afresh out of that *officina religionum*. For it is not merely that the leading popular faiths of India differ one from another widely and positively, to the extent of setting forth opposite conceptions of primordial morality, and contradictory practical rules as to what are acts of laudable devotion and what are outrageous public nuisances, but we have to do with the varying shapes and forms assumed by these diverse ideas and doctrines as they are viewed through different intellectual media. I mean that, besides having to arbitrate among proclaimed antagonists, we find ourselves confronted by one or another faith in its several phases simultaneously, as when it is held outwardly by people who disagree entirely in their true appreciation and practical application of it; while the behaviour of the Government in this curious situation is checked and criticised from standpoints so far apart as are England and India. Thus the Government has not only to reconcile the interests and to recognise the peculiar institutions of several powerful diverse creeds radically distinct in structure and mutually hostile in temperament, but has to submit its proceedings to tribunals of religious opinion in Europe as well as in Asia, and to take account of theological prejudices in two continents. So we are continually assured by inconsistent standards and weighed in discordant balances. In India we have to give reason for our doings to bigoted idolaters and to fanatic Musalmans

“Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;”

we have to stand well in the dim religious light of a Fetich worshipper, and to satisfy the refined Deism of the Brahmo Somaj. We must at the same time reply to vigorous missionary societies (Scotch, English, and American) who would have a Christian government testify openly to its faith by cutting off allowances to heathendom, and we must argue with Nonconformists at home who would overhaul our ecclesiastical expenditure, and would give no public money from Indian revenues to Christian ministers. During late years the growth of a strong many-sided interest in Indian affairs has created in England a general half-knowledge of them, and a sort of fusion or confusion among those ideas which lie upon the borderland between Eastern and Western habits of thought regarding such a common phenomenon as religion. Half-knowledge is proverbially dangerous; nor is it more likely to be either safe or effective when it is handled as ammunition of parliamentary warfare, or used for drawing from India analogies to support party measures in England, or for producing startling effects in the political and popular literature which occupies and diverts the minds of the outer public upon the present condition of our Indian Empire. Yet each and all of these various critics require the Government to do or abstain from something, while every step which the Government takes backward or forward is usually distasteful to one or the other; so that the position of our Viceroy is not unlike that of the much-enduring Prince of Monaco in *Rabagas*, the political comedy which has been amusing all Paris this spring.¹

For the time is long past since the Government of India could escape all this tangle of contradictory responsibilities and demands by doing nothing, and by maintaining the *statu quo*. From the beginning, indeed, of our dominion in the East one of the cardinal principles upon which we administered the country has been Toleration. It was lucky for England that she got her firm footing in India at a period when anything like religious enthusiasm was almost extinct in the nation; neither within nor without the Church of the eighteenth century was there left any spirit of proselytism, abroad or of ecclesiastical domination at home (except over Irish Papists), and so we avoided the terrible blunders of fanaticism made by the European nations who preceded us Eastward and Westward in the career of adventure and conquest. Moreover, Toleration, meaning complete non-interference with the religions of the natives, was such plain and profitable expediency with the East India Company in its earlier days, that not to have practised it would have been downright insanity in an association whose object was to do business with Indians; wherefore the merchants who enforced a strict mono-

(1) "Si je vais à l'église, quelle hypocrisie! si je n'y vais pas, c'est que je suis athée," &c., &c.

poly of material commerce were always careful to encourage free trade and unlimited speculation in religion. So the tradition of total abstinence from any religious policy grew up, and was maintained long after the Company had ceased to depend on the favour of Indian princes or priests, and had instead become arbiter of their destinies. We continued, as a great rising Power, to survey all religions (including Christianity) with the most imperturbable and equitable indifference. We tolerated every superstitious rite or custom to the extent of carefully protecting it; any single institution or privilege of the natives that had in it a tincture of religious motive was hedged round with respect, endowments were conscientiously left untouched, ecclesiastical grants and allowances to pious persons were scrupulously continued; in fact, the Company accepted all these liabilities created by its predecessors in rule as trusts, and assumed the office of administrator-general of charitable and religious legacies to every denomination. We disbursed impartially to Hindus, Musalmans, and Parsces, to heretic and orthodox, to Juggernath's car and to the shrine of a Mahomedan who died fighting against infidels, perhaps against ourselves. This was, on the whole, a conduct as wise and prudent as it was generally popular; for no anterior government had preserved such complete equipoise in its religious predilections; the Musalmans had indulged in chronic outbursts of sheer persecution, while the Marathas often laid heavy taxes on Mahomedan endowments, if they did not entirely confiscate them in times of financial need. At the least every succeeding ruler provided largely and exclusively for the services of his own religion, and most rarely for any other—to do this much was not only the right of a conquering prince, but his duty, springing obviously out of the fact that he desired the spread of certain tenets or the glorification of certain divinities. On the other hand, the only tutelary deities which the Company cared to propitiate were powerful personages in the flesh at home; and in India their chief officers were so cautious to disown any political connection with Christianity that they were scandalously reported to have no religion at all. It thus came to pass that whereas Hinduism and Islam had been well endowed and richly salaried whenever the Hindus or Mahomedans had from time to time been predominant, Christianity took nothing by the wonderful turn of fortune which at last brought Christians to the top of the wheel in India; and for the first time India saw the wealth of vast provinces dispensed by rulers who showed not the slightest inclination to allot any portion to the religion which they themselves professed. The consequence was a marked and striking contrast between the condition of native Christians and that of other historical religious communities, the more extraordinary and impressive because all temporal power was in the hands of those who

belonged to the religion which possessed no temporalities, and because the races which had been superseded in dominion retained great religious endowments. While Christians held the highest offices of State, with irresponsible power over immense revenues, the Christian religion was as poor and as depressed as when it first struggled for existence among the pontiffs and philosophers of the Roman Empire; and about the time when the quarrels of Greek and Latin monks over their holy places in Turkey well-nigh shook the throne of the Chief of Islam, in India the Christians were left by our English Government with no more privilege nor protectorate than would have been accorded by ordinary magistrates to any insignificant body of Fetic'h worshippers without pretension to political importance. Toleration of this heroic self-sacrificing kind contradicted all the precedents and prejudices of Asia.

When I speak of the Indian Christians, I must not be supposed to mean a body composed mainly of the Company's servants, or of immigrants from Europe during English rule. It is well known that the early Nestorian Church prospered for several centuries in Southern India, principally about Travancore; and though they are said to have been much weakened by later dissensions with the Roman Catholics, yet La Croze, whose *History of Christianity in India* was published in 1724, says that in his day they had five hundred churches and as many towns and villages within the kingdoms of Cochin and Travancore. The Abbé Dubois stated in evidence before the House of Commons that in 1792 the number of Roman Catholic Christians in the southern peninsula of India was estimated to exceed one million, but that "the Christian religion had been visibly on the decline during these past eighty years." As for their condition at the time (1832) when M. Dubois was speaking, he goes on to suggest that "the state of the native Christians might be materially improved if, above all, their religious guides could be placed above the state of penury, or rather beggary, in which they live generally, most of them having nothing for their support but the scanty substance of distressed flocks, themselves in the greatest poverty, and the priests being thus reduced, in order to procure themselves absolute necessities, to the sad but unavoidable necessity of making a kind of traffic of the sacraments, and otherwise debasing themselves."¹ He "proposed to shelter the clergy from the horrors of indigence," by giving to every bishop a salary of about six hundred rupees (£60) yearly, and to priests in due proportion. Up to the year 1831 native Christians had been placed under stringent civil disabilities by our own regulations, which formally adopted and stereotyped the loose and intermittent usages of intolerance which they found in vogue; native Christians were excluded from practising as pleaders, and from the subordinate official departments, although

(1) Parliamentary Papers, Minutes of Evidence.

such absolute rule of exclusion had ever been set up against them Hindus or Mahomedans; while converts to Christianity were liable to be deprived, by reason of their conversion, not only of property, of their wives and children; they seem to have been generally treated as despicable outcasts with whom no one need be at the trouble of showing any sort of consideration. The British Government had provided for their own servants some ecclesiastical establishment, but

described as having been in Western India "a disgrace to our national character"¹ until the constitution of the see at Calcutta in 1800. For many decades of our rule there was in the Bombay Presidency only that first English church which had been built at Bombay in 1714; and just one hundred years later one bishop was appointed for all Protestant India, with nineteen chaplains for the Bengal Presidency, and one Scotch minister to each Presidency, with a small pecuniary allowance with which the numerous Scotchmen in India appeared to have always been quite contented. The local governments were also rather grudgingly permitted to build a "few cheap chapels;" but it was remarked that the Roman Catholics shamed the Protestants (and saved the revenues) by building their churches without any aid from the Treasury. I cannot make out that the indigenous Christian communities got any sort of aid or subsidy; in the year 1832 they were described as being in a state of "lamentable superstitious degradation," especially in Salsette Island (close to Bombay), which had been British territory since 1774. But at this time the religious institutions and rites of the Hindus

Mahomedans were treated with deferential and scrupulous regard for the position which they held under native governments. All the customary honours, civil and military, were paid to them and images; the district magistrates continued to press men, according to ancient use, for dragging the cars of a famous idol, and refused to exempt Christians from this general *corvée*; we administered the endowments, paying over net rentals to priests or ministers; our interference extended over every detail of management, we regulated their funds, repaired their buildings, kept in order the idols and images, appointed their servants, and purveyed the various commodities required for use of the pagodas."² All these matters, however, were merely forms of harmless external observance which the executive might fairly recognise, just as the law courts would give cognizance of idolatrous customs and adjudicate thereupon. There were other superstitious practices plainly condemned against the first principles of Christian morality and decency, which, on account of their motive, were exempted by devout opinion

¹ Appendix to Report from Select Committee on the affairs of the East India Company, 1832.

² Parliamentary Papers, 1832.

from the purview of the ordinary criminal law. During a long time the Company hesitated to interfere with such practices; and the abstention was consistent with the particular stage of Toleration which our Government in India had then arrived. For so long the laws of each separate sect or community depend upon and are derived from its religion, are personal instead of being territorial—in such a state of society semi-civilised governments have usually held themselves precluded from interfering with any act warranted by the creed in which a person has been born, excepting only when such an act is dangerous to the State itself; and weakness and philosophic indifference have combined to commend these principles all the world over to prudent rulers of many strong tribes or of powerful religious factions.

This rather primitive conception of the meaning of tolerant government was soon, however, found inadequate and incomplete by the European chiefs (not individually without courage or political insight) who administered India under European direction. There arose that knotty question which in different shapes and degrees has vexed all Christianity since we abandoned the good old rule of a simple plan of pure Intolerance, and which even troubled the London School Board last year, namely—How far are we bound to tolerate that which we firmly believe to be wrong? Those very extreme cases which Professor Huxley suggested¹ by way of reducing administrative nihilism to an absurdity, came as matters of fact before Indian rulers, who had to decide practically about countenancing the worship of Astarte, and about permitting other religious usages little less barbarous than Thuggee. So early as in 1792 Mr. Grant in his "Review of the State of Society in Asia," had asked of the Government, "Are we bound for ever to preserve all the enormities of the Hindu system? Have we become the guardians of every monstrous principle and practice which it contains?" Yet at last gradually did the Government make bold to answer these appeals by a clear negative. Under Lord Wellesley the exposure of infants and aged parents to death by wild beasts or starvation in the Hooghly was declared illegal; but the practice of "driving widows into flames by a diabolical complication of force and fraud"² was tolerated until in 1829 Lord W. Bentinck outlawed it, with some qualms and many explanations. These and other similar domestic institutions (slavery, suicide, &c.) were gradually disallowed upon the plea that such errors were so unanimously condemned by every system of secular law and morality in the world, that even genuine religious convictions must in such instances yield to the necessity of some kind of police, were it merely for a commonwealth's self-preservation.

(1) FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, November, 1871.

(2) Grant, "State of Society in Asia," Parliamentary Papers. Three hundred and ten widows were burnt in the year 1815.

Thus far the Government could proceed on solid ground, for Christians and Mahomedans approved, while Hindus (after some grumbling) acquiesced in the drawing our new line of toleration so as to exclude acts of flagrant inhumanity; though the question of meddling with shocking indecency seems to have been adjourned as rather more metaphysical and less urgent.

But the true religious difficulty was gradually closing round us, despite our laborious declarations of "perfect Neutrality." We soon began to enter upon those intricacies of navigation which have ever since beset a government that, during its whole course, is more or less under the influence of two different currents of public opinion, setting in from the East and the West simultaneously, and both flowing stronger and stronger (though in varying *proportion* of strength) as the voyage proceeds. The Western current, hitherto slightly felt, was gathering drift. It brought a feeling that Christianity, among other things, ought to be tolerated; that a system which allowed native Christians to be punished publicly by canes¹ for refusing to drag the car of Hindu idols, which taxed them for support of these idols, and which visited them with civil disabilities, was, to say the least, in excessive deference to the opinion of majorities. So in 1832 the Government went so far as to pass a law which protected all persons who should change their religion from loss of property in consequence of that change. The enactment was general, though its special aim was relief to new Christians, yet the Hindus actually protested against it as a manifest breach of the neutrality which the English had been so careful to proclaim, although it was notorious that the Mahomedans not only bestowed upon their proselytes immunity, but reward. From this time forward, nevertheless, the counter-pressure of English religious opinion, mainly organized and directed by the growing power of missionary societies, began to have its sensible effect upon our policy of administration; the conscientious scruples of Christians, as well as of heathens or Musalmans, had gained representation; and the contrarieties occasionally produced by these cross winds were curious. For instance, about 1838 the Government desired, according to the ordinary routine, to repair the *Imāmbārah*, or place of prayer, belonging to that same religious foundation at Hooghly in the recent management of which we have incurred (according to Dr. W. W. Hunter) the charge of "deliberate malversation."² An order was sent as usual to the Board of Revenue in Calcutta to invite tenders for these repairs, whereupon one member minuted as follows:—

"It is deeply distressing to me to receive orders from the Government which I cannot execute without grievously offending my conscience. I must respectfully but earnestly entreat that I may not be required to make myself an

(1) Minutes of Evidence before Select Committee, 1832.

(2) "Our Indian Musalmans," p. 185.

instrument for the maintenance and embellishment of an edifice of worship which I am conscientiously persuaded is not that of the Government. I know that the act which I am directed to perform is one of very great utility, and that very little interference on the part of the Board is called for; but this is not a question of degree, my objection is one of principle. . . . It is an offence, in my opinion, of the greatest magnitude to take a single step in a direction contrary to that of truth."¹

Here was a Tolerant Government placed, according to nautical phraseology, between the Devil and the deep sea. On the one side the hitherto acknowledged duty of respecting and maintaining the religious institutions of the natives, and the gulf of troubled waters into which any open neglect of such duty was likely to bring us. On the other side an active and increasing party of earnest Christians who held that any sort of co-operation with false creeds was a compact—a crime against the true creed—and that their scruples could not be had as much claim to respect as the grotesque phantasies or the violent aversions of a Musalman; that Christianity was no longer to be required, even figuratively or constructively, to support the car of Juggernath; that when a Christian church fell out of favour with the Government sent orders to pull it down,² while professional architects were employed on mosques; and that this species of religiously utter colourless and etiolated, only appeared to the natives as a policy were blanched by timidity. Out of this particular dilemma which has in modern times been only one way of escape, which has been adopted by liberal governments when they find themselves hemmed in and headed backward and forward by rival sects—that of trying to shuffle off all their ecclesiastical coil, to slip away from the region of theologic blasts and counter-blasts, and to seek safety in the calm roads of exclusively secular administration. But the unendowed and jealous minority naturally desire to drag the State into this outlet, as the best bargain which they can extort; they cannot consistently hope for establishments to be maintained, but they can consistently hope for establishments to be sure to have been denouncing them, but they can demand their embellishment, if not disendowment; they cannot logically prolong up, but they can reasonably agitate for levelling down; very professions of neutrality and pure tolerance set up by the Government at once lay it open to a claim that their principle be universally applied. Unfortunately this situation, which in England is full of hope and promise, is in India a literature, and perhaps constitutes in that country one of the darkest complete abnegation by the State of all religious convictions. The preceding governments who framed their religious policy on an antique pattern of doing everything for their own creed and nothing for other creeds alone (save for occasional outbursts of fanaticism).

(1) Parliamentary Papers on connection of the Government of India with Mahomedanism.

(2) Parliamentary Papers, Minutes of Evidence, 1832.

at least free from this special kind of embarrassment. But here were the missionaries saying humbly to the English Government, "We don't ask you to support Christianity, but if you must be what we call atheist, be so consistently; do not act as agents and managers for any religion at all." So the Government, being moved thereto by divers reasons, did in India what every governing body thus placed must do in Great Britain—it resolved to withdraw from all direct connection with religious institutions, expecting thereby to please all parties, and to sit apart from the turmoil of religious strife. The principle of dissociation was imposed upon the Indian Executive by their Home Government, as "due alike to the character of a Christian Government and to the scruples of its Christian officers;" and in 1846 the Indian Council reported to England that the necessary measures were in progress, which the Court of Directors entirely approved.

But the business of making over to responsible trustees or guardians the enormous possessions of the various religious bodies in India, which had been perhaps for generations under the direct and powerful administration of successive governments, involved great and complicated transactions, clogged by many hitches and much delay. Many of these establishments had no recognised heads, and when heads were found they were sometimes incompetent or untrustworthy. There were numerous landed estates to be transferred, and proprietors were not easily discovered, while the rights of tenants had to be guarded. There was a large accumulation of surplus ecclesiastical funds in Government treasuries, and to hand over big lump sums of ready cash to temples or shrines would often be merely to force waste and debauchery upon pious and ascetic communities; for they had no idea of investing such money, and no legitimate objects on which it would be suddenly spent. However, the Government persevered until, by the energy and minute local knowledge of district officers all over the empire, most of the arrangements for handing over to individuals or to corporations the conduct and personal management of religious lands and money allowances had been more or less successfully agreed upon.

Nevertheless, the Government soon discovered that these measures by no means satisfied the religious sentiment of all parties, or enabled it to shake off its religious responsibilities; for certain sections of the native population, both Hindu and Mahomedan, began to complain that the English Government was abdicating one of its most essential functions by refusing any longer to superintend the religious endowments of the country, as had been the immemorial custom and obligation of native princes to do; that no other guardians or trustees both honest and capable could be found; that there was great confusion as to title, incessant quarrels as to right to use the funds or deal with the lands; and that the Government cynically, and with subtle intent to

ruin non-Christian creeds by the law's delay, referred these disputes to the civil courts, instead of deciding them by its own ancient prerogative and according to its plain duty. Meanwhile the party whose opinions were represented by the Christian missionaries was pushing forward its advantage from the other side. The Government had determined to be no longer agents and officers for institutions of false religions or of heathen superstitions; but large annual grants [the donations of our predecessors] continued to be made from the Treasury toward the support of idols and idolatrous or infidel usages; so the Honourable Company was "earnestly reminded that idolatry is not only a curse to mankind, but that any approval or countenance lent to it, *directly or indirectly*, is represented in the Word of God as a grievous offence against Heaven."¹ The leading case on which both parties relied, and in which the conduct of the Government was most impartially condemned by Hindus and Christians alike, was that of the great temple of Juggernath, which had been formally assured of the protection of the British conquerors when the province of Cuttack, in which the temple is situated, was annexed; and in observance of this pledge a large sum of money was paid yearly to the Brahmans by assignment of the revenue from certain tracts. In 1845 it was proposed to commute this assignment once for all by a grant of land in perpetuity upon which a high official in Bengal minuted that this was a mere device of Christians by profession who wanted to conciliate the Hindus and at the same time "to secure themselves against the execration of their fellow-Christians by presenting their oblation to an idol under the cover of a perpetual endowment," instead of undergoing the annual disgrace of a money payment.² This uncomfortable aspect of the proposal did not in the end prevail; and lands were conveyed to a Hereditary Superintendent in trust for the Temple; but the Court of Directors forbade the usual posting of police inside the building to keep order on great festivals; while the missionaries charged our hapless Government with encouraging "the vile characteristics of Hindu idolatry," and with directly subsidizing a large idolatrous establishment which tends to perpetuate intellectual and moral debasement."³ Thus the High Christian party was no longer satisfied that Government had ceased to overlook the employment of religious funds; it now required that the allowances themselves should be stopped⁴ (not, however, that their estates should be confiscated); and when it was proposed to escape the scandal of periodical disbursements by a grant of land, they retorted that the

(1) Memorial to Honourable Court of Directors by Protestant Missionaries, 1845 (Parliamentary Papers).

(2) Parliamentary Papers.

(3) Parliamentary Papers, 1852.

(4) It will be understood that only those allowances were continued which were actually being enjoyed under valid authority at the time when a province came into British hands.

as merely to perpetuate and plant an abuse which ought to be prooted. At the same time many natives cried aloud that Government was shirking its duties, throwing their religious institutions into confusion by declining to administer them, impoverishing them by curtailing on inadequate reasons the customary grants, and consecrating them by rigorous investigations into right and title, such as by equity and common law of the country these endowments had ever been expected to sustain.

Then the question of religious disabilities brought upon the Government similarly conflicting remonstrances against a breach of perfect Neutrality. Up to 1839 the native Christians had been excluded in the Madras Presidency (where they were most numerous) by law from the bar, from judicial offices, and from the army commissions; they were even left amenable in the interior provinces to Mussalman law, and their civil rights were defined by no particular code at all throughout India. The religious minority ruled both in Ireland and in India; but here all likeness ends between the pair, for in India we had been forced to conciliate an overwhelming majority by maintaining civil disabilities upon that part of the indigenous population which belonged to the religion of the conquerors. In 1832 was passed in Bengal a law which protected any man from losing his property by the effect of the law of a religion which he had renounced; but in 1845 the Bishop of Bombay represented that in his diocese no benefit to native Christians of the courts of justice was confined to protecting them from personal violence—a convert had no other rights under the Regulations. Upon this, after much deliberation, the Government in 1850 framed a Bill which rescinded all laws and usages throughout India inflicting upon any person forfeiture of rights or property by reason of his renouncing or being excluded from the communion of any religion. Against this the Hindus of Bengal and Madras at once sent up strong memorials declaring that the measure was viewed by the whole Hindu population with the utmost horror and dismay; that its object was evidently to sap the foundations of their religion, and to insinuate a system of indirect persecution; and the memorialists, as usual, respectfully asked whether *this* was the Honourable Company's principle of toleration." Lord Dalhousie (who regarded tall words as a sort of inconvertible currency of his own issue, good for paying with, but not for being paid in) carried through the reform with his usual high-handed resolution; but the Government found itself no nearer than before to the haven of refuge from theologic winds and currents; and this very grievance about disabilities has by no means died away, for Colonel Masson Lees gravely registers it among the specific wrongs over which the Mahomedans to this day brood discontentedly.¹

(1) Letter to the *Times*, from Colonel N. Lees, late Principal of the Mahomedan College, October 14, 1871.

So far, indeed, was Lord Dalhousie from having piloted his vessel into calm waters, that he left her on the edge of a cyclone. This gradual tolerance of Christianity, the progress which it made towards admission within the circle of recognised Indian religions, the bold countenance of its thoroughgoing professors, and the perceptible inclination of the State's course under the increasing ripple of Western opinion—all these things did combine to arouse jealousy among the more sensitive Hindu and Mahomedan classes and interests. They saw that their faiths were losing their old exclusive privileges, and they openly propounded the conclusion that the Government was undermining their religious constitutions with the object of proselytism. These ideas did not actually cause the great eruption of mutiny and revolt in 1857, yet they aided very much to bring the native Indian mind into an inflammable condition; when the spark fell the rebels and mutineers "went to the country" with the cry of Religion in danger, and the cry was very widely believed. All the proclamations issued from Delhi and Lucknow contained allusions to the invidious machinations of the English against the creeds of India; while natives about to be executed would offer to embrace Christianity if they might be spared, and would be astonished at discovering that this alternative was not permitted. On the Neutrality question the effect of that bloody wrestle was natural enough. The old Puritanic intolerance which still lies hid at the bottom of the hearts of so many English and Scots was ominously rekindled, as big trees at last catch fire from blazing thorns, by the aggressive display of Indian fanaticism; and while the natives proclaimed that a treacherous Government had been detected in entrapping them into Christianity, English laymen went about saying that we were only suffering the divine chastisement that is surely brought down upon a nation by rulers that deny and degrade their own religion. If the more violent Musalmans had preached holy war, it must be remembered that a section of the Christian clergy exhaled a strong savour of that very same leaven which causes Mahomedan bigotry to ferment after a manner which some people appear just now to regard as a peculiar and portentous characteristic of Islam. For in a memorial to Government drawn up by the Bombay Missionary Conference in 1858, requiring the Government to discountenance and deprive of their customary money grants all non-Christian places of worship, the petitioners urged that "even if treaties bind us to support heathen temples, the obligation for bidding such treaty is far superior, as imposed by God Himself which (obligation) cannot be set aside without drawing down the displeasure of the Almighty."¹ The missionaries were thus disturbed in conscience by precisely the same problem as that which occasionally

(1) Parliamentary Papers.

hampers loyal but strictly pious Muslims—the dilemma between good faith on the one side and God's displeasure on the other; and the solution proposed by the memorial to our Government is very nearly identical with what in our subjects we call treason—the subordination of allegiance to theology, the principle that we cannot keep pledge with persons of a different creed without apostasy from our own. Nor were missionaries the only Englishmen who held political doctrines of this colour during the period which immediately followed the great mutiny; for though the chief governors and councillors of India were proof against such arguments and untouched by such passions, yet several high officials in Northern India betrayed about this time a bias toward such combinations as the Bible and the sword, and were not entirely disinclined to the idea that the Government might sever its connection with heathen endowments by the sharp knife of confiscation.

As the heats generated by the mutiny gradually cooled down, the extreme tension of the situation relaxed; but the events of those years probably intensified the desire of our Government to be rid of the connection between Churches and State in India. The Home Secretary issued a fresh despatch on the subject, and after much correspondence the Act was passed, in 1863, which relieved officers of Government from all duties which embraced the appointment to religious offices, the superintending of lands assigned for pious uses, the appropriation of religious incomes, the preservation of sacred buildings, or the management in any form of establishments belonging to the Hindu or the Mahomedan religion. Such properties and agencies were to be made over absolutely to local trustees or committees to be once for all appointed by the Government, after which the Government positively ceased to nominate or in any manner to interfere. The check on the trustees resembles that which was devised by the Archbishop of Canterbury for the English clergy in the scheme which the Upper House this year rejected: any person interested in any mosque or temple, or in the performance of the worship or service thereof,¹ may sue before the civil court the trustee, manager, or member of the committee for misfeasance, breach of trust, or neglect of duty; and the civil court may direct specific performance of any Act, decree damages, or remove from office. Next followed, in 1864, the law by which Government proclaimed that it would no longer appoint the semi-religious Mahomedan *Kāzis*, whereby the dissociation between the State and the religious institutions of the natives of British India was completed; all civil disabilities on account of religion had by this time been abolished,²

(1) This may mean (says the Act) any person having a right of attendance, or having been in the habit of attending at the performance of the worship or service.

(2) I should perhaps except some indirect and intricate impediments to marriage or

and the Government may have been flattered with the hope that it had at last attained the true equilibrium of Toleration.

How far we are still, nevertheless, from any such millennium in India may be calculated by a survey of the present state of religious politics in India, and by marking the movements in different camps. Christianity has been liberated from her unfair disadvantages, and other creeds have been deprived of their unfair privileges; we have thus been brought nearer than ever before to liberty and equality in religions. But fraternity is as distant as ever, for equality stimulates rivalry; and the real rivals are singling out one another. It is in the electric and stormful religious atmosphere of India that the two great monotheistic Faiths which each claim all mankind as their due heritage by divine ordinance—Christianity and Mahomedanism—now confront each other face to face, as they have never met before throughout history, in one great neutral country of paganism. Both maintain that the heathen have been given unto them for a possession, and in their competition for proselytes the antagonists find themselves at last not unevenly matched. The Mahomedans offer a kind of theocratic Home Rule, by residents instead of by mere sojourners in the land; and they proclaim a religion far more congenial to the ordinary Asiatic than our own half-hearted indistinct nineteenth-century Protestantism, or the exotic supernaturalism of Rome, now wrinkled and hollow as it is by dissensions without and decay within. The Mahomedan faith has still at least a dignity, and a courageous unreasoning certitude, which in Western Christianity have been perceptibly melted down and attenuated by the disease of casuistry and by long exposure to the searching light of European rationalism; whereas the clear, unwavering formula of Islam carries one plain line straight up toward heaven like a tall obelisk pointing direct to the sky, without shadow of turning. It thus possesses a strong attraction for Hindus who are seeking an escape from the labyrinth of sensual Polytheism, but who yet require something more concrete and definite in the way of a belief than is offered by their native speculations about Deism or Pantheism. The "pagans suckled in the creeds outworn" of India feel that philosophies of esoteric Brahmanism only make them more forlorn than even their stocks and stones, their visions of incarnate gods upon earth, and their ancient fanes of fruitless prayer; while the vigour and earnestness of the high message announced so unflinchingly by Mahomed conquer the hearts of simple folk, and warm the imagination of devout truth-seekers. It is by these weapons that the Mahomedan now enlarges his borders among the Hindus, and more, I fear, are yearly added to the Muslim than are gained over to the Christian-

divorce, which still hampered persons who changed caste or creed. These have since been removed.

tian camp. But, however this may be, the emulation between the two propaganda, now left entirely to their own resources by our Government, neither encouraged nor discouraged, must needs be close enough to present the unique spectacle of two powerful churches militant, the representatives of religious Enthusiasm, contending together over the spoils of a famous Superstition; a highly organized corps of well-trained and well-nourished missionaries campaigning against a swarm of irregular, undisciplined volunteers. With forces thus arranged and opposed, and on such a *terrain*, the eager irreconcilables are not likely to be yet in a temper favourable for hoisting the white flag of Toleration; nor does our Government at present obtain unanimous applause for its appearance in the character (so novel on the Asiatic stage) of benevolent bystander, prejudiced only in favour of order and punctual revenue payments. On the contrary, we hear from all sides fresh complaints of a broken covenant; Musalman disaffection on religious grounds is said to be stronger than ever; the Hindus repeat that we are dissolving their caste system by relaxing their ancient marriage law in favour of modern Theists; while our neutrality is challenged simultaneously in front, flanks, and rear by various energetic partisan leaders of Christians in England.¹

Of these different bodies the most important, because the most hostile, are the Mahomedans. Among their substantial grievances (as set forth last year by Dr. Hunter and Colonel Nassau Lees, the one in his book, the other in his letters to the *Times*) against the recent policy of the Government toward religion, we find ourselves charged by Dr. Hunter with deliberate misappropriation of their endowments;² also with having "abolished their law officers," the *Kâzis*; for as the Madras High Court has solemnly decreed upon a dispute between two claimants that according to exact Mahomedan law a *Kâzi* can only be appointed by the State, it has been maintained that the State, by ceasing to appoint, has virtually abolished an indispensable religious office. These be heavy accusations, and they are endorsed in the *Times* by Colonel Nassau Lees, who then, to my amazement, proceeds to open fire upon that eternally besieged citadel of religious Neutrality from a battery constructed, I feel certain, without any aid from his native Indian friends.

"Starting," he says,³ "from our own standpoint of strictly religious neutrality, both Hindus and Mahomedans might reasonably object to a considerable sum out of the revenues raised by the sweat of their brows being devoted annually to the maintenance of an Established Church for the benefit of Christians, be

(1) In 1860 2,049 petitions were presented to Parliament for the admission of the Bible into all Government schools and colleges in India.

(2) "Our Indian Musalmans," p. 145.

(3) *Times*, October 20, 1871.

they Government servants or not, while *no annual grant at all* is made for the support of Hindu and Mahomedan places of worship, or for their clergy."

This is indeed the unkindest cut of all, and is enough to make our unlucky Indian Government abandon in despair its long pursuit after the true method of Toleration. For generations, as I have explained above, we have been charged with apostasy because we administered and scrupulously nurtured large assignments from the revenue to Hindus and Mahomedans in every part of India; and only a few years ago the Bombay Missionary Conference pointed out to Government, with compressed indignation, that—

"According to the best information obtainable by your memorialists, the number (26,589) of idol temples and shrines in the *Bombay Presidency alone* receiving support (by payments from the Treasury and from sources under Government control) from the Government is much larger than the number of Christian churches receiving Government support in Great Britain, and scarcely, if at all, inferior to the entire number of churches of all Christian denominations whatsoever in the British Islands. If your memorialists are correctly informed seven lakhs (£70,000) are annually expended from the Government treasuries in the Bombay Presidency, and a still larger sum (£87,678) in the Madras Presidency."

In Madras the surplus funds lying in the treasuries to credit of religious institutions amounted in 1856 to several hundred thousand pounds; and the total annual payments up to 1859 were about £100,000. One devout person in Southern India, who states in a petition that he leads a "reclusive life," claimed £25,000 due to him from the treasury in 1847. Throughout the vast Bengal Presidency, and the great provinces directly administered [like Nagpore and Oude] by the supreme Government, the allowances in money or in kind, and the endowments of land to religion, were found to be in great number; nor do even these accounts include the tax-free estates by which Hindu and Mahomedan places of worship are largely supported all over British India. These estates are settled in perpetuity, free of land-tax, on the institutions to which they belong, and it is certain that such exemptions from assessment are tantamount to a direct provision measured by the amount of revenue which would have accrued to the State if the lands had not been assigned to religious services. One would suppose that in no country of the world were the great popular religions so richly endowed from the public revenue as in India; nevertheless Colonel Lees tells the readers of the *Times* that a few scattered British chaplains and priests are the only clergy for whom the toiling Indian sweats.

From the passage which I have quoted above, and from another to the same purport,¹ it is by no means plain what religious

(1) "Are we to take from the people of this country £47,000,000 of annual revenue for the purposes of the Government of the country, and allow not *one rupee* of those millions the greater portion of which has been raised by the sweat of their brows, for the maintenance of their religious institutions? Are we to spend annually out of these

policy Colonel Nassau Lees would recommend. Would he have us enhance the present enormous revenues of the Mahomedan and Hindu establishments by an additional money grant? Or would he desire us to discontinue the allowances made to Christian ministers mainly for performing religious services to our Christian officials and soldiers? The latter alternative has probably suggested itself to an influential party in England; for Mr. Miall has recently called for in Parliament and has obtained from the India Office a return showing that the total annual expenditure in India on account of ecclesiastical purposes is about £210,822;¹ and the object of applying for this return is not far to seek. The English Nonconformists are naturally deliberating whether the Home Government shall not be pressed to cut off all this subvention from the State to the Churches in India.

Now the expediency of paying chaplains for the British army is not likely to be questioned; and as to the general provision by the State for ministry to different Christian sects in India, I am not here concerned to discuss either the system of Church establishment, or that of concurrent dotation. I merely wish to point out that if the English Parliament determines to suppress altogether (as the Comtists would say) the theologic budget in India, the predicament of our Government will be seven times worse than any former state; for I do not see how the Christian ecclesiastic allowances can be forbidden except on the broad principle that the State has no business to recognise or support any particular religious sentiment, and that it is mere indirect persecution to tax a man for contributions toward the maintenance of liturgies from which he dissents. That principle might be logical enough, but then we cannot make it of partial application; we can hardly strain at such a gnat as this budget allotment to Christianity, and swallow such camels as the Mahomedan and Hindu endowments. It is of little use to relieve the native conscience of the burden of contributing towards a Protestant bishop, if we still leave the people paying rates and taxes indiscriminately to idols and to Islam, without the remotest connection between the creed of the taxpayer and

revenues £150,000 on bishops, priests, deacons, ecclesiastical establishments, maintained solely for the spiritual welfare of a few thousand Englishmen, and leave the 150,000,000 of our Hindu and Mahomedan subjects to provide for the care of their own souls out of the pittance our Revenue collectors may leave them for their private purposes, on the plea that their religions are monstrous superstitions?"—*Extract from a pamphlet being reprint of letters and articles by W. Nassau Lees, late Principal of Mahomedan College, &c.* 1871.

(1) Of this sum 16,47,269 rupees (£164,726) is incurred in the Civil department, and is distributed as follows:—To the Church of England, 15,02,739 rupees (£150,273); the Church of Scotland, 1,07,704 rupees (£10,770); and the Roman Catholic Church, 36,825 rupees (£3,682). In the Military department 1,97,559 rupees (£19,755) are paid to Roman Catholic chaplains; and 22,798 rupees (£2,279) to Presbyterian chaplains. There is also an expenditure upon ecclesiastical buildings of 2,40,595 rupees (£24,059). —*Parliamentary Return*, 1871.

the creed which his money may go to support. But a motion in England to forbid the Indian Government from allotting public money to *any* religious institution would place us between two bitter cross-fires, since the chief gravamen of recent complaints made against us by natives in India lies in allegations that we have been disestablishing these institutions and meddling with their endowments, that we have refused to appoint Kâzis or to retain any kind of religious patronage, and that we have either thrown up the superintendence of religious foundations or attempted to reform them.

The truth seems to be that we have got to a climax of the conflict between Eastern and Western opinion as to what are the proper functions of a neutral State. In the West Neutrality means complete secularisation of the State's functions; disestablishment is almost an accepted principle, and disendowment is a question of public utility. In the East these ideas are entirely new; and of all the various kinds of new wine which we have latterly been pouring into old bottles, I know none more likely to disagree with the Indian taste and constitution. In India they have no conception of the hatred against Establishment which has been fostered here at home by Acts passed to enforce unity of religious profession and uniformity of clerical teaching—by the old attempts to drive wandering sects like sheep into one fold under one official shepherd. As there has never been one nation in India, so a national Church was never imagined; it does not occur to the Indian that a State cannot logically patronise more than one creed at a time, and that, as this would be unfair, it must therefore patronise none. That the Queen should provide decently for her own persuasion is regarded as natural and decorous; that she should distribute revenue allotments (or continue them) to every well-defined religious community is thought liberal; that she should administer to all religious properties and interests is right and proper; that she should ignore them all and provide not even for her own faith would be considered scandalous. Lord Shaftesbury's recent declaration that he would sooner have a child brought up as a Papist than under no religion at all, would be approved; while the Nonconformist who would rather subsidize no creed than subsidize the wrong one, would be thought not only intolerant but intolerable. The Oriental would judge our quarrel over English pauper children as Solomon judged the dispute between two women for the possession of a son. Lord Shaftesbury would be she who would give up the child rather than let it die; the Nonconformist would be the woman who would sooner it were dead than made over to a rival.

And assuredly the wisdom of Solomon is needed just now to bring the Indian Government out of its straits without running upon some rock of offence. We are like a man who should desire to set his watch so as to keep true time in two different longitudes at once.

In the meridian of Greenwich establishments and endowments are antiquated abuses; in the meridian of Delhi disestablishment (by which I here mean disconnection of the State from the religious institutions of the country) has caused much dissatisfaction; and of course disendowment would be to rob a great many gods. We are beginning now to realise in India the anachronism which we committed when we determined to sever the ancient chain which bound the religions of each province round the feet of the Government which annexed them, and when we thus, in liberating ourselves from being plagued with old-world fancies, threw away the great prestige and leadership which accrued to the sovereign of India from being universally recognised as the fountain of religious patronage—the authority whose *congé d'elire* was required for all nominations and successions to important religious office or estate. In the Madras Presidency the superintendence of “no less than seven thousand six hundred Hindu establishments had hitherto been vested in the officers of Government; and this was more than a nominal superintendence; the people regarded the district officer as the friendly guardian of their religion.”¹ Speaking of the aversion of the people to the abandonment by Government of the management of a famous pagoda in North Arcot, the district magistrate wrote: “No persuasion or reasoning could effect a change in the resolution they had taken; the management of this pagoda, they said, had been in the hands of the ruling power for ages back, the innovation proposed was contrary to established custom, and, if persisted in, religious worship in their temple would cease.” Without doubt the people greatly exaggerated the effects of the change; but I am now only illustrating their feelings thereupon. I do not forget that religious offices and properties in India have very generally yielded to that peculiar tendency which governs the course of all rights and interests throughout the country; they have to a great extent become heritable family possessions on a service tenure; and we cannot attempt to alter the regular succession by inheritance, except on extreme necessity. Even the semi-religious duties of the Kâzi had become usually hereditary, and his appointment by the State a mere form, long before the Act of 1864, long indeed before the English took over from Mahomedans or Marathas their dominion in India. It is quite a mistake to infer that the result of ceasing to appoint Kâzis was to lay our Musalman subjects under some such interdict as in the middle ages disabled Christian priests from giving the “sanction of religion to the marriage tie;”² such a

(1) Note by Under-Secretary, Madras (Parliamentary Papers).

(2) “The Mahomedans. . . . accuse us of having brought misery into thousands of families by abolishing their law officers, who gave the sanction of religion to the mar-

bewildering confusion of ideas cannot be seriously entertained by a writer of ability and high culture. But the form of confirming each succession or election did survive, and to abolish it was not to render the Kâzi independent of infidels, but to cast a slur upon his status, to lower his dignity, and even to render his tenure of office less absolutely incontestable. Undoubtedly these slights are felt; and the Government was ill-advised when gratuitously and without urgent motive it cast off the natural and traditional tie between Church and State, as we should call it; because this formal act not only involved a loss of power, but it drew attention to the religious anomaly of a Musalman community under Christian rulers—it raised precisely the points which we ought to smooth down. The very fact that we had ousted Musalman sovereigns should have made us more careful to supply their exact place, and to continue their functions as nearly as possible; whereas we thought fit rather to proclaim on the housetops that their religion in India had lost its head, by passing a self-denying ordinance to strip off the prerogative which every Mahomedan king exercises as an essential attribute. “She who doth hold the gorgeous East in fee,” the English Queen, rules over more Musalmans than does the Osmanli Sultan; her policy should be to prove that she is proud of this great sovereignty, and to lift up the heads of our Muslim fellow-subjects until they also feel the pride of living under the most powerful monarch in Asia.

But I have left myself no space for going further into this complicated discussion. My object has been to give some history of the oscillations of our religious policy in India; and to explain why, at the end of a century, we have succeeded in satisfying neither Hindus nor Mahomedans, far less Christians. Of course no government ever does succeed in giving complete satisfaction to religious sectaries; but I fancy that we might have done a little better in India. At first we tried to please Asiatics by copying so closely the religious policy of our predecessors that we imitated even their contempt of our own religion. This overshot the mark, and naturally displeased European opinion; so we gave way to a reaction, and latterly we have been copying the religious politics of Great Britain until we have succeeded in alarming Asiatics. We dissociated the State from non-Christian religions mainly to please Christians (though we imagined that Indians would acquiesce); and now Parliament may be asked to forbid all State provision for Christian liturgies, apparently upon the assumption that this is Justice to India. To my mind we are altogether missing the right meaning and scope of that perfect Neutrality in religious matters which we are eternally announcing to puzzled and suspicious India; and I guess that our misinterpretation of it has been

riage tie; they accuse us of imperilling their souls, by denying them the means of performing the duties of their faith.”—*Our Indian Mussulmans*, p. 145.

caused by our English traditions and habits of thought. In England the phrase might be understood as an assurance that the Government had determined to have nothing whatever to do with the affairs, temporal or spiritual, of any sect or creed ; in India it is taken, I believe, to convey a welcome guarantee that the Queen will not favour one religion more than another. But I suspect that the Indians no more supposed that perfect neutrality meant the complete renunciation by their governors of all direct authority or headship over the management of the temporal interests of their religions, than they imagined that neutrality in civil administration means that the Government will disband the police. This, they might say, is not Neutrality, but Nihilism ; and they are too far behind modern Christianity in their notions of charity to feel compensated for their abandonment by discovering that the State is quite ready to fling the Christian overboard also. Such a course of action is entirely foreign to all historic experience of the relations between secular and ecclesiastic authorities throughout Asia ; and we are only running wider than ever of the true Asiatic principle. We are disregarding perilously the lesson of statecraft which might be learnt from observing the organization of all great Asiatic governments, and from the example of every wise ruler over divers tribes or nationalities¹—namely, that in certain conditions of society the immediate authority and close supervision of a monarch over the powerful religious interests with which he has to reckon at every step, is a matter not only of political expediency, but of vital necessity to effective control over them. And we are flinging away the one real political advantage which accrues to us from our boasted attitude of perfect neutrality, that of enabling us to superintend and guarantee the religious administration of all sects with entire impartiality, and with the confidence of our subjects. I must not be supposed to regret the abolition of the old régime under which public officers were literally agents and managers for religious institutions ; that system was rightly condemned. But to cut away all the historic ties between Church and State, to free Asiatic religions from every kind of direct subordination to the executive power, is, I think, an experiment never before tried in any country of the old world. We are severing our religious connections just when we ought to be setting up a *Ministère des Cultes*.

A. C. LYALL.

(1) *E.g.*, Prince Bismarck ?)

CAROLINE SCHLEGEL.¹

It was at the age of nineteen that August Wilhelm Schlegel set out in 1786, for the University of Göttingen, there to remain for a period of five years. This sojourn was destined to exercise a decisive influence over his after life, and, indeed, the whole tenour of his mind. Here it was that he finished, fortified, and gave depth to his classical studies under the guidance of Heyne, whom F. A. Wolf had not yet eclipsed, and laid in that stock of solid learning which enabled him later, like Lessing, to devote himself professionally to criticism, without ever subsiding into that superficial dilettantism which is the usual stumbling-block of the professional critic. Here it was that his friendship with Bürger was formed, and that his first attempts at versification were encouraged by the author of *Lenore*, who opened out a fresh horizon to him, and admitted the as yet obscure juvenile writer to a place in his *Musen Almanach*, the oldest and best among those literary selections, published in Germany, which preceded Schiller's *Horæ*. Here it was also, by daily intercourse with the young foreign noblemen who flocked to the renowned Georgia Augusta, that he acquired that polish which high society alone can impart; that agreeable exterior, that familiarity with living languages, which served to distinguish him in after life from among the herd of uncouth and unkempt *sarants* and *litterati*, who were his contemporaries in Germany. But the chief event, and that which was to leave the most durable traces—traces alike painful and fertile—was his meeting with a young widow of twenty-six, whose destiny it was to exercise a powerful influence over the three most remarkable men belonging to the romantic school. Those who had especially occupied themselves with the study of German literature and its history knew of Caroline Michaelis, indeed, as a handsome, engaging woman—like Helen—"greatly admired and greatly censured." They had often come across malevolent allusions, more or less founded, concerning her conduct; and were fully aware of the important share she had had in A. W. Schlegel's literary labours. The full-

(1) *Caroline*. Briefe an ihre Geschwister, ihre Tochter Auguste, die Familie Gotter, F. L. W. Meyer, A. W. and Fr. Schlegel, J. Schelling u. a. nebst Briefen von A. W. and Fr. Schlegel u. a. herausgegeben von G. Waitz. Leipzig, Hirzel, 1871. Two vols. in 8vo.

Aus Schelling's Leben. In Briefen. Herausgegeben von J. L. Plitt. Leipzig, Hirzel, 1869. Three vols. in 8vo.

Die romantische Schule. Ein Beitrag zur geschichte des deutschen Geistes von R. Haym. Berlin, Gärtners. 1870. One vol. in 8vo., p. xii., 951.

Ein deutsches Frauenleben aus der Zeit unserer Litteraturblüthe von R. Haym. Preussische Jahrbücher. November, 1871.

length portrait drawn of her by Friedrich Schlegel in his *Lucinde* was as well known as the enthusiastic admiration with which she had inspired her third husband, the thinker of the romantic school, Schelling.¹ What, however, had hardly been suspected before the appearance of the recent works of G. Waitz and R. Haym was the amount of individuality and originality which distinguished this amiable and fascinating woman.

While far from having so numerous or illustrious an array of female talent and learning, beauty and grace, to exhibit as France or Italy, Germany was still not wanting in romantic or eminent women, especially towards the close of the past century. But none, excepting perhaps Rahel, had the freshness and indescribable originality displayed to us in Caroline's letters. When we hear Wilhelm von Humboldt speak of her as of a superior mind; when Gries says of her that she was the cleverest woman he ever knew; when Steffens alludes to her as a woman of superior intellect, these expressions may be taken for banalities of no rare occurrence in the high-flown style of the letters of that enthusiastic period. When Friedrich Schlegel recognises in her a certain grandeur, A. W. Schlegel himself tells us that this "highly-gifted woman had all the necessary qualifications to shine as an authoress without the ambition," and Schelling pronounces her to be "a rare and most singular being, which it was impossible to love half," and, again, "a masterpiece of intellect, an extraordinary woman with a masculine mind, uniting the most penetrating wit with the softest, tenderest, most affectionate womanly heart," we are, of course, at liberty to attribute these warm tributes of praise to the natural exaggeration of a blind lover or equally blind friends. On perusing the two volumes before us, however, in which letters may be found worthy of George Sand in passionate effusion, and others of more familiar gossiping interest, of which, it is no exaggeration to say, Madame de Sevigné herself would hardly have repudiated the authorship; when we see how lasting the attachment with which she inspired all who knew her; when we observe the envy of the women and the admiration of men who only knew her from a distance; when we witness the irresistible power of fascination she exercised over all around her, we discover the spontaneous freshness of childhood in her style as

¹ I have alluded to her far too lightly myself in my studies on "Berlin Society" at the close of the Revolution (see *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1870, II. p. 473), when saying that Wilhelm Schlegel that "he had married the charming and greatly admired sister of Michaelis;" that "the *ménage* was disturbed by misunderstandings;" that that Wilhelm separated from his young wife in order to leave her at liberty to best her hand upon the illustrious Schelling;" and finally, at p. 486 of the same work that "the first husband continued in intimate connection with the second." Nothing positively inaccurate in all this; still the note is false, nor could it be so in a work which was written in January, 1870.

in her thoughts, the *naïveté* of her feelings and impressions; whereas throughout the course of her life, in her errors, her animosities and the, alas! too passionate loves of her youth, in those faults of character even to which she herself pleads guilty, we constantly find her perfectly genuine, true to herself, and thoroughly disinterested; then, indeed, is our sympathy awakened in a higher degree than our curiosity, and we feel a desire to know more about her personally, about the vicissitudes of so restless and troubled an existence, and about the joys, the woes, and even errings of a strange being, born, according to her own words, "for the narrow limits of a peaceful household, yet forced out of her proper sphere by an uncontrollable destiny, without ever losing sight of its virtues, or ever becoming a mere adventuress."

I.

Caroline Michaelis was born at Göttingen in the year 1763. Her father, the celebrated Orientalist, seems to have taken but little notice of his numerous progeny, and evidently to have consigned them to a lower place in his affections than the folios of his library. The family circle in which she grew up contained little or nothing that was beneficial or salutary. What with constant pecuniary embarrassment, petty misunderstandings, and general incompatibility of temper, combined with a certain want of respect and lack of cohesive power among its elements, this household, like those of so many *literati*, was indeed little calculated to prepare her satisfactorily for the trials and duties of after life. "Our family is ruined," she says, "by the corruption, folly, weakness, and violence of its several members. One sends prayers to heaven, while another accuses Fate; but the real cause of the evil does not lie beyond the clouds." Her brothers soon dispersed, and Caroline always thought her mother neglected her in favour of her sisters, without however bearing either party any malice on that score. As is not uncommon with girls of an ardent, enthusiastic temperament, she centred her affections entirely upon her brother Philip, whom she loved with passionate tenderness. She was besides warmly attached to her sister Charlotte, on whose premature decease she transferred her affections to another of her sisters, to whom she remained true in spite of time and separation. It is easy to perceive that she felt deeply the want of family ties during her whole life, by a letter written to a female friend of forty years' standing, shortly before her own end, on receiving the tidings of her aged mother's death. On seeing "this last link of the past severed, as those of the future had previously been," the painful recollection of her lost children "rises up before her from its light slumber," and she feels acutely "the rupture of this last remaining tie which bound her to mother-earth."

She could hardly expect either to find without the precincts of her own family circle that moral stay, that something to lean upon which she missed at home. Göttingen had very little in common with other German towns of similar dimensions. A village which Count Münchhausen, the Hanoverian Pombal—for every Continental State in the eighteenth century had its “enlightened philosophical minister”—had turned into a focus of the theological and philosophical rationalism peculiar to that age, where sons of high German families recently won over to the “rising ideas,” young English lords, and even princes of the royal blood, anxious to visit their sovereign’s native country, all assembled; where all pitched their tents—but none took permanent root; a town of this description, we repeat, would hardly be expected to form a sound school for exemplary housewives. “Young girls here,” writes Boie, Bürger’s friend, “are obliged to live a retired life and be very careful on account of the number of young men who lay snares for them.” If unwilling either to submit to seclusion or give way to seduction, they ran imminent risk of turning blue-stockings like Gatterer’s daughter, who became an authoress, and Dorothea Schlözer, who went up for her doctor’s diploma and got it. Those who wished to improve themselves by reading, but were at the same time anxious to resemble the heroines of the novels they devoured, were exposed to censure and even calumny on the part of their more prudent, but less attractive companions. The latter was the lot of the handsome daughters of Heyne and Michaelis.

Caroline more laid herself open to slander even than her friend Theresa, the great philologist’s daughter; for when at the age of twenty-one she married the physician Böhmer, of Clausthal, she had already had several flirtations, one among the rest with the famous Blumenbach. She had even projected a conventional matrimonial alliance, but subsequently relinquished the idea. It was not love either which ultimately induced her to accept Böhmer; it was friendship, esteem, and perhaps a desire to relieve her parents from a care, and to acquire for herself independence and an establishment. The narrative of her marriage resembles some chapter out of the Vicar of Wakefield, with all the sentimental and virtuous paraphernalia of which the past century, especially towards its close, was so fond.¹ Still a long letter addressed to her sister Charlotte three or four months after, shows already a strange amount of experience in affairs of the heart. She warns her little sister especially against the power of imagination and a craving after affection, against *ennui* and affectation, as being calculated to mislead her concerning the nature of

(1) A friend’s child stood at the garden-state “dressed as Hymen, with a basket of flowers in his hand, which he scattered before us as he led the way to an arbour opposite where a throne of moss and flowers had been erected, with steps up to it, with a canopy,

her feelings. She hints "that our own sanctity may at deceive us."

"When the Hm's Hm's (the dandy students) pass under your eyes, really do absolutely nothing for vanity's sake! It would be impossible entirely to annihilate its movements, for this is the most involuntary original sins, and one we need as little be ashamed of as corns or to Only we ought never to move a step either backwards or forwards encouraging the failing. You cannot help its being pleasant to you veiled cap suits you, but beware how you set it more at one person another."

Here we certainly have most prudent advice addressed to a affianced bride, and such as might lead us to infer that she imparts it, when similarly situated—and the time was not far removed—had herself been anything but indifferent to the effect her veiled cap may have produced on the Göttingen students. Nevertheless, four years of perfect seclusion in the mountain retreat Clausthal passed over without a murmur on her part. Her time completely filled up between the care of her three children, her affection for her husband, a diligent and numerous correspondence and a good deal of serious reading. In time she not only used to the rugged landscape of the Hartz, but even got to love it. True, her letters occasionally reflect the petty annoyances and drum sameness of a small country town; still, on the whole they are mostly bright, cheerful, and replete with impressions she derives from the books she happens to be reading. The narrow limits and almost rustic simplicity of a household life, which constantly pressed her to lay hand to the saucepan and the gridiron, her unworldly piety, which no Göttingen University Rationalism had ever succeeded in destroying, did not prevent her from taking the liveliest interest from the depths of her mountain retreat in all questions which at that time engrossed general attention in Germany and elsewhere. In spite of an innate horror of blue-stockingingism, she courageously set to work to study Winckelmann's History of Art, Herder's philosophical writings, Jacobi's work on Spinoza, and what not. Neither did a single French or English novel of any importance escape her notice; so that on returning to her parents' house after her husband's decease, she by no means cut a provincial figure. At her first burst of grief over, she appears, in spite of herself, to have experienced a sensation of relief at once more regaining her freedom.

a triumphal arch, and a thousand other pretty things. A singer and harp-player had been placed behind some bushes; when we were seated they began to sing:

Love which inflames this couple;

and

On a throne of flowers they find
Ever the heart of being happy.

"Heaven knows what my feelings were when I fell into Böhmer's arms. The worthy folks' affection impressed upon me anew the obligation of being virtuous. And so on for three consecutive pages, blotted with sacred tears.

"I do not trouble myself concerning the future," she writes to her friend Meyer. "I make no plans whatever, and create no imaginary cares for myself. One aim alone do I consider myself obliged to pursue with an unfaltering step—that of my daughters' welfare. All the rest lies stretched out before me like the vast expanse of the troubled ocean. If at times I find myself beginning to turn giddy at this spectacle, and feel my head whirl, I just close my eyes, and still trust myself on it without fear. I do not know whether I shall ever be quite happy, but I know that I can never be utterly miserable. You have known me in circumstances in which, hedged in as it were on all sides, I was crushed by my own weight; I have been torn away from it, cruelly torn, still I feel it, for all around me seems as glaring with light as though I were entering existence for the first time, like some invalid restored to life slowly regaining his strength, and inhaling anew the pure, balmy spring air."

It was in a frame of mind such as this that August Wilhelm Schlegel first met and fell desperately in love with her. The flame was only fanned by her behaviour towards him—now snubbing him, now treating him as she would a child, now giving him all sorts of excellent advice, even concerning literary matters; at other times, almost in spite of herself, and obeying a natural impulse and desire to please, flattering the youthful poet, than whom perhaps no individual was ever more accessible to flattery. She also renewed her friendship with Bürger, who was very unhappy at that time, in consequence of his marriage—the third he had contracted—with the Suabian Maiden (*Schwaben-Mädchen*), who had offered him her hand and her heart from afar, and who on closer inspection turned out to be a complete hussy. "A graceful little creature, with a pretty face and a facility for small-talk, who can even be sentimental if necessary, and with a genius for intrigue, and an unlimited propensity for flirtation, less anxious to have lovers—although even in this she goes about as far as it is possible to go—than to surround herself with a swarm of insignificant admirers." It is not difficult to understand why Caroline did what she could to remove her sisters, at that time still young, from a circle of this kind. As for the poet himself, who twenty years previously—when he sang Lenore, and his life and his genius were alike inspired by a guilty but sincere passion,¹ had proudly named himself the "Condor of ballad writers"—he had become "quite stupid" by the side of this giddy Suabian. He "preserves a dogged silence, stares fixedly before him with his heavy eyes. . . . The other day he complained bitterly that he had no wit left." Still Caroline would have been disposed to overlook some of Madame Bürger's shortcomings, had she shown less desire to ensnare men of understanding; "for," she adds, "it is clear that I do not judge her so severely from intolerance. My cloak of charity covereth all things, provided a warm heart and a sense of the beautiful be there." Here we have the naïve morality

(1) Bürger's second wife had been his sister-in-law, Molly, whom he had celebrated in verse in his first wife's lifetime, and whom he lost after only one year of marriage.

of the eighteenth century, set forth with the greatest possible naïveté of expression by a young widow of twenty-eight, who, moreover, conducts herself with propriety. And these remarks are addressed to an agreeable and clever young man. Already before her return to Göttingen, Caroline had become acquainted with F. L. W. Meyer, the friend of her friends the Heynes, and possibly even more intimate with Theresa than was exactly agreeable to her husband. Theresa, "destined to no common lot," had married G. Forster, the celebrated traveller, and future apostle of the French Revolution, whom she subsequently accompanied to Wilna. This young woman, inferior neither in beauty, intelligence, nor knowledge to Caroline, superior even in energy of will, did not, however, possess those qualities of feminine grace and sincerity which rendered her friend so attractive, and thereby caused people more readily to forgive her superiority and her failings. She kept up a lively correspondence with Meyer, who appears to have possessed unusual attraction for the female sex. This singular individual, who, by his learning, his intellect, and his talents, seemed to have been originally intended for some great literary career, like many others at that time, chose to withdraw from the busy world at an early age, secluding himself in a rustic hermitage, where for many years he lived the life of an anchorite.¹ Meyer became Caroline's confidant; and, indeed, by far the greater part of the letters written by her during six years' wanderings after Böhmer's death was addressed to him. It is necessary to read these elaborate effusions in order to have an idea of the depth and psychological subtlety of that strange time. The minute analysis of feelings, the self-contemplation, the studies of shades of sentiment and of moral fibres, the vivisection of the inner world, are no longer wearisome when entered into by a nature so unaffected and so fresh as Caroline's. They are the outward expression of an inner life, which forms a singular contrast with the nervous, feverish excitement of our own generation and our purely external animation. Germany undoubtedly owes Torquato Tasso, Wilhelm Meister, and the Elective Affinities to this habit and craving for psychological analysis. She owes them also, and above all, a freedom from prejudice and convention not to be met with elsewhere; but at the same time some of her greatest defects—a complete want of spontaneousness, an eternal self-pre-occupation, the habit of over-reflection, and the love of systems—all of them things which are anachronisms in our time.

Most of these letters are dated from Marburg, where Caroline went in 1789, to reside with one of her brothers, a professor at the university. She no doubt expected to find the horizon somewhat wider there, for in a letter written shortly before leaving Göttingen

(1) Meyer is the author of an esteemed life of Schröder the actor, and was for several years editor of the *Archiv der Zeit* in Berlin.

she says, alluding to the Duke of Sussex's expected return from Hyères, :—

"How I wish I could once, were it only once in my life, breathe in the soft air of so mild a climate, walk under the shedding orange blossoms, see a bright people, and witness more ardent passions than our temperate zone brings forth. Alas! my wishes are vain! Still, my life with my brother opens out a wider prospect; I shall be nearer to the Rhine. But how sad it is to think that one has never seen anything really beautiful!"

Her expectations do not seem to have been fulfilled at Marburg. The narrowness of its resources, some little misunderstandings with her brother, who seems to have been less devoted to her than Philip, the loss of one of her daughters—her little boy had died at Clausthal—all this combined to render her stay there painful to her. Her letters to Meyer touch lightly upon facts and names, excepting as regards Theresa, whom she characterises with that happy facility of expression so seldom, if ever, attained by professional authors; still they show a discontented frame of mind, while they indicate a large intellect, regarding things from an exceedingly lofty point of view. Before finally betaking himself to his northern hermitage, Meyer passed a long time in wandering through one country after another, unable to settle in any; and these letters, therefore, reach him now in Rome, now in London, now again in the immediate neighbourhood of Marburg, whither a fit of caprice leads him suddenly, as it does elsewhere. We unfortunately have none of his letters, but it is easy to judge of the singularity of the individual, and the intimacy of the friendship subsisting between them, from those of Caroline. Nor must it be thought that this sentiment sufficed to fill her whole soul; on the contrary, she found room in it and felt the want of one far less tranquil. We are able to gather very little information respecting Tatter, who apparently reigned supremely over her heart for more than three years, in spite of constant separation.¹ She knew him at Göttingen in 1789, at the same time as A. W. Schlegel, for he had come there to accompany his pupil, Prince Augustus of England. She had been powerfully struck by the sureness, tact, noble pride, and dignified energy displayed by him in his difficult and delicate position. Among a host of languishing Werthers, vain *beaux-esprits*, clumsy and irritable *savants*, who viewed the world from behind their folios, and geniuses who sought their distinction in ponderous eccentricity, she here discovered at last an active, firm, dignified man, uniting the keen, open eye of a statesman to the delicate perception of the *dilettante*, who himself domineers over others instead of allowing himself to be domineered over. He so entirely fascinated her, that she refused all the offers made to her which might have freed her from her precarious situation. On

(1) Several letters of Tatter's have been preserved in the volumes entitled, *Zur Erinnerung an F. L. W. Meyer*.

quitting Marburg, after a stay of two years, she first proceeded to Gotha, to visit the oldest and truest among all her female friends, Louisa Gotter, whose husband at that time enjoyed, and indeed still enjoys, a certain reputation as a poet and writer of *libretti* in Germany. The irresistible young widow here made a deep impression upon the heart of the Superintendent-General, or, as the English would say, Bishop of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who actually proposed to her. "I meet with love where I do not seek it," she naïvely says; "if I chose to give encouragement, I might be adored." However, she is no more able to make up her mind to this conventional alliance than she had been ten years before, when sought in marriage by another man of good position.

"True, my dear Meyer," she writes to her confidant regarding this business, "the ungodly little woman, the young flirt—for these are the remarks people make on me, do they not?—had attracted the—you know whom—and I hesitated. The whole web of life seemed to cross its threads within my head: this or that? For three days I was utterly puzzled. At last all melted down into the question—Art thou disposed to bind thyself for thy lifetime, and live surrounded by comfort and the world's regard, or dost thou prefer thy liberty, even at the cost of care and discomfort? Indolent nature inclined towards the former, but the soul's pure inward flame caught at the latter. I feel where my duty lies, because I know my own capabilities. Let no one think me foolish. I have reflected well; I am fully aware of the value of a position which into the regular course of things. Still I have never been dazzled by it to the extent of mistaking where the true value of life lies. Whoever is sure of not repenting the consequences of his deeds has a right to do what he likes. I might undoubtedly have made myself useful to the State had I chosen to take upon myself the cares of a household, and brought up half-a-dozen children more as I do my dear daughter; but that can be done equally well without me, and without destroying anybody's happiness. Therefore it is better as it is, for God's State."

This she wrote from Göttingen, where she had once more returned from Gotha, and where his Grace had pursued her with his addresses. In this town a former unwelcome, tiresome suitor again crosses her path, as yet unsettled and unfettered, whom she harshly repulses with raillery, being wont thus to receive those who solicited an affection reserved for such as did not run after it. Her passion for Tatter was clearly the reason why she rejected the proposals of the Bishop of Gotha, as well as of the haughtiness and raillery with which A. W. Schlegel's protestations were met. "I am," she writes to her sister Charlotte, "cultivating a laurel for a poet—say this to Schlegel; and I have a charming little bunch of mignonette, a *souvenir*—say that to Tatter!"

Once more she left the paternal roof; it is difficult to comprehend why, for Tatter apparently was still in Göttingen, or at least in Hanover, close at hand. Besides, if, on the one hand, Schlegel's love bored her, his mind and tastes were eminently pleasant. She was no longer under the spell of her admiration for Theresa Forster,

whose account, nevertheless, she took up her abode in Mayence. We are to accept her own version, as given to Meyer, and admit that it was a sublime impulse of self-sacrifice and a desire to try and restore the disturbed harmony of the Forster *ménage*, which sent her there, and because "undertakings which resemble tasks have a special attraction for her?" Was it not rather impatience to shake off the yoke of dependence under which she groaned in her own family, and a wish to free herself from the petty annoyances to which she was subjected, added to a yearning to quit the narrow sphere of Jöttingen and the attraction of the Ultra-Rhine movement, which was just then fermenting like some generous wine in the noble hearts of her countrymen, unsuspecting of the noxious, subtle poison which lurked beneath the surface of that sparkling, deadly beverage?

For who could deny that his heart swelled,
And beat with a purer stroke, in a freer breast,
When the first ray of that new sun rose?

And those men's names who were the first apostles of the good tidings,
Did they not equal the loftiest we place among the stars?

Did not every one feel his courage, his soul, and his language rise within him?"

It was only natural that the new ideas and humanitarian hosts coming from France should have been welcomed with special enthusiasm by the subjects of the three ecclesiastical Electors (of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne), precisely because all the vices resulting from the corrupt state of political Germany had become centred, as it were, in their dominions. Despotism and debauchery, extravagance and want, grovelling weakness towards foreign powers and imperious roughness towards the subject, a total absence of all patriotism and dignity—in a word, a climax of rottenness which is hardly possible at such a degree excepting in ecclesiastical States.

Caroline caught at the new ideas more ardently than any one. Already in 1789 she had begun to take Meyer to task for not entering into her admiration of the "sublime French nation;" a reproach which she certainly had no need to address to poor weak Forster, who had eagerly hastened to register himself as a French citizen. Caroline soon saw through this nature prone to rhetoric and weeping; she soon discovered at the bottom of it colossal, inordinate, unlimited vanity, entirely unjustified by that force of character or of genius which leads us to pardon many foibles. "He is the strangest creature," she says of him; "I never loved, admired, or despised any one so much." This sentimental rhetorician, who was sincere and even honest, and who was destined to be canonised not only by the German plagiarists of the French Revolution, which would have been excusable to a certain degree on account of the great dearth of men of any eminence in that party, but also by patriots like Gervinus

(1) Göthe, "Hermann and Dorothea."—Clio.

and Hettner—this hero, and at the same time victim of the German imitation, was at the head of the popular agitation at Mayence, and Caroline thus found herself at the fountain-head of the new ideas.

It was a strange spectacle to see this ancient archiepiscopal city—Mayence—this rendezvous of all the abuses, depravity, and faded magnificence of the decayed Holy Roman Empire—suddenly transformed into a nest of Jacobinism, and to witness revolutionary orators hold forth in the clubs established in those antique *rococo* palaces where but a short time before little abbés, belonging to the most dissolute ecclesiastical court in the century, had been wont to reign supreme. Caroline had far too much of the woman in her nature to take active part in anything of the kind. All that has been said concerning her connection with “her madcap of a brother-in-law”—one of the principal actors in the Mayence drama—is a pure fiction. The part she took in these events was strictly limited to a lively, almost passionate, interest. “I hurl the Jacobin’s cap back at your head, which you are bent upon placing on mine,” she writes to Meyer, who, far from entering into the current illusions of the time, is fond of bantering his graceful friend for her misplaced enthusiasm. She even boasts of her “noble impartiality,” and vehemently protests against the Jacobins, the 20th of June, and even Lafayette himself for allowing it, without, however, “praying for the success of the Imperial and royal arms,” and “always detesting despotism, though not all aristocrats.” Mirabeau and the moderates had alone succeeded in awakening her entire admiration; yet, on the arrival of the Republicans at Mayence (October, 1792), when “the cockades began to swarm in the streets,” and her own little girl cries out, “Vive la nation,” she was led away, as Forster had been. “What a distance still lies,” she says, “between the degree of learning (*sic*) and pride of a German burgher and the law among these *sans-culottes* now encamped before our gates.” Still she did not continue long dividing her friends’ illusion, for at the bottom politics and the coarse emotions to which they give rise were but little to her taste. “I am dead and deaf to political interest,” she writes to Meyer in January, 1793. “At the outset my heart was fired with enthusiasm, and Forster’s opinion naturally carried me away with it”—is not this “naturally” deliciously feminine?—“but I never undertook any private or public propaganda whatsoever; nor have I ever during the whole course of my life been more aristocratically reserved in my intercourse with the world than in this democratic period.” In this she either flatters or deceives herself, or else she is forgetful. True, she shut her doors against her madman of a brother-in-law, who came from Worms to Mayence to act as secretary to “Citizen Custine;” but, on the other hand, did she not open them to a “more than suspicious *citoyenne* whom she

hardly knew," and solely because her heart harbours "no hatred against sinners," because she "feels no anxiety on her own account, and because she likes the woman?" Nay, did she not carry her imprudence still further? In this, as in other passages of her life, now as at other periods, we must bear in mind that it was the heart which influenced the head in this essentially womanly nature; and it is necessary to seek for the clue to her increasing indifference to politics, quite as much in her private feelings as in her aristocratic instincts.

It was the most brilliant among the friends of her youth, her "rival from the cradle," who had induced her to settle in Mayence; it was that haughty, self-willed Theresa, by whose side she hoped to create an independent position for herself, while exercising a salutary and tranquillising influence over this somewhat disturbed *ménage*. By the time she arrived there, however, the foundations of peace and harmony had been already completely sapped. Forster, whom Theresa still held in subjection, partly by flattering his vanity, still more by the exercise of that magic which *la Galigai* used with so much avail towards Louis XIII.—that of a strong will over a weak one—was still her admirer, and stood in awe of her, playing alternately the part of a capricious tyrant or that of a rebellious slave; he was still in love with her, in a word, and utterly unable to detach himself from her. Nor was it Theresa's fault if he did not do so, for she certainly did all she could to facilitate matters. Not content with domineering over him with unlimited selfishness, she betrayed his unbounded confidence by keeping up a clandestine intercourse with his friend, the famous Huber—for in this circle we have to do with none but celebrities—with whom she at last eloped, and over whom she already reigned supreme, as she had done over Forster, holding him in utter subjection by her own superiority of intellect and will. It was but natural that Caroline should shrink from the thankless office of opening a deceived friend's eyes; but on Theresa's departure for Strasburg with Huber in December, 1792, she remained, at the earnest request of his faithless wife, to watch over Forster with her usual simplicity, good-nature, and thoughtlessness—as a species of "moral nurse."

"It is possible that a false light may thus have been cast upon me, both in a political and moral point of view. I cared little for it, however, being little accustomed to inquire into the effect my conduct may produce upon others, when I feel myself justified, and without guile in my own eyes. . . ."

And, in truth, slander, of which she had so often been the object, never ventured seriously to discredit her devotion and perseverance in this case, although they were indirectly to become the primary cause of the greatest crisis through which she passed during the whole course of her life. She still entertained a passionate love for Tatter.

Either the correspondence which took place between these two lovers has really not been handed down to us, or it was deemed advisable to suppress it; but the letters she writes to Meyer during the year 1792 are quite sufficient to show that her soul is still wrapped up in the remembrance of "that singular man," Tatter Still, she had already begun to entertain certain misgivings as to the warmth of his affection for her, and on the tidings that he is about to pass within a trifling distance of the place where she resides, to find her manifesting less impatience to fold him in her arms, than anxiety to ascertain "whether he will really be so unnatural, so inhuman, so unaccountable, as to pass close by Mayence without even coming to see her!" At the bare notion of such a thing happening, she catches herself harbouring "the rebellious project of liberating herself from this dependence," for, she adds—

"It is not the first time that he has put me to torture. How often have I been forced to give way to him against my own convictions. How would it have been were they one day to prove stronger than the desire to yield? If the wrong done to me were to become so evident that I could not help condemning him. It is from this that my innermost soul recoils. . . ."

This time, however, he did come and spent several days with Caroline at Mayence, on his way to Italy, thereby rendering her extremely happy, according to her own account. Alas! this was but a solitary ray of sunshine, for soon after the city is taken by Custine's army, and the besieging troops of the Allies approach rapidly, so that when left alone with Forster, owing to Theresa's flight, she begins to see the necessity of providing for the future and applies to Tatter for advice, and even protection in case of need; but he answers her from Italy that he regrets he can do nothing to help her. She must have felt, as it were, a cold steel penetrating to her heart:—

"By a very little more manly courage, by a single decisive word, he might have rescued me—the only man to whom I ever applied for protection he refused it me. . . . He has refused his own happiness. Meanwhile the time was passing when privation is delight. . . . My patience began to be exhausted, my heart regained its freedom, and in this position, without an aim in life, seemed to me that I could not do better than try to alleviate a friend (Forster's) sufferings and—find diversion for my thoughts."

Here there is an interruption in this correspondence lasting three months—from January to March, 1793—and, indeed, it is very incomplete until the year 1796. A fact regarded by M. Haym undoubtedly confirmed by manuscript documents which have passed through his hands, but which we would fain have consigned to the domain of fancy, or looked upon as one of those countless calumnies to which Caroline was continually giving rise by the thoughtlessness of her conduct, ought certainly to find its proper place here. Either

in consequence of great mortification at Tatter's slight, or of weariness produced by the monotony of her existence and a desire for excitement and diversion; either because in an unlucky hour she forgot herself, or yielded to a sudden attack which paralysed resistance by its very suddenness: certain it is that a Frenchman, endowed with the usual enterprising audacity of his countrymen in affairs of gallantry, and who thus formed a striking contrast with her platonic German admirers, succeeded in inducing her to commit the only fault with which she had to reproach herself seriously in her life. She subsequently fell ill, either from agitation or remorse, or both, and could not leave the town. When she recovered, Forster started for Paris to "solicit the incorporation of Mayence and the Rhine Provinces in the French Republic"—the noble-hearted patriot! On the 30th of March she was finally able to quit the besieged town, accompanied by her daughter and Madame Forkel, the somewhat suspicious lady whom she had taken into her family. She intended going to the hospitable house of the Gotters at Gotha, one which in all the difficult junctures of her eventful life never ceased to be open to her. Scarcely had she passed the gates of Mayence, however, when she was arrested. A few days afterwards it was announced in the Paris *Moniteur*, with characteristic republican delicacy of expression, that "the widow Böhmer, citizen Forster's friend, had been sent off to the fortress of Königstein." Her consciousness that she was not his friend in the French sense of the word, was of but little avail to her; for neither friend nor enemy in Germany ever accused her of more than a political connection with the Forsters. She had to submit to a three months' cruel captivity, rendered harsher still by the presence of her delicate little girl, and by her own condition. It was full two months before she was even interrogated; and in what kind of company, in what an atmosphere did she pass them? On the 14th of June, after eleven weeks of this terrible trial, the day after her transferment to Kronberg, she writes as follows:—

"I have spent many days, the horror, agony, and privations of each single one of which would have sufficed to drive a sensitive person mad. My health has suffered a good deal" (she had just been confined to her bed for three weeks), "but really my peace of mind has been so little impaired that I still feel that I can enjoy life even this very day, since I have a room to myself, with chairs in it, and in a place where I no longer see gaolers and sentinels."

Amid all these trials and privations she literally found nothing whatever to console her. She soon received the tidings of the death of a beloved sister. Tatter's desertion is still fresh in her mind. When put to the test the friendship of Theresa, Huber, and Forster proved what might have been expected; the selfishness of the two former, as well as the weakness of the latter, became but too apparent

in broad daylight. Moreover, her high influential friends in the allied camp, like Wilhelm von Humboldt, though always ready and agreeable in words, never did anything for her when she needed it. It was the Gotters who were constantly writing, petitioning, and soliciting in her behalf; and it was August Wilhelm Schlegel who now hastened from Amsterdam to endeavour to obtain her transferment to Kronberg. Above all, it was her brother, her beloved Philip, who at once hurried home from Italy, and leaving no stone unturned, at last succeeded in obtaining an audience of the Prussian monarch—at that time, burly, sensual Friedrich Wilhelm II.—and in procuring his sister's release from captivity, to which Albin, the archbishop-electors minister, seems to have consented reluctantly enough, and with no very good grace. The king in his order that she should be set at liberty, added some expressions of regret for Caroline, in which was couched an ill-concealed allusion to an abuse of power on the part of the electoral government.

After three months and a half of intense suffering and privations of all sorts, she is at length able to write to her old friends at Gotha, on the 13th of July, from Frankfort:—"My dear friends,—I am free, free thanks to the untiring exertions of my youngest brother." But liberty in itself was not all she required, for she must know where to direct her steps. 'In a fit of despair she had said to Meyer, "My life in Germany is at an end." Schlegel, it is true, was at Frankfort, close by; but he had neither home nor position. Her Gotha friends besought her to pay them a visit, but how could she accept their proffered hospitality at so critical a moment? "My brother desires me to leave at once, this very hour; so I must. I am on no account to stop at Gotha, and yet I am burning with impatience to see you all, if it were only for a moment; for my health, my soul, are both in need of deep silence for their recovery, and in this sense such necessity is agreeable to me." From all this we may safely infer that M. Haym is but too well justified in asserting what he does, and that she had her reasons for not going to the Gotters just then. As a last resource she appeals to Meyer, by whose answer she is at once deprived of the only refuge she still imagined to be open to her. "I will be as calm as I can; only you must remember that every vulnerable point in a woman's nature has been attacked in me." In this frank—at times surly, but, in the main, attached friend—she had hoped to find "every description of aid, secrecy, and a mind capable of occupying hers at a time when it was not safe for her to be alone with her own thoughts; in short, a man on whose honesty and humanity she could safely rely." She still persists in believing in him, even after a first and somewhat evasive answer:—"For as long as her own heart tells her honesty possible, she is incapable of acquiring the talent of doubting. H

is to suppose that all the world is less good than herself?" Still she was obliged to submit, for on a second application Meyer politely refused. Then it was that, "deserted by every one, unable even to find an end to my existence, I confided in a man, whose addresses I had rejected, whom I had sacrificed and wounded, to whom I preyed on account of the nature of my confidence I could offer no compensation after having made it, and I was not deceived in him."

He speaks of August Wilhelm Schlegel. He wrote from Amsterdam, where he was tutor in a wealthy family since 1791, beseeching her not to go to Mayence; and when she ultimately did go there he begged her to leave it. But she turned his admonitions into ridicule, and answered him with jokes and raillery. At one time he had some thoughts of joining her there, and his brother and best friend, Friedrich Schlegel, who had formed an exalted opinion of her from her letters and August Wilhelm's description of her, who, moreover, had a great liking for romantic undertakings, as he was pleased to call every fancy of his, "the caprices of youth," greatly encouraged him to carry out his plan. Even Caroline herself seems to have countenanced it; but his engagements in Mayence, perhaps also an affair of the heart with a certain Sophie—these beings, alike impatient of all control as of all *gêne*, were apt to give way to the strangest and most contradictory feelings—kept him in Amsterdam, and this, of course, did not fail to bring down on him fresh raillery on Caroline's part, by which even his vanity as an author was assailed, that most vulnerable Achilles' heel in poor Schlegel. Still, nothing could shake his affection for her. He at last hastened to Frankfurt at her summons, received the frankest and most complete confession from her lips, and with the gallantry of a cavalier escorted his lady fair, at last moved by his devotion to travel through Germany to Leipzig, where he left her at the house of Johann Schenck, the fortunate editor of the Weimar classics. Having committed her to the care and protection of his brother Friedrich, at that time studying at the Leipzig University, he then went back to Mayence. It now became a difficult matter to stand proof against her generosity, and Caroline began to repent her past severity towards August Wilhelm. From a village close to Leipzig, where she had taken up her residence to abide the *dénouement* of her Mayence adventure, she writes to Friedrich:—

You must feel what a friend I have found in Wilhelm. He has amply spontaneously repaid me with unaffected disinterestedness and more than I was conscious of for anything I may have bestowed on him. That I am thus able to leave him mine without being fettered by any blind, irresistible feeling, has reconciled me with myself."

Friedrich Schlegel had expected, from what he knew of her before—
OL. XI. N.S. G G

hand, to find her no ordinary woman; but his expectations were even surpassed. Writing to his brother, he says of her, "She is noble creature; and you owe her far more than you will ever be able to render her." And farther on:—

"Our intercourse has something of familiarity, although without entire confidence; there is a mutual interest in one another, but no communion. Understand me rightly though; I soon felt the superiority of her intelligence over mine; only it is still too strange, too inconceivable, that a woman should be what she is for me to believe entirely in her frankness, and in a total absence of artifice."

Little by little, nevertheless, he becomes convinced that, however great may be her flirting propensities, her sincerity is not feigned and he is all admiration for "this simplicity, this divine sense of truth," which he had not expected. On the other side, the society of this gifted young man, as yet unspoiled by premature success, was a great source of enjoyment for Caroline herself. Involuntarily she narrowly escaped inspiring him (he was then twenty-one) with a real passion. However, he became aware of the danger betimes, and avoided it, foreseeing the inevitable consequences which must ensue; and thus it was that a man who during the whole course of his life never refused himself the smallest caprice for the sake of any one, actually sacrificed a passion to his friendship for his brother Wilhelm; for the only genuinely deep feeling he ever knew was fraternal love. When he leaves Leipzig, after watching over her at the most critical period of her life, he writes: "My confidence in her is unconditional she is no longer that singular, unfathomable being of whom one is constantly learning, but the best of creatures, who makes me blush for my faults." The last words are dated from Dresden, where Schlegel's married sister, and Körner, the intimate friend of Schiller, and father of the patriot poet, were then residing. Five years afterwards he portrayed her in his *Lucinde*, and there is nothing in this description—rather forced, by the way, like many of his writings whenever he attempts to be poetical—to denote the slightest antipathy of their subsequent rupture.

Her charming little girl had been a still greater resource to her during her seclusion than even Friedrich Schlegel's company. "Without this child I should really not be able to bear solitude but she is so full of spirits and animation that at the end of the day I scarcely perceive that I have neither left my room nor seen a human countenance."

Before she left her retirement in search of peace and affection, the Gotters', Caroline had the satisfaction of receiving a visit from her old friend Meyer, and again renewing an intimacy which she had received so many shocks. At last, in the first days of February 1794, she actually arrives at the house of her faithful friend

Gotha; but, alas! the year she passed with them, far from contributing towards recruiting her strength and restoring the peace of mind she so ardently wished for, was destined to be one of the most trying of her eventful life. The proficiency of country towns in persecuting individuals who shine by superiority of any kind, or who simply suffice to themselves, or call forth virtuous censure under any form, is well known. Nowhere is this quality developed to a higher degree of perfection than in the tiny capitals of Germany. Scarcely had Caroline made her appearance in Gotha, when the Gotters' house was shunned by every one.

"Political prejudices are stronger here than anywhere else, and serve as a pretext for avoiding me. If they knew all, how little need there would be for this excuse. Even my friends themselves find certain things in my life difficult to explain, and will soon lose the courage to defend me. . . . Do not think me cowardly because I am deeply wounded. You cannot think me capable of bearing this kind of suffering with the heroism of an actress, any more than of losing my self-respect. . . . I care not for intercourse with the multitude, but can I remain indifferent when I see my friends exposed to annoyance on my account?"

Yet the Gotters, far from uttering a complaint, continued steadfastly to uphold and defend her against her enemies, and entreated her not to leave them. They even tried to bring about a reconciliation between her and her husband's family; but in vain. Gradually the ties which united her to her Mayence friends slackened. Forster died of a broken heart in Paris (February, 1794). Theresa still continued sending her, from time to time, what Caroline wittily calls "manifestoes of the Autocrat of all the Russias to the Polish Republic," or sentimental allusions to Forster, to hastening whose untimely end she had herself contributed more than any one or anything else; first, by her harshness and capricious temper; then by encouraging and flattering his inordinate vanity, and urging him to the false step he had taken; and, lastly, by betraying his confidence. At another time she sends her good advice, such as:—

"I am unaware whether your heart be disengaged or not just now, or what may be occupying love's place in it; but if still in connection with the other sex, beware lest they slight or take advantage of you. . . . If you can get on without them, so much the better, till you have found out your right walk in life. You must unlearn Tatter; Schlegel may have been able to save you, but he is totally inadequate to the task of guiding you."

Caroline answers all this with cold dignity, not wholly free from a tinge of irony. It is easy to perceive that misfortune has not blunted the edges of her wit; but there is no danger of her following her friend to Strasburg. Meyer, as usual, feigns not to understand the hints she throws out; so that, in despair, she at last begins to think of Dresden, where Friedrich Schlegel and his sister are living, as a place to settle in. Still, she has a slight dread of the Körner set,

and is not wrong in supposing them to be strongly prejudiced against her. Scruples of delicacy deter her from appealing a second time to August Wilhelm Schlegel; this is, therefore, undertaken for her by Friedrich, who urges the matter so forcibly upon his brother that he ultimately succeeds in prevailing upon him to give up his situation in Holland, and return to Germany. The question now is to find a suitable place of residence; no easy matter for the Caroline, having gone to Göttingen on a visit, had received no permission from the authorities to quit the town; as even six years after, returning there with her second husband, permission was denied her to remain. The Saxon ministers were, it seems, equally opposed to the "Jacobin woman" settling in Dresden. Besides, new difficulties arising within the circle of her own family; so that, harassed on all sides, she at one time entertains serious thoughts of going to America or to Rome, which last plan is greatly encouraged by Friedrich. Finally she decides upon repairing to Brunswick to one of her sisters, and she gives a narrative of her three days' journey thence from Göttingen which is worthy of the pen of Fielding himself. Here she is joined by Schlegel in July, 1795, whom she finds slightly changed. His way of speaking, "with clearness and warmth, without vehemence, and yet with fascinating eloquence," pleases her; but she is somewhat disappointed to find him a good deal Frenchified. In short, she now sees in her old friend and admirer that polished elegant man of the world, that Schlegel of whom history has carefully preserved the type. She finds him, however, quite unaltered in his feelings and in his behaviour towards herself, and while she still maintains that "men who are no men can make even the best women unhappy," she yet begins to feel affection for him; notwithstanding which we find her in October, 1795, quite as averse as she had formerly been to any idea of a marriage between them. Soon, however, her tone begins to be modified: "You always seem to me to have a pique against the Schlegels," she writes in French to Meyer "whereas I own to a tenderness for them. At any rate, I cannot deny that they have exercised considerable influence over my destiny; for if I do not go to Dresden, I shall certainly go to Holland."

But instead of adopting this resolution, she lingers on at Brunswick for nearly a year, her time being completely filled up, now assisting Schlegel in his work for Schiller's periodicals, now with the society of Eschenburg, not yet supplanted by the Schlegels on the throne of criticism, now with the theatre, and last, though not least with her little daughter's education. It was no easy matter to persuade her into contracting a more intimate alliance with Wilhelm Schlegel, whom she thoroughly liked and esteemed, it is true, but whom she was unable to cherish a tenderer feeling. He was obliged even to have recourse to the little Augusta, then but ten years

to plead his cause. "Just think it over, you and your mamma," he says; "for you, at any rate, have nothing to object; have you, Gustelina?" Finally, to provide "protection for herself and her child," and "more to comply with her mother's wish than her own inclinations," she consented to their union, which was considered by both the contracting parties as leaving each "entire liberty." Even then she distinctly felt "Schlegel never ought to have been more to her than the friend he had so bravely been all her life, sometimes with true nobility of soul." Her "sincerity towards him was without reserve, at any rate," and Schlegel would have had no right whatever had he complained of her later on—which, to do him justice, he never did—for being no more than a friend to him. Her friendship was genuine, active, useful, and devoted; it may even be said without any exaggeration that Schlegel never would have been the man he afterwards became, had it not been for her. The wedding took place on the first of July, 1796, Caroline being at that time thirty-three and Schlegel twenty-nine years of age. They left the day after for Jena, where Schlegel went in consequence of the earnest solicitations of Schiller, who was most anxious to secure so valuable a coadjutor. As for the liberal and enlightened government of Karl August, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and his friend Göthe, they were of course too wise to throw the slightest difficulty in the way of their settling at that university in their dominions.

K. HILLEBRAND.

THE BASIS OF MUSICAL SENSATION.

If, having selected at random an uneducated lad, a student ~~just~~ fresh from the Conservatoire, and a man of general culture, ~~we~~ introduce them to a concert-room, and compare the impressions ~~that~~ they severally receive from one of Beethoven's quartettes, we find ~~these~~ mental effects to be curiously unlike. To the untutored lad ~~the~~ various sequences of melody and harmony are little more than a variety of sensations, delightful or painful in different degrees, ~~the~~ grounds of which he is wholly unable to give us. The ardent musician, again, appears to lose these effects of single sensations in ~~the~~ intellectual gratification of comparing and relating their several distinguishable aspects, and discovering the formative elements which make them an artistic product. Finally, the consciousness of ~~the~~ man of impartial culture passes from the single organic effects in which the lad's mind remains confined, not, however, to the fine perceptions of musical form in which the trained connoisseur delights, but to an indefinite number of vague ideas and feelings which appear to throng up as groups of images around the sequent sensations. In the first case we have simple emotional effects that tell the mind of nothing beyond themselves, and seem to spring immediately from the peculiarities of our organism. In the second, there is presented to us a highly objective form of consciousness actively employed in noting the aspects of the external art. In the last, we find a comparatively subjective mode of consciousness, the mind being nearly indifferent to the immediate sensation and its external references, and turning on itself in the varying moods of memory and fancy.

These three imaginary hearers represent in a rough fashion three classes of musical effect which a complete psychology of the subject would have to consider apart. They all constitute normal psychological effects of the moment, though we see in different minds, and in different stages and moods of the same mind, a tendency in the one or the other to become prominent and overshadow the rest. Each of them presents too a large field for interesting research. Our present limits require us, however, to curb any immoderate impulses, and we must be content with examining one of these enticing subjects. The one that presents itself most naturally is the initial process in the actual development of musical sensibility; and ~~we~~ think it has an interest of its own that may well reward our present selection of it.

The peculiar interest that attaches to the study of the physiological foundations of our sensations of tone arises from two principal facts.

First of all, the sensations of musical harmony seem to present a case of those ambiguous psychological phenomena of which it is difficult to say how far they are ultimate, how far derivative, feelings. Secondly, the singularly exact and certain results which physics and physiology have reached with respect to the external antecedents of musical sound, naturally offer a strong stimulus to the application of physiological theory to the illumination of these obscure mental regions. Our present intention is to examine into the latest and most valuable results of this physiological speculation.

By subjective reflection we may easily analyse all the complex pleasures of music into infinitely various combinations of tones or notes. These elements compose a series or scale according to their several degrees of pitch.¹ Within certain limits all such variations of pitch are pleasing sensations. When, however, the note rises above a certain height, it becomes shrill and painful, and when it falls below a certain depth it breaks up into separate pulsations of sound and loses its tonic character. Further, as the pitch of a note approaches either of these limits, it becomes less clearly recognisable—that is to say, we cannot so easily distinguish the note from the adjacent notes of approximately similar pitch. In addition to this fundamental property of pitch, a note possesses other peculiarities, of which the chief is timbre, the colour or quality of a note as determined by the character of the instrument that utters it. When sung by the human voice a note is felt to be of a rich quality, whereas the note of a flute strikes us as poor and empty. Every tone has, of course, a certain duration in time, and in consequence of our many experiences of variations in the duration of our sensations we are always able to conceive the briefest musical sound as divisible into shorter intervals. Yet such division is not, strictly speaking, an analysis of the sensation. We can obtain by it nothing but shorter and shorter units of precisely the same mode of feeling. All that subjective reflection tells us about these single tones is, that they are simple homogeneous sensations not susceptible of being divided into more elementary impressions.

Out of these elements, then, our elaborate musical effects are built up. By combining them in an indefinite number of varieties with respect to time, intensity, emphasis, and in the case of orchestral music, timbre, we may obtain the multiplex effects of finished musical composition.

Of this combination there are two possible modes, those of simultaneous and successive tones, each of which proceeds according to certain laws of affinity between the separate notes. In the case of

(1) Our diatonic scale is well known to be in part an arbitrary invention of art, since the ear is capable of discriminating finer shades of difference in pitch than our smallest semitone interval.

co-existent notes this is clear enough. The musician in combination of tones in accords has to attend to the harmonious relations of each particular note. In the sequent tones of melody, on the other hand, there seems at first sight no such limitation. Yet if we try on a piano all possible movements, from a given note to others, we find that while some transitions are pleasing and natural, others strike the ear as strange and perplexing. The first and obvious link of transition is of course supplied by proximity in pitch. A given note passes more smoothly into its contiguous tone or semitone than into its octave or twelfth. Yet this is no peculiarity of musical sound, but holds good of all our sensations. All strongly contrasted sequences of impression, whether colours or tones, have something of a shock, whereas gradual passages from sensations to others only slightly different in character have a quieter effect on the mind. The real peculiarity of tonic transition is to be seen when a leap from a given note to one far removed in pitch is nevertheless felt to be natural. This happens whenever the two notes are harmonious; and the explanation is to be found in the fact, that immediate transition from one sensation to another is rendered, by the faint persistence of the former in memory, scarcely distinguishable from their simultaneous occurrence. Thus we find that the only other peculiar element of musical impression besides simple tone is contained in the principle of harmony.

In listening to any harmonious conjunction of two notes, we appear to have a new type of sensation which it is impossible to render more intelligible by analysis or analogical description. It is true that along with this effect of harmony we have other sensations which it is possible to distinguish. In all our common impressions of musical chords, we easily recognise the several single notes that enter into the combination. When we concentrate attention on such a note in a chord, it does not seem qualitatively different from the impression of the same note when struck alone; only it is partially obscured by its union and apparent fusion with the other notes of the harmony. Yet the new and unique effect of harmony is felt to be quite separable in thought from the single notes that support it. It is in no sense the sum of these notes, an effect which we might have inferred *a priori* from a mere knowledge of the constituent notes. Such calculation might enable us to predict the total intensity or mass of sound producible by the combination of any given notes, but could never give us a remote hint of the new quality of harmony.

We are well aware how familiarly musical harmony is described as a relation between single tones; but this mode of speech arises, we think, from a transference of language from other and analogous regions of feeling. When we speak of harmonious traits of character, or even of a harmonious tone of colour running through a picture,

commonly means that we perceive a certain similarity between elements, or a likeness of relation to some common centre. The pleasing aspect of likeness is felt to be so akin to a sense of musical harmony, as known to arise from the juxtaposition of certain notes, that we readily come to talk of the latter in terms of the former. Yet a little attention to the impression of notes in accord at once convince us that the feeling of harmony is no product of perception or comparison of the separate notes, but arises in consciousness just as directly and unaccountably as the peculiar effect of light itself. This may be recognised most readily by rendering the separate notes indistinct. If one very lightly strikes on a piano in *leggi-
mo* manner the notes of a common chord, and then listens to the notes after-tones when the pedal is still down, he may easily obtain the characteristic sweetness of harmony without being able to recognise a single note of the accord. Subjectively, therefore, harmony must be regarded as a class of sensation *sui generis*.

While all harmony constitutes a single mode of sensation, our various feelings of harmony admit of individual differences. These differences refer to the measure of purity or the degree of sweetness of the harmony. While some conjunctions of notes give us this sensation in an intensely pleasurable form, others afford it in a less pure and perfect manner. The proper feeling for such differences of harmony is a still more difficult attainment for the adult than the appreciation of the distinct sensation of harmony.

Among the various harmonies which our musical instruments render familiar always seem distinctively coloured by the single notes that are felt to be present, and so their true worth as harmonies tends to be obscured. If, for instance, we wish to discover, by mere observation of our sensations, whether the chord of the fourth or fifth, that of F or C G, ministers the purer harmony, we find the comparison exceedingly difficult by the obscuring influence of other characters suggested by the individual notes present. Yet here again, by making the single notes as indistinct as possible, we may approximately measure the various grades of harmony used in our modern music. If, for instance, in listening to a major and minor third (C, C E-flat), we try to suppress all suggestions of extraneous elements, all mental references to key, and concentrate our attention

on the mere sweetness of the harmony, we may easily discover that the former is felt to be purer than the latter combination. In the minor chords there is felt to be a partial troubling of the smooth flow of the accord, and this circumstance easily lends to the impression an aspect of sadness. It is worthy of observation that none of our musical notes unite without producing some effect of harmony or discord. Though we may easily enough, from the experience of non-musical sounds, conceive a combination of tones

to be unaccompanied by either of these feelings, we find, as a matter of fact, that they never do so, though some of these effects are neither pure harmonies nor pure discords, but an apparent mingling of the two feelings.

We find, then, as the two characteristic pleasures of musical sensation, the impression of pure tone, and the feeling of harmony arising from the combination of tones. These sensations, looked at as feelings of the mind, appear to be ultimate and indivisible; and accordingly we may now pass from our subjective point of view, and having placed ourselves on the external side of the mental edifice in company with the physicist and physiologist, we may observe the material processes which always precede and originate the sensations we have been considering.

The external cause of every sound is well known to be a very rapid series of vibrations set up in the sounding body and propagated to the ear, for the most part, by the medium of the air. These vibrations when thus transmitted take the form of aerial undulations or waves very similar in their character to the spreading ripples we may produce on the surface of a lake by throwing a stone into it. In the case of a musical sound or tone, these waves are of equal length and recur in equal intervals of time, while the undulations which precede a mere noise are wanting in this regularity. Further, it has been proved that corresponding to every difference of pitch among notes there is a difference in the rapidity of the aerial wave series. The higher the note, the greater the number of vibrations; and since all sounds travel through the air at the same pace, it follows that in a high note the length of the air wave is diminished just in proportion as the number of waves per second is increased. When moreover, the same note is struck softly and loudly, the number and rapidity of the undulations are unchanged, the difference in intensity being due to the greater range of oscillation of the aerial particles or molecules. Again, we learn that when two sounds are simultaneously produced, the waves of the two series, passing over the same tracts of air, combine, if not too alike in rapidity, in a single series of composite waves. Thus if C and G or F are simultaneously struck, we must try to conceive one set of undulations entering the ear which represents in its various phases the mathematical sum of the two series. Finally, our familiar physical science tells us that in the case of all notes which are related to each other in musical harmony, as C G, C F, the number of aerial vibrations per second of the one note bears a simple numerical ratio to that of the other. Thus if we take any G and the next C above it we find the number of vibrations in the G series during any interval of time to be just three-fourths that of the C series for the same interval.

Having thus arrived under the guidance of the physicist at the

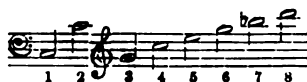
At the entrance of the ear, we may ask the physiologist to conduct us through the unknown mazes of this organ, and to unveil for us those processes which form the continuation of aerial waves, and are the immediate antecedents of our sensations. From his descriptions of the air waves passing into vibrations of tympanum, bone and until in an intricate part of the inner ear (the *scala media* of the cochlea) these fine motions reach the extremities of the nerve and are transformed into those obscure processes of the nervous system that underlie all our sensations. The terminations of the fibres, the so-called fibres of Corti, are arranged in a very regular manner, and constitute a kind of key-board, each distinct series being supposed to answer to some one set of aerial waves, and to observe the production of one particular tone. In the case of combination of simultaneous sounds we have to suppose that the compound undulations before described are resolved by the fibres into their constituent series, the compound series having precisely the same effect on the nervous fibres that the simple ones have had if they had entered the ear singly. Of the exact nature of the nervous process but little is as yet known. Most physiologists are, however, agreed that it is a mode of molecular vibration more or less analogous to the physical processes that underlie electrical phenomena, and so on. If this is so, we may at once suppose each distinct series of sound waves to be transformed into a corresponding series of molecular motions. That is to say, the motions in the nervous fibre affected by a rapid series of aerial undulations would also be rapid, those in another fibre affected by a slower series would be relatively slow, and in the case of harmonious combinations the two sets of vibrations going on in the fibres concerned would bear to each other a similar ratio to that borne by the two series of undulations.

As the result of this physical and physiological teaching we may have the following basis of musical pleasure. The pleasing quality of tone, as contrasted with mere noise, arises from the regularity of the sequent molecular motions of a nervous fibre. The delight of harmony is connected with a simple variation in the frequency of this regular sequence in two or more fibres, the motions in each fibre being continuous and equal, but varying in their absolute frequency in a simple numerical ratio. To explain any further why musical modes of nervous excitation should be more pleasurable than others could only be effected by learning more about the nature of pleasurable nervous stimulation in general, and by connecting this particular mode of exciting pleasure with other modes observable in the processes of vision and so on.

As, we think, has been the view of the organic foundations of musical harmony generally adopted by recent physiologists. In

opposition to this a new theory of musical sensation has for some while been propounded by one of the most eminent of contemporary physiologists. The researches of Professor Helmholtz into the basis of musical pleasure have naturally, perhaps, excited much more attention in his own land of music than in ours. They imply, of course, mathematical details which are less interesting to ordinary readers; but their principal results are easily apprehended, while the fact of their professing to account for much of the mysterious influence of musical impression should make them a matter of importance to every reflective lover of the art.¹

The sum and substance of the author's additions to musical theory is implicitly contained in his system of upper tones. It has long been known as a physical fact that a string or wire when made to vibrate swings to and fro not only through its whole length, but also in its half length, quarter length, and so on. So, too, the column of air in certain wind instruments is known to vibrate in different series of waves similarly related to each other in length. Out of these simultaneous vibrations there arise concurring series of waves in the connecting medium of the air, which answer in their several rapidities to a principal deep or ground tone and feeble upper tones, which are simple multiples of the same. Thus when a G wire of a piano is struck there are propagated faint undulations corresponding to the next octave, others to the fifth above the octave and so on. The order of these upper tones in the case of any given note may be seen by a glance at the following example in which the ground tone is marked 1 :—



The higher series are very feeble, and need not be taken in account as affecting our sensibility. It is found that the peculiar quality of timbre, or richness of tone, is due to the number of upper tones present in the note. Thus a note sung by the human voice or struck on a violin, is found to be much fuller and finer quality than one uttered by a flute, and this difference exactly corresponds to the variation in the number of the upper tones present. When the note is nearly destitute of upper tones, happens in the case of a stopped organ-pipe, it sounds thin and poor.

(1) The full exposition of the author's theory is given in his great work "Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen." A very succinct and clear sketch of the theory may also be found in a lecture "Über die physiologischen Ursachen der Musikalischen Harmonie" (see "Populäre Wissenschaftliche Vorträge," Brunswick, 1865.) A brief account of the physical side of the theory is supplied by Professor Tyndall in the last of his valuable lectures on Sound.

and ministers scarcely anything of the proper enjoyment of tone. Why these tones should not be discoverable as distinct parts of a note is due, according to our author, to habitual inattention. He holds that after close observation a fine ear may soon come to detect their separate existence.

More important yet than the bearing of these upper tones on single notes appears to be their influence in the production of harmony. It is obvious at once that the supposition of several subordinate tones being present, though blending indistinguishably, in a musical note, very much complicates the problem of harmony. For when two notes are sounded together we have to think of agreeable unison not only between the two ground tones, but also between the ground tone of one note and the upper tones of the other, and, finally, between the several upper tones of the two notes. Unless all these elements combine in a pleasing mode of sensation, it seems impossible to obtain the pure enjoyment of harmony. Professor Helmholtz distinctly recognises this consequence of his theory, and seeks by means of it to establish a new principle of harmony, which, if accepted, must be regarded as an important contribution to the physiology of music.

To understand this principle it will be necessary to return for an instant to the physical explanation of sound. When two series of air waves of widely different lengths simultaneously travel to the ear they combine, as we have already said, in the form of a single series of compound waves, and affect the two corresponding nerve fibres just as if they entered the ear apart. But if the undulations of the two series are very nearly equal in length, no such even effect is produced by their conjunction. The one set being only slightly in advance of the other, their several phases tend now to strengthen, now to neutralise, one another. Thus, if we take the phase of an undulation which represents condensed particles of air, the effect will be now to double this density, now to reduce it to the average level. These two series of air waves being of nearly equal rapidity are supposed to stimulate the same nerve fibre; and the effect of such irregular and broken vibrations, instead of the even vibrations of a single tone, is a series of alternate swellings and dyings of sound having the effect of rude and abrupt shocks (*Tonstöße*). Their mental effect is supposed to be analogous to that of a rapid succession of flashes of light on the retina of the eye. Such unpleasant sensations are frequently produced by a piano when out of tune, the two or three wires which sound the same note being now no longer exactly of one pitch. When these beats are very slow they are very slightly disagreeable, and have a certain impressive difference in the length of the waves of the two notes, provided

only they are sufficiently approximate to produce the effect at all, the quicker are the beats. When they are not more than four or six in a second the ear can readily distinguish them. When they become still more frequent the effect is an unpleasant jarring, or if the notes are high, a painful shrillness. As their frequency is yet further increased the ear grows little by little incapable of distinguishing any fragments of tone, and at last they melt in an apparently single or continuous tone, and we have the proper effect of discord. From this it is easy to see why two notes of approximately equal height should conflict with each other in the harsh effect of dissonance. But it does not so readily appear why notes so far removed in the diatonic scale should also be discordant. How is it, for instance, that an intensely discordant sound is afforded by striking simultaneously the G of the treble clef and the higher F-sharp? The answer to this our author finds in his system of upper tones. When the G is struck the first and strongest upper tone is the octave above, and this tone being only a semitone removed from the other note, clashes with it, and produces the discordant impression. Similarly an upper tone of one note may produce discord with an upper tone of the other. When, for example, the lower C of the treble clef is struck with the next A-flat above, the reader may easily see from the illustration of the order of the upper tones already given, that the second upper tone of the C is only a semitone removed from the first upper tone of the G. Accordingly we find that this combination of notes, though rendered familiar as an element of the chord of the lower A-flat, has something strange, half-sad about it, and forms a characteristic interval of the C minor key.¹

In this way Professor Helmholtz establishes an invariable connection between the degree of discordance of two notes and the number and prominence of these disturbing shocks. The clearly pronounced discords involve disturbances among the ground tones and the lowest and most powerful upper tones. From these mental effects to the sweetest harmonies we find a series of fine gradations less and less painful which answer to decreasing number and prominence in these disturbing beats. Just as the harshest discord corresponds to the greatest number and prominence of these beats, so the purest harmony answers to their perfect absence. This is the one physiological ground of the pleasure, and no other is required. Harmony is only known as contrasted with discord, and a finer sense of disturbing elements, whether due to superiority of natural organism or to higher culture, discovers a conjunction of notes once

(1) Besides the upper tones, other partial tones may also co-operate in producing discord. These are the so-called combination tones which arise from the simultaneous utterance of particular notes. Their effect, however, in our ordinary instruments is insignificant, and it becomes appreciable only when, as in the case of stopped organ pipes, the upper tones and their effects are almost completely wanting.

to be harmonious to be painfully discordant. To use the author's words, we may say that "Consonance is a continuous, dissonance intermittent sensation of tone."

The great experimental proof that harmony thus rests on a relative and negative ground, is to be found, according to our author, in the case of those instruments, such as stopped organ-pipes, in which the upper tones, and consequently their mutual disturbances, are almost entirely absent. These instruments not only yield single tones destitute of the rich quality of tone proper, but are further distinguished by the peculiar effects of harmony and discord. All their combinations of notes seem to the ear indifferent and colourless, and those which on other instruments afford the sweetest harmony are to be scarcely preferable to the others.

Our author seeks in a very interesting manner to trace out the influence of these colliding upper tones in the actual formation of the modern musical system, and in the various historical developments of the art. Highly instructive as these researches are, their extent and volume forbid our following them in detail here. One or two examples of the method of inquiry pursued must suffice.

Asking, then, the non-repugnant character of upper tones as the basis of harmony, Professor Helmholtz discovers various degrees of affinity between notes. The principal shades of harmoniousness may be thus summed up. First of all we have "absolute consonance" when the ground tone of one note coincides with an upper tone of the second, as in the octave and twelfth or fifth above the octave. Secondly, there are the "perfect consonances of the third and fifth, as C F, C G. Next in order come the "middle consonances," or the major sixth and third, C A, C E. Finally, there are the "imperfect consonances" of the minor sixth and third (B-flat, C E-flat). These intervals exhaust all the more common and familiar combinations of the major and minor keys. Others that are frequently used in musical compositions, as, for instance, the dissonant seventh (G F in the key of C), are in reality distinctly dissonant, though admitted on other grounds as transient elements of flowing harmonies.

The influence of this natural affinity among notes may be traced, not only in the combinations of simultaneous notes permitted by our ears, but also in the allowable sequences of melody. As we have already shown, the limitations of such transition are in part the same as those of simultaneous combination; and the great artistic result of this natural law is to be found in our varieties of key. From the fact that any given note holds relations of various degrees of intimacy with all other notes, may be explained to a large extent the guiding of our musical movements within the bounds of one par-

(1) "Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen," p. 241-2.

ticular key. Thus, if we take the key of C major, we find that the other notes of the scale bear on the whole a much closer affinity to the tonic than the excluded notes. The presence of such discordant intervals as the D, and the still harsher semitone B, is accounted for by the necessity of a tolerably even series of intermediate links of transition in melodious movement. The minor key, on the other hand, the history of whose development is a very curious musical study, includes notes which hold a much less clearly harmonious relation to the key-note, and hence probably its peculiarly mystic and elegiac character.

The transitions of sequent chords, like those of single notes, Professor Helmholtz finds to be determined by certain laws of natural affinity. But this part of the subject is less directly illustrative of his physiological theory. So, too, the technical laws which control transition from key to key, and other departments of the art, though they are frequently explicable by this theory, involve other requirements belonging less to any peculiarities of our auditory organ than to the general laws of our emotional nature.

With respect to the various historical developments of music, it may be well, perhaps, to make one remark. The natural law of musical pleasure we are now considering is itself a very elastic regulation, and consequently we must not be surprised at the variety of forms that the art has at different times assumed. Since, as we have seen, the affinities of notes shade off by very fine gradations from clearest harmony to positive discord, it is easy to understand why, among various peoples in different stages of general culture, the limits of musical expression were now expanded, now contracted. Thus, for example, the curious shifting of scale or the scope of melody in the ancient and modern systems of music is just what one might expect from the indefiniteness and relativity of these natural affinities of notes. Yet the action of this natural law, if partly obscured by the more arbitrary demands of the art, is none the less certain. Some of the oldest of known keys, for example, were simply a succession of fifths, as C, G, D, A, &c., and thus represented the closest degree of affinity between contiguous notes. So among the Gaelic scales we find one wanting the third and sixth, another the third and seventh—that is to say, the notes least congruous with the key-note. The extension of these limits, as in the later Greek music, and in a less marked degree in our modern system, may be accounted for by the æsthetic requirement of the greatest possible variety in melody and harmony.¹

The apparent fluctuations of natural sensibility to the affinity of

(1) The varying sensibility to pitch is taken for granted here; but its effect, though less obvious, must be supposed to have always co-operated with the varying sensibility to affinity in modifying scale and key.

are seen further in the unsteadiness of the limits that govern simultaneous combination. While at one period of musical development we find two notes regarded as harmonious, at another they are excluded. Thus among the Greeks the combination of the third was reckoned a dissonance, though now it forms one of the most familiar accords. So in the polyphonic music of the Middle Ages the harmonious character of the chords of the third and sixth was at first looked on with suspicion, and in consequence they were not permitted to appear as closing accords.

Thus, though both in melody and harmony we find with the progress of the musical art a tendency to wider limits and greater possibilities of variety, the influence of what our author calls the affinity of the ear has always continued to be felt, even if dimly, and to be acted on.

We have now given what we hope may prove a clear, if necessarily brief, account of the several parts of Professor Helmholtz' theory. It only remains for us to sum up the essential meaning of his hypothesis, and to indicate what we think to be its value in relation to existing theories.

First of all, then, what appears to us as a simple sensation of tone is shown by this eminent physiologist to be a composite mass of sensations resulting from a fusion of a ground tone and several feeble upper tones, each of these elements being transmitted by a distinct nerve fibre. Secondly, the harmony of two tones is referred to the wholly negative condition of non-disturbance between the several prominent upper tones of the two notes; or, since we find that none of the composite tones, even though free from these disturbing elements, produce harmony, we may say that harmony arises from the union of masses of tone (ground and upper tones), each of which affects a plurality of nerve fibres, and between the elements of which no disturbing shocks are producible. That is to say, just as a single musical note is demonstrated to be a complex product, a harmony is proved to be a more complex product of these products.

This theory of harmony, as may easily be seen, directly converts the old assumption that certain simple relations of time among the vibrations of concurring notes are the physiological cause of the pleasure. Two consonant notes afford pleasure, not because they affect two nerve fibres in the particular manner implied in this assumption, but because each affects a plurality of fibres without producing appreciable beats. The existence of this numerical ratio is a fact by which we know that the two notes possess elements of the mixed character. In other words, this numerical property of the combining notes is not the cause of the harmony, but simply a concomitant of their cause.

This doctrine has no doubt something startling about it, especially

those long habituated to note the numerical agreements of harmonious notes. More particularly the purely negative character of these physiological conditions strikes one as unsatisfactory, especially when contrasted with the apparent adequacy of the older hypothesis. Expression has been given to this view by a very acute and interesting German writer, Professor Lotze of Göttingen. He considers "the pleasure of harmony to be too distinct and positive a pleasure to be sufficiently explained by the mere absence of such disturbing elements."¹ Yet, as this same critic admits, the theory of Professor Helmholtz does imply one positive condition at least, namely, the presence of a considerable variety of concurring tones or excitations of distinct nerve fibres. We think that, plausible though this objection at first sight appears, a little reflection soon betrays its shadowy nature. For why should it not be the natural tendency, so to speak, of simultaneous tones to produce the peculiar sensation of harmony? What need is there of any closer rhythmical relation between the several nervous processes involved than is contained in the even regularity of each series of molecular motion? Our knowledge of the precise nervous conditions of pleasure and pain is still very scanty, and it may be difficult to connect this principle of harmonic gratification with any more general laws; yet we see no valid objection to the hypothesis in the supposed need of some discoverable agreement or resemblance between the series of vibrations in the various fibres. In fact, however, as we shall presently see, Professor Lotze's objection rests on metaphysical assumptions of the nature of psychical stimulation.

Just as there is no valid *a priori* reason for rejecting this theory of upper tones, so we imagine the evidence of facts points distinctly to this conclusion. It may strike our readers as an adverse argument, that according to this supposition we have nearly the same set of physiological conditions in the case of harmony and in that of single tone. In each of these processes Professor Helmholtz supposes a variety of non-disturbing elementary tones to co-operate, the only difference being that in harmony we have two prominent groups of tones instead of one, and a greater abundance and force of upper tones. Yet it may be answered that this difference in quantity, or amount of nervous excitation, may be supposed without any contradiction to beget a *qualitative* difference in the resulting sensation. Why we do not have a faint feeling of harmony from the blended mass of ground and upper tones in a single note, it may be somewhat difficult to understand.² As we have shown in our account of

(1) "Geschichte der Ästhetik in Deutschland," p. 279.

(2) Since penning the above the writer has been informed by Professor Helmholtz that he regards the sensations of harmony and full timbre or clang (to follow Professor Tyndall in adopting a useful German word) as distinct in degree only, and not in

sensations of harmony, the distinct presence of the two tonic sensations is no necessary condition of the unique feeling of concord; and one would naturally expect that the fusion of several feeble tones with a ground tone would result in some faint copy of this feeling. Yet this apparent difficulty, even supposing it to have weight, is no argument against the particular hypothesis we are now considering; for it exists no less certainly on the old supposition of the physiological nature of harmony now that the presence of upper tones in single notes is an established fact. For these upper tones are all, in the number of their vibrations, simple multiples of the ground tone, and ought therefore, *ex hypothesi*, to produce a harmonic effect.

Over against these few apparent obstacles to the theory must be placed the mass of positive evidence so clearly set forth by its author. The invariable connection of discord with disturbing pulses in the upper tones, and of harmony with the absence of these pulses, and the variations of these effects with the number and force of these disturbing elements, are established in perfect conformity with the logical methods of agreement and concomitant variations. Finally, the case of stopped organ-pipes and other instruments lacking upper tones, presents the requisite negative instance of the method of difference, and appears to prove conclusively that not the numerical ratio of the several series of vibrations, but the presence of concurring and non-disturbing upper tones, is the real cause of our feeling of harmony.

We think, then, that every student of psychology may welcome this physiological speculation as a direct contribution to the foundations of his own science; and he will be ready to admit with its discoverer the value of such physiological investigation for arriving at the final outworks of the mental structure. As Professor Helmholtz well shows in another place,¹ the self-observation of an adult mind is extremely inadequate to detect the pure elements of a sensation, because of the accumulated effects of past inattention and a habit of rapid transition to the objective facts signified by the sensation. Thus, in the case of an apparently simple tone, mere reflection on the sensation would never probably have discovered the presence of more elementary upper tones, though now that physiological theory has established their existence they may be heard by a very slight effort of attention.

At the same time it may be well to point out a characteristic danger of this method of physiological explanation. It is not always safe to reason from the presence of a certain nervous process to that of the corresponding mental feeling. For the subjective effect may be

¹) "Physiologische Optik. Dritter Abschnitt," § 26, "Von den Wahrnehmungen Allgemeines," where this able naturalist shows himself not incompetent to discuss philosophical questions as the nature of perception and the grounds of inductive inference.

counteracted by the ruling state of consciousness at the moment, or the particular nervous process may coexist with others which together result in a perfectly new type of sensation.

We think Professor Helmholtz just grazes, so to speak, this logical stumbling-stone when he assumes that the upper tones of a note must always have a distinct existence, not only as nervous processes in separate fibres, but as subjective sensations in the mind. That there is a *tendency* in each separate nervous process to produce its own tone, is shown by the possibility of a properly disciplined ear detecting them as separate elements. But this is not the whole of the author's meaning. He infers their faint existence in our familiar sensations of tone and harmony, and conceives that this inference throws a new light on the mysterious nature of music. The strange pleasure which we experience in a rich note or clang, and still more in a harmony of notes, arises, on this supposition, from a dim consciousness of the many separate currents of sensation which peacefully blend in the mind. Now to this the psychologist might say, first of all, that any such subordinate sensations can only exist so far as the mind is conscious of them, and that to most people at least the detection of any upper tones in a musical note would necessarily interfere with the characteristic quality of the sensation as a simple indivisible feeling, and assimilate it so far to a chord consisting of different notes. Secondly, the dim perception of any number of these separate pulsations of tone would no more explain to the listener's mind the unique feeling of harmony than the faint recognition of the single notes of a chord explains it, which notes, as we have already remarked, in no way reveal to us the exquisite new emotion which they furnish us by blending with one another and partially obscuring one another.

It is interesting to observe that, whilst a great physiologist is thus inclined, from a consideration of material processes, to interpose as a medium of our pleasure in tone and harmony elementary mental impressions which our consciousness is unable to detect, metaphysicians have drifted more manifestly into the same error by assumption of a psychical substance, and forces exerted by it, lying beneath the stratum of observable phenomena. Thus Leibnitz referred the enjoyment of musical impression to an unconscious reckoning of the mind. A more elaborate theory of harmonic pleasure has been developed by Herbart. This philosopher seeks to derive all mental processes from the reciprocal actions of elementary feelings or conceptions (*vorstellungen*). Thus he holds that when two impressions of comparable yet different contents, as two colours, reach the mind, the unity of consciousness urges them to a kind of mutual hostility. By means of this collision, a part of the fundamental conceiving activity is transformed into mere effort to conceive. The two feelings, more

over, suffer a loss in clearness in the inverse ratio of their strength. Tones he views as like each other in the aspect of height or pitch only. When two unlike tones reach consciousness together, their similar part (proximity in pitch) strives towards a melting into one simple sensation, while their dissimilar part (remoteness in pitch) strives against this. Perfect harmony results when the latter force is strong enough to overpower and expel this effort at blending, while discord arises from the continued strife of the two forces. This theory scarcely needs criticism. Apart from the endless difficulties that arise in trying to apply it to actual harmony, it rests on no basis of phenomena, and has consequently no scientific claims on our attention. Much the same thing must be said about some more recent attempts to explain harmony. Professor Lotze furnishes, in the observations already referred to, a good illustration of this craving for something beyond a phenomenal explanation of the feeling. He thinks it insufficient to suppose that harmony and discord result from interfering nervous processes. Each tone must be supposed to reach consciousness just as though it were alone, and the feeling of harmony must be regarded as the effect of their mutual influences.

When minds of so opposite an order, and accustomed to such different methods, thus unite in seeking an intermediate link between nervous processes and musical sensations, one is ready to suppose that these feelings present some unique and mysterious character. Possibly this is so; but if it be, the mystery will never be solved by assuming psychical activities of which we know nothing. A far more promising road to such a discovery, we may just add, will probably be found in retracing those gradual transformations of musical impression which are due to the accumulated effects of experience and association.¹

JAMES SULLY.

(1) A fine illustration of the fertility of this method may be found in Mr. Herbert Spencer's essay on "The Origin and Function of Music" (Essays, vol. ii.).

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LIZZIE'S FIRST DAY.

THE coming of John Eustace was certainly a great thing for Lizzie, though it was only for two days. It saved her from that feeling of desertion before her friends,—desertion by those who might naturally belong to her, which would otherwise have afflicted her. His presence there for two days gave her a start. She could call him John, and bring down her boy to him, and remind him, with the sweetest smile,—with almost a tear in her eye,—that he was the boy's guardian. "Little fellow! So much depends on that little life,—does it not, John?" she said, whispering the words into his ear.

"Lucky little dog!" said John, patting the boy's head. "Let me see; of course he'll go to Eton."

"Not yet," said Lizzie with a shudder.

"Well; no; hardly;—when he's twelve." And then the boy was done with and was carried away. She had played that card, and had turned her trick. John Eustace was a thoroughly good-natured man of the world, who could forgive many faults, not expecting people to be perfect. He did not like Mrs. Carbuncle;—was indifferent to Lucinda's beauty;—was afraid of that Tartar, Lord George; and thoroughly despised Sir Griffin. In his heart he believed Mr. Emilius to be an impostor, who might, for all he knew, pick his pocket; and Miss Macnulty had no attraction for him. But he smiled and was gay, and called Lady Eustace by her Christian name, and was content to be of use to her in showing her friends that she had not been altogether dropped by the Eustace people. "I got such a nice affectionate letter from the dear bishop," said Lizzie, "but he couldn't come. He could not escape a previous engagement."

"It's a long way," said John, "and he's not so young as he was once;—and then there are the Bobsborough parsons to look after."

"I don't suppose anything of that kind stops him," said Lizzie, who did not think it possible that a bishop's bliss should be alloyed by work. John was so very nice that she almost made up her mind to talk to him about the necklace; but she was cautious, and thought of it, and found that it would be better that she should abstain. John Eustace was certainly very good-natured, but perhaps he might

an ugly word to her if she were rash. She refrained, therefore, after breakfast on the second day he took his departure without illusion to things that were unpleasant.

"I call my brother-in-law a perfect gentleman," said Lizzie with enthusiasm, when his back was called.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Carbuncle. "He seems to me to be very so."

"He didn't quite like his party," said Lord George.

"I am sure he did," said Lizzie.

"I mean as to politics. To him we are all turbulent demagogues Bohemians. Eustace is an old-world Tory, if there's one left where. But you're right, Lady Eustace. He is a gentleman."

"He knows on which side his bread is buttered as well as any man," said Sir Griffin.

"Am I a demagogue," said Lizzie, appealing to the Corsair, "or Bohemian? I didn't know it."

"A little in that way, I think, Lady Eustace;—not a demagogue, demagoguical;—not a Bohemian, but that way given."

"And is Miss Roanoke demagoguical?"

"Certainly," said Lord George. "I hardly wrong you there, Miss Roanoke?"

"Lucinda is a democrat, but hardly a demagogue, Lord George," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Those are distinctions which we hardly understand on this thick-skulled side of the water. But demagogues, democrats, demonstrations, and Demosthenic oratory are all equally odious to John Eustace. For a young man he's about the best Tory I know."

"He is true to his colours," said Mr. Emilius, who had been endeavoring to awake the attention of Miss Roanoke on the subject of Shakespeare's dramatic action, "and I like men who are true to their colours." Mr. Emilius spoke with the slightest possible tone of a sign accent,—a tone so slight that it simply served to attract attention to him.

While Eustace was still in the house, there had come a letter from Frank Greystock, saying that he would reach Portray, by way of Glasgow, on Wednesday, the 5th of November. He must sleep in Glasgow on that night, having business, or friends, or pleasure demanding his attention in that prosperous mart of commerce. It had been impressed upon him that he should hunt, and he had consented. There was to be a meet out on the Kilmarnock side of the county on Wednesday, and he would bring a horse with him from Glasgow. In Glasgow a hunter was to be hired, and could be sent forty miles out of the town in the morning and brought back in the evening. Lizzie had learned all about that, and had told him. He would call at MacFarlane's stables in Buchanan Street, or even

write to Mr. MacFarlane, he would be sure to get a horse that would carry him. MacFarlane was sending horses down into the Ayrshire country every day of his life. It was simply an affair of money. Three guineas for the horse, and then just the expense of the railway. Frank, who knew quite as much about it as did his cousin, and who never thought much of guineas or of railway tickets, promised to meet the party at the meet ready equipped. His things would go on by train, and Lizzie must send for them to Troon. He presumed that a beneficent Providence would take the horse back to the bosom of Mr. MacFarlane. Such was the tenor of his letter. "If he doesn't mind, he'll find himself astray," said Sir Griffin. "He'll have to go one way by rail and his horse another." "We can manage better for our cousin than that," said Lizzie, with a rebuking nod.

But there was hunting from Portray before Frank Greystock came. It was specially a hunting party, and Lizzie was to be introduced to the glories of the field. In giving her her due, it must be acknowledged that she was fit for the work. She rode well, though she had not ridden to hounds, and her courage was cool. She looked well on horseback, and had that presence of mind which should never desert a lady when she is hunting. A couple of horses had been purchased for her, under Lord George's superintendence,—his conjointly with Mrs. Carbuncle's,—and had been at the castle for the last ten days—"eating their varra heeds off," as Andy Gowran had said in sorrow. There had been practising even while John Eustace was there, and before her preceptors had slept three nights at the castle, she had ridden backwards and forwards, half-a-dozen times, over a stone wall. "Oh yes," Lucinda had said, in answer to a remark from Sir Griffin, "it's easy enough,—till you come across something difficult."

"Nothing difficult stops you," said Sir Griffin;—to which compliment Lucinda vouchsafed no reply.

On Monday Lizzie went out hunting for the first time in her life. It must be owned that, as she put her habit on, and afterwards breakfasted with all her guests in hunting gear around her, and then was driven with them in her own carriage to the meet, there was something of trepidation at her heart. And her feeling of cautious fear in regard to money had received a shock. Mrs. Carbuncle had told her that a couple of horses fit to carry her might perhaps cost her about £180. Lord George had received the commission, and the cheque required from her had been for £320. Of course she had written the cheque without a word, but it did begin to occur to her that hunting was an expensive amusement. Gowran had informed her that he had bought a rick of hay from a neighbour for £75 15s. — 9d. "God forgive me," said Andy, "but I b'lieve I've been o'er hard on the puir man in your leddyship's service." £75 15s. 9d. did seem a

deal of money to pay; and could it be necessary that she should a whole rick? There were to be eight horses in the stable. To what friend could she apply to learn how much of a rick of hay one ought to eat in a month of hunting? In such a matter she might have trusted Andy Gowran implicitly; but how was she to do that? And then, what if at some desperate fence she were to be thrown off and break her nose and knock out her front teeth! Was the game worth the candle? She was by no means sure that she liked Mrs. Carbuncle very much. And though she liked Lord George very well, could it be possible that he bought the horses for each and charged her £160? Corsairs do do this sort of thing. The horses themselves were two sweet dears, with stars on their foreheads, and shining coats, and a delicious aptitude for jumping over everything at a moment's notice. Lord George had not, in fact, made a penny by them, and they were good hunters, worth their money;—but how was Lizzie to know that? But though she was excited, and was full of fears, she could smile and look as though she liked it. If the worst should come she could certainly get money for the diamonds.

On that Monday, the meet was comparatively near to them,—about only twelve miles. On the following Wednesday it would be sixteen, and they would use the railway,—having the carriage to meet them in the evening. The three ladies and Lord George filled the carriage, and Sir Griffin was perched upon the box. The ladies' horses had gone on with two grooms, and those for Lord George and Sir Griffin were to come to the meet. Lizzie felt somewhat proud of her establishment and her equipage;—but at the same time somewhat fearful. Hitherto she knew but very little of county people, and was not sure how she might be received;—then how would it be with her, if the fox should at once start her across country, and she should lack either the pluck or the power to follow? There was Sir Griffin to look after Miss Roanoke, Lord George to attend to Mrs. Carbuncle. At last an idea so terrible struck her that she could not keep it down. "What am I to do," she said, "if I find myself all alone in a field, and everybody gone away?"

"We won't treat you quite in that fashion," said Mrs. Carbuncle. "The only possible way in which you can be alone in a field is that we will have cut everybody else down," said Lord George.

"I suppose it will all come right," said Lizzie, plucking up her courage, and telling herself that a woman can die but once.

Everything was right,—as it usually is. The horses were there, quite a throng of horses, as the two gentlemen had two each; and there was, moreover, a mounted groom to look after the three ladies. Lizzie had desired to have a groom to herself, but had been told that

the expenditure in horseflesh was more than the stable could stand. "All I ever want of a man is to carry for me my flask, and water-proof, and luncheon," said Mrs. Carbuncle. "I don't care if I never see a groom, except for that."

"It's convenient to have a gate opened sometimes," said Lucinda slowly.

"Will no one but a groom do that for you?" asked Sir Griffin.

"Gentlemen can't open gates," said Lucinda. Now, as Sir Griffin thought that he had opened many gates during the last season for Miss Roanoke, he felt this to be hard.

But there were eight horses, and eight horses with three servants and a carriage made quite a throng. Among the crowd of Ayrshire hunting men,—a lord or two, a dozen lairds, two dozen farmers, and as many men of business out of Ayr, Kilmarnock, and away from Glasgow,—it was soon told that Lady Eustace and her party were among them. A good deal had been already heard of Lizzie, and it was at least known of her that she had, for her life, the Portray estate in her hands. So there was an undercurrent of whispering, and that sort of commotion which the appearance of new-comers does produce at a hunt-meet. Lord George knew one or two men, who were surprised to find him in Ayrshire, and Mrs. Carbuncle was soon quite at home with a young nobleman whom she had met in the vale with the baron. Sir Griffin did not leave Lucinda's side, and for a while poor Lizzie felt herself alone in a crowd.

Who does not know that terrible feeling, and the all but necessity that exists for the sufferer to pretend that he is not suffering,—which again is aggravated by the conviction that the pretence is utterly vain? This may be bad with a man, but with a woman, who never looks to be alone in a crowd, it is terrible. For five minutes, during which everybody else was speaking to everybody,—for five minutes which seemed to her to be an hour, Lizzie spoke to no one, and no one spoke to her. Was it for such misery as this, that she was spending hundreds upon hundreds, and running herself into debt? For she was sure that there would be debt before she had parted with Mrs. Carbuncle. There are people, very many people, to whom an act of hospitality is in itself a good thing; but there are others who are always making calculations, and endeavouring to count the thing purchased against the cost. Lizzie had been told that she was a rich woman,—as women go, very rich. Surely she was entitled to entertain a few friends; and if Mrs. Carbuncle and Miss Roanoke could hunt, it could not be that hunting was beyond her own means. And yet she was spending a great deal of money. She had seen a large waggon loaded with sacks of corn coming up the hill to the Portray stables, and she knew that there would be a long bill at the corn-chandler's. There had been found a supply of wine

in the cellars at Portray,—which at her request had been inspected by her cousin Frank;—but it had been necessary, so he had told her, to have much more sent down from London,—champagne, and liqueurs, and other nice things that cost money. “You won’t like not to have them if these people are coming?” “Oh, no; certainly not,” said Lizzie with enthusiasm. What other rich people did, she would do. But now, in her five minutes of misery, she counted it all up, and was at a loss to find what was to be her return for her expenditure. And then, if on this her first day she should have a fall, with no tender hand to help her, and then find that she had mocked out her front teeth!

But the cavalcade began to move, and then Lord George was by her side. “You mustn’t be angry if I seem to stick too close to you,” he said. She gave him her sweetest smile as she told him that that would be impossible. “Because, you know, though it’s the easiest thing in the world to get along out hunting, and women never come to grief, a person is a little astray at first.”

“I shall be so much astray,” said Lizzie. “I don’t at all know how we are going to begin. Are we hunting a fox now?” At this moment they were trotting across a field or two, through a run of gates up to the first covert.

“Not quite yet. The hounds haven’t been put in yet. You see that wood there? I suppose they’ll draw that.”

“What is drawing, Lord George? I want to know all about it, and I am so ignorant. Nobody else will tell me.” Then Lord George gave his lesson, and explained the theory and system of fox-hunting. “We’re to wait here, then, till the fox runs away? But it’s ever so large, and if he runs away, and nobody sees him? I hope he will, because it will be nice to go on easily.”

“A great many people hope that, and a great many think it nice to go on easily. Only you must not confess to it.” Then he went on with his lecture, and explained the meaning of scent, was great on the difficulty of getting away, described the iniquity of heading the fox, spoke of up wind and down wind, got as far as the trouble of “carrying,” and told her that a good ear was everything in a big wood,—when there came upon them the thrice-repeated note of an old hound’s voice, and the quick scampering, and low, timid, anxious, trustful whinnying of a dozen comrade younger hounds, who recognised the sagacity of their well-known and highly-appreciated elder.

—“That’s a fox,” said Lord George.

“What shall I do now?” said Lizzie, all in a twitter.

“Sit just where you are and light a cigar, if you’re given to smoking.”

“Pray don’t joke with me. You know I want to do it properly.”

“And therefore you must sit just where you are, and not gallop

about. There's a matter of a hundred and twenty acres here I should say, and a fox doesn't always choose to be evicted at the first notice. It's a chance whether he goes at all from a wood like this. I like woods myself, because, as you say, we can take it easy; but if you want to ride, you should—— By George, they've killed him!"

"Killed the fox?"

"Yes; he's dead. Didn't you hear?"

"And is that a hunt?"

"Well;—as far as it goes, it is."

"Why didn't he run away? What a stupid beast! I don't see so very much in that. Who killed him? That man that was blowing the horn?"

"The hounds chopped him."

"Chopped him!" Lord George was very patient, and explained to Lizzie, who was now indignant and disappointed, the misfortune of chopping. "And are we to go home now? Is it all over?"

"They say the country is full of foxes," said Lord George. "Perhaps we shall chop half-a-dozen."

"Dear me! Chop half-a-dozen foxes! Do they like to be chopped? I thought they always ran away."

Lord George was constant and patient, and rode at Lizzie's side from covert to covert. A second fox they did kill in the same fashion as the first; a third they couldn't hunt a yard; a fourth got to ground after five minutes, and was dug out ingloriously;—during which process a drizzling rain commenced. "Where is the man with my waterproof?" demanded Mrs. Carbuncle. Lord George sent the man to see whether there was shelter to be had in a neighbouring yard. And Mrs. Carbuncle was angry. "It's my own fault," she said, "for not having my own man. Lucinda, you'll be wet."

"I don't mind the wet," said Lucinda. Lucinda never did mind anything.

"If you'll come with me, we'll get into a barn," said Sir Griffin.

"I like the wet," said Lucinda. All the while seven men were working with picks and shovels, and the master and four or five of the more ardent sportsmen were deeply engaged in what seemed to be a mining operation on a small scale. The huntsman stood over giving his orders. One enthusiastic man, who had been lying on his back grovelling in the mud for five minutes, with a long stick in his hand, was now applying the point of it scientifically to his nose. An ordinary observer with a magnifying glass might have seen a hair at the end of the stick. "He's there," said the enthusiastic man, coveering with mud, after a long-drawn, eager sniff at the stick. The huntsman deigned to give one glance. "That's rabbit," said the huntsman. A conclave was immediately formed over the one visible rabbit that stuck to the stick, and three experienced farmers decided the

was rabbit. The muddy enthusiastic man, silenced but not convinced, retired from the crowd, leaving his stick behind him, and comforted himself with his brandy-flask.

"He's here, my lord," said the huntsman to his noble master, "only we ain't got nigh him yet." He spoke almost in a whisper, so that the ignorant crowd should not hear the words of wisdom, which they wouldn't understand or perhaps believe. "It's that full of rabbits that the holes is all hairs. They ain't got no terrier here, I suppose. They never has aught that is wanted in these parts. Work round to the right, there;—that's his line." The men did work round to the right, and in something under an hour the fox was dragged out by his brush and hind legs, while the experienced whip who dragged him held the poor brute tight by the back of his neck. "An old dog, my lord. There's such a many of 'em here, that they'll be a deal better for a little killing." Then the hounds ate their third fox for that day.

Lady Eustace, in the meantime, and Mrs. Carbuncle, with Lord George, had found their way to the shelter of a cattle-shed. Lucinda had slowly followed, and Sir Griffin had followed her. The gentlemen smoked cigars, and the ladies, when they had eaten their luncheons and drank their sherry, were cold and cross. "If this is hunting," said Lizzie, "I really don't think so much about it."

"It's Scotch hunting," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"I have seen foxes dug out south of the Tweed," suggested Lord George.

"I suppose everything is slow after the baron," said Mrs. Carbuncle, who had distinguished herself with the baron's staghounds last March.

"Are we to go home now?" asked Lizzie, who would have been well pleased to have received an answer in the affirmative.

"I presume they'll draw again," exclaimed Mrs. Carbuncle, with an angry frown on her brow. "It's hardly two o'clock."

"They always draw till seven, in Scotland," said Lord George.

"That's nonsense," said Mrs. Carbuncle. "It's dark at four."

"They have torches in Scotland," said Lord George.

"They have a great many things in Scotland that are very far from agreeable," said Mrs. Carbuncle. "Lucinda, did you ever see three foxes killed without five minutes' running, before? I never did."

"I've been out all day without finding at all," said Lucinda, who loved the truth.

"And so have I," said Sir Griffin;—"often. Don't you remember that day when we went down from London to Bringer Wood, and they pretended to find at half-past four?—That's what I call a sell."

"They're going on, Lady Eustace," said Lord George. "If

you're not tired, we might as well see it out." Lizzie was tired, but said she was not, and she did see it out. They found a fifth fox, but again there was no scent. "Who the —— is to hunt a fox with people scurrying about like that!" said the huntsman, very angrily, dashing forward at a couple of riders. "The hounds is behind you only you ain't a looking. Some people never do look!" The two peccant riders unfortunately were Sir Griffin and Lucinda.

The day was one of those from which all the men and women return home cross, and which induce some half-hearted folk to declare to themselves that they never will hunt again. When the master decided a little after three that he would draw no more, because there wasn't a yard of scent, our party had nine or ten miles to ride back to their carriages. Lizzie was very tired, and, when Lord George took her from her horse, could almost have cried from fatigue. Mrs. Carbuncle was never fatigued, but she had become damp,—soaking wet through, as she herself said,—during the four minutes that the man was absent with her waterproof jacket and could not bring herself to forget the ill-usage she had suffered. Lucinda had become absolutely dumb, and any observer would have fancied that the two gentlemen had quarrelled with each other. "You ought to go on the box now," said Sir Griffin, grumbling. "When you're my age, and I'm yours, I will," said Lord George, taking his seat in the carriage. Then he appealed to Lizzie. "You'll let me smoke, won't you?" She simply bowed her head. And so they went home,—Lord George smoking, and the ladies dumb. Lizzie, as she dressed for dinner, almost cried with vexation and disappointment.

There was a little conversation up-stairs between Mrs. Carbuncle and Lucinda, when they were free from the attendance of their joint maid. "It seems to me," said Mrs. Carbuncle, "that you won't make up your mind about anything."

"There is nothing to make up my mind about."

"I think there is;—a great deal. Do you mean to take this man who is dangling after you?"

"He isn't worth taking."

"Carruthers says that the property must come right, sooner or later. You might do better, perhaps, but you won't trouble yourself. We can't go on like this for ever, you know."

"If you hated it as much as I do, you wouldn't want to go on."

"Why don't you talk to him? I don't think he's at all a bad fellow."

"I've nothing to say."

"He'll offer to-morrow, if you'll accept him."

"Don't let him do that, Aunt Jane. I couldn't say Yes. As for loving him;—oh laws!"

"It won't do to go on like this, you know."

"I'm only eighteen;—and it's my money, aunt."

"And how long will it last? If you can't accept him, refuse him, and let somebody else come."

"It seems to me," said Lucinda, "that one is as bad as another. I'd a deal sooner marry a shoemaker and help him to make shoes."

"That's downright wickedness," said Mrs. Carbuncle. And then they went down to dinner.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NAPPIE'S GREY HORSE.

DURING the leisure of Tuesday, our friends regained their good humour, and on the Wednesday morning they again started for the hunting-field. Mrs. Carbuncle, who probably felt that she had behaved ill about the groom and in regard to Scotland, almost made an apology, and explained that a cold shower always did make her cross. "My dear Lady Eustace, I hope I wasn't very savage." "My dear Mrs. Carbuncle, I hope I wasn't very stupid," said Lizzie with a smile. "My dear Lady Eustace, and my dear Mrs. Carbuncle, and my dear Miss Roanoke, I hope I wasn't very selfish," said Lord George.

"I thought you were," said Sir Griffin.

"Yes, Griff; and so were you;—but I succeeded."

"I am almost glad that I wasn't of the party," said Mr. Emilius, with that musical foreign tone of his. "Miss Macnulty and I did not quarrel; did we?"

"No, indeed," said Miss Macnulty, who had liked the society of Mr. Emilius.

But on this morning there was an attraction for Lizzie which the Monday had wanted. She was to meet her cousin, Frank Greystock. The journey was long, and the horses had gone on overnight. They went by railway to Kilmarnock, and there a carriage from the inn had been ordered to meet them. Lizzie, as she heard the order given, wondered whether she would have to pay for that, or whether Lord George and Sir Griffin would take so much off her shoulders. Young women generally pay for nothing: and it was very hard that she, who was quite a young woman, should have to pay for all. But she smiled, and accepted the proposition. "Oh, yes; of course a carriage at the station. It is so nice to have some one to think of things, like Lord George." The carriage met them, and everything went prosperously. Almost the first person they saw was Frank

Greystock, in a black coat, indeed, but riding a superb grey horse, and looking quite as though he knew what he was about. He introduced to Mrs. Carbuncle and Miss Roanoke and Sir Griffin. With Lord George he had some slight previous acquaintance.

"You've had no difficulty about a horse?" said Lizzie.

"Not the slightest. But I was in an awful fright this morning. I wrote to MacFarlane from London, and absolutely hadn't a moment to go to his place yesterday or this morning. I was staying over at Glenshiels, and had not a moment to spare in catching the train. But I found a horse-box on, and a lad from MacFarlane's just leaving as I came up."

"Didn't he send a boy down with the horse?" asked Lord George.

"I believe there is a boy, and the boy'll be awfully bothered. I told them to book the horse for Kilmarnock."

"They always do book for Kilmarnock for this meet," said the gentleman who had made acquaintance with some of Lizzie's party on the previous hunting-day;—"but Stewarton is ever so much nearer."

"So somebody told me in the carriage," continued Frank, "and I contrived to get my box off at Stewarton. The guard was uncommon civil, and so was the porter. But I hadn't a moment to look for the boy."

"I always make my fellow stick to his horses," said Sir Griffin.

"But you see, Sir Griffin, I haven't got a fellow, and I have only hired a horse. But I shall hire a good many horses from Mr. MacFarlane if he'll always put me up like this."

"I'm so glad you're here," said Lizzie.

"So am I. I hunt about twice in three years, and no man likes so much. I've still got to find out whether the beast can jump."

"Any mortal thing alive, sir," said one of those horsey-looking men who are to be found in all hunting-fields, who wear old brown breeches, old black coats, old hunting caps, who ride screws, and never get thrown out.

"You know him, do you?" said Frank.

"I know him. I didn't know as Muster MacFarlane owned him. No more he don't," said the horsey man, turning aside to one of his friends. "That's Nappie's horse, from Jamaica Street."

"Not possible," said the friend.

"You'll tell me I don't know my own horse next."

"I don't believe you ever owned one," said the friend.

Lizzie was in truth delighted to have her cousin beside her. He had at any rate forgiven what she had said to him at his last visit, or he would not have been there. And then, too, there was a feeling of reality in her connection with him, which was sadly wanting in her,—unreal as she was herself,—in her acquaintance with the other

people around her. And on this occasion three or four people spoke or bowed to her, who had only stared at her before; and the huntsman took off his cap, and hoped that he would do something better for her than on the previous Monday. And the huntsman was very courteous also to Miss Roanoke, expressing the same hope, cap in hand, and smiling graciously. A huntsman at the beginning of any day or at the end of a good day is so different from a huntsman at the end of a bad day! A huntsman often has a very bad time out hunting, and it is sometimes a marvel that he does not take the advice which Job got from his wife. But now all things were smiling, and it was soon known that his lordship intended to draw Craigattan Gorse. Now in those parts there is no surer find, and no better chance of a run, than Craigattan Gorse affords.

"There is one thing I want to ask, Mr. Greystock," said Lord George, in Lizzie's hearing.

"You shall ask two," said Frank.

"Who is to coach Lady Eustace to-day;—you or I?"

"Oh, do let me have somebody to coach me," said Lizzie.

"For devotion in coachmanship," said Frank,—“devotion, that is, to my cousin, I defy the world. In point of skill I yield to Lord George.”

"My pretensions are precisely the same," said Lord George. "I follow with devotion; my skill is naught."

"I like you best, Lord George," said Lizzie, laughing.

"That settles the question," said Lord George.

"Altogether," said Frank, taking off his hat.

"I mean as a coach," said Lizzie.

"I quite understand the extent of the preference," said Lord George. Lizzie was delighted, and thought the game was worth the candle. The noble master had told her that they were sure of a run from Craigattan, and she wasn't in the least tired, and they were not called upon to stand still in a big wood, and it didn't rain, and, in every respect, the day was very different from Monday. Mounted on a bright-skinned, lively steed, with her cousin on one side and Lord George de Bruce Carruthers on the other, with all the hunting world of her own county civil around her, and a fox just found in Craigattan Gorse, what could the heart of woman desire more? This was to live. There was, however, just enough of fear to make the blood run quickly to her heart. "We'll be away at once now," said Lord George with utmost earnestness; "follow me close, but not too close. When the men see that I am giving you a lead, they won't come between. If you hang back, I'll not go ahead. Just check your horse as he comes to his fences, and, if you can, see me over before you go at them. Now then, down the hill;—there's a gate at the corner, and a bridge over the water. We couldn't be

better. By George! there they are,—altogether. If they do pull him down in the first two minutes, we shall have a run."

Lizzie understood most of it,—more at least than would nine of ten young women who had never ridden a hunt before. She to go wherever Lord George led her, and she was not to ride upon his heels. So much at least she understood,—and so much she resolved to do. That dread about her front teeth which had perplexed her on Monday was altogether gone now. She would ride as fast as Lucinda Roanoke. That was her prevailing idea. Lucinda, with Mrs. Carbuncle, Sir Griffin, and the ladies' groom, was at the other side of the covert. Frank had been with his cousin and Lord George, but had crept down the hill while the hounds were in the gorse. A man who likes hunting but hunts only once a year is desirous of doing the best he can with his day. When the hounds came out and crossed the brook at the end of the gorse, perhaps he was a little too forward. But, indeed, the state of affairs did not leave much time for waiting, or for the etiquette of the hunting-field. Along the opposite margin of the brook there ran a low paling, which made the water a rather nasty thing to face. A circuit of thirty or forty yards gave the easy riding of a little bridge, and to that all the crowd hurried. But one or two men with good eyes, and hearts good, had seen the leading hounds across the brook turning the hill away from the bridge, and knew that two most necessary minutes might be lost in the crowd. Frank did as they did, having seen nothing of any hounds, but with instinctive knowledge that they were men likely to be right in a hunting-field. "If that ain't Nappie's horse, I'll eat him," said one of the leading men to the other, as all the three were breasting the hill together. Frank only knew that he had been carried over water and timber without mistake, and felt a glow of gratitude towards Mr. MacFarlane. Up the hill they went, and not waiting to inquire into the circumstances of a little gate, jumped a four foot wall and were away. "How the mischief did he get a top of Nappie's horse?" said the horsey man to his friend.

"We're about right for it now," said the huntsman, as he came alongside of Frank. He had crossed the bridge, but had been the first across it, and knew how to get over his ground quickly. On they went, the horsey man leading on his thoroughbred screw, the huntsman second, and Frank third. The pace had already been too good for the other horsey man.

When Lord George and Lizzie had mounted the hill, there was a rush of horses at the little gate. As they topped the hill Lucinda and Mrs. Carbuncle were jumping the wall. Lord George looked back and asked a question without a word. Lizzie answered it mutely, Jump it! She was already a little short of breath, but she

ready to jump anything that Lucinda Roanoke had jumped. She went Lord George, and she followed him almost without losing stride of her horse. Surely in all the world there was nothing else to this! There was a large grass field before them, and for a moment she came up alongside of Lord George. "Just steady him before he leaps," said Lord George. She nodded her assent, and led her gratitude. She had plenty of breath for riding, but none for speaking. They were now very near to Lucinda, and Sir Griffin,

Mrs. Carbuncle. "The pace is too good for Mrs. Carbuncle's horse," said Lord George. Oh, if she could only pass them, and get up to those men whom she saw before her! She knew that one of them was her cousin Frank. She had no wish to pass them, but she did wish that he should see her. In the next fence Lord George crossed a rail, which he thought safer than a blind hedge, and he led her for it. His horse took it well, and so did Lizzie's; but Lizzie jumped it a little too near him, as he had paused an instant to look at the ground. "Indeed, I won't do it again," she said, collecting all her breath for an apology. "You are going admirably," he said, and your horse is worth double the money." She was so glad now that she had not spared for price in mounting her. Looking to the left she could see that Mrs. Carbuncle had only just floundered through the hedge. Lucinda was still ahead, but Sir Griffin was lagging behind, as though divided in duty between the niece and the aunt. Then they passed through a gate, and Lord George stayed his horse to hold it for her. She tried to thank him but he stopped

"Don't mind talking, but come along, and take it easy." She smiled again, and he told himself that she was wondrous pretty. And that her pluck was so good! And then she had four thousand a year! "Now for the gap!—don't be in a hurry. You first, and then I will follow you to keep off these two men. Keep to the left, where the other horses have been." On they went, and Lizzie was in the lead. She could not quite understand her feelings, because it had been so to that with her that to save her life she could not have spoken a word. And yet she was not only happy but comfortable. The riding was delightful, and her horse galloped with her as though pleasure was as great as her own. She thought that she was jumping nearer to Lucinda. For her, in her heart, Lucinda was the only rival. If she could only pass Lucinda! That there were any rivals she had altogether forgotten. She only knew that two or three men were leading the way, of whom her cousin Frank was one,

Lucinda Roanoke was following them closely, and that she was jumping upon Lucinda Roanoke. She knew she was gaining a little, because she could see now how well and squarely Lucinda jumped upon her horse. As for herself, she feared that she was rolling; but she need not have feared. She was so small, and lithe, and light, that her body adapted itself naturally to the pace of her

horse. Lucinda was of a different build, and it behoved her to make for herself a perfect seat. "We must have the wall," said Lord George, who was again at her side for a moment. She would have "had" a castle wall, moat included, turrets and all, if he would only have shown her the way. The huntsman and Frank had taken the wall. The horsey man's bit of blood, knowing his own power to an inch, had declined,—not roughly, with a sudden stop and jerk, but with a swerve to the left, which the horsey man at once understood. What the brute lacked in jumping he could make up in pace, and the horsey man was along the wall and over a broken bank at the head of it, with the loss of not more than a minute. Lucinda's horse, following the ill example, balked the jump. She turned him round with a savage gleam in her eye which Lizzie was just near enough to see, struck him rapidly over the shoulders with her whip, and the animal flew with her into the next field. "Oh, if I could do it like that!" thought Lizzie. But in that very minute she was doing it, not only as well but better. Not following Lord George, but close at his side, the little animal changed his pace, trotted for a yard or two, hopped up as though the wall were nothing, knocked off a top stone with his hind feet, and dropped on to the ground so softly that Lizzie hardly believed that she had gone over the big obstruction that had cost Lucinda such an effort. Lucinda's horse came down on all four legs, with a grunt and a groan, and she knew that she had hustled him. At that moment Lucinda was very full of wrath against the horsey man with the screw who had been in her way. "He touched it," gasped Lizzie, thinking that her horse had disgraced himself. "He's worth his weight in gold," said Lord George. "Come along. There's a brook with a ford. Morgan is in it." Morgan was the huntsman. "Don't let them get before you." Oh, no. She would let no one get before her. She did her very best, and just got her horse's nose on the broken track leading down into the brook before Lucinda. "Pretty good, isn't it?" said Lucinda. Lizzie smiled sweetly. She could smile, though she could not speak. "Only they do balk one so at one's fences!" said Lucinda. The horsey man had all but regained his place, and was immediately behind Lucinda, within hearing—as Lucinda knew.

On the further side of the field, beyond the brook, there was a little spinny, and for half a minute the hounds came to a stand. "Give 'em time, sir, give 'em time," said Morgan to Frank, speaking in full good humour, with no touch of Monday's savagery. "That's him, Bolton; Beaver's got it. Very good thing, my lady, is that? Now, Carstairs, if you're going to 'unt the fox, you'd better lead him." Carstairs was the horsey man,—and one with whom Lizzie very often quarrelled. "That's it, my hearties," and Morgan crossed a broken wall in a moment, after the leading hounds.

we to go on?" said Lizzie, who feared much that Lucinda would **get** ahead of her. There was a matter of three dozen horsemen up **now**, and, as far as Lizzie saw, the whole thing might have to be **done** again. In hunting, to have ridden is the pleasure;—and not **simply** to have ridden well, but to have ridden better than others. "**I** call it very awkward ground," said Mrs. Carbuncle, coming up. "**It** can't be compared to the baron's country." "Stone walls four **feet** and a half high, and well built, are awkward," said the noble **master**.

But the hounds were away again, and Lizzie had got across the **gap** before Lucinda, who, indeed, made way for her hostess with a **haughty** politeness which was not lost upon Lizzie. Lizzie could **not** stop to beg pardon, but she would remember to do it in her **prettiest** way on their journey home. They were now on a track of **open** country, and the pace was quicker even than before. The **same** three men were still leading, Morgan, Greystock, and Carstairs. **Carstairs** had slightly the best of it; and of course Morgan swore **afterwards** that he was among the hounds the whole run. "The **scent** was that good, there wasn't no putting of 'em off;—no thanks **to him**," said Morgan. "I 'ate to see 'em galloping, galloping, **galloping**, with no more eye to the 'ounds than a pig. Any idiot **can** gallop, if he's got it under him." All which only signified that **Jack Morgan** didn't like to see any of his field before him. There **was** need, indeed, now for galloping, and it may be doubted whether **Morgan** himself was not doing his best. There were about five or **six** in the second flight, and among these Lord George and Lizzie were well placed. But Lucinda had pressed again ahead. "Miss **Roanoke** had better have a care, or she'll blow her horse," Lord **George** said. Lizzie didn't mind what happened to Miss Roanoke's **horse**, so that it could be made to go a little slower and fall behind. But Lucinda still pressed on, and her animal went with a longer **stride** than Lizzie's horse.

They now crossed a road, descending a hill, and were again in a **close** country. A few low hedges seemed as nothing to Lizzie. She **could** see her cousin gallop over them ahead of her, as though they **were** nothing; and her own horse, as he came to them, seemed to do **exactly** the same. On a sudden they found themselves abreast with the **hunter**. "There's a biggish brook below there, my lord," said **he**. Lizzie was charmed to hear it. Hitherto she had jumped all the **big** things so easily, that it was a pleasure to hear of them. "**How** are we to manage it?" asked Lord George. "It is rideable, **my lord**; but there's a place about half a mile down. Let's see **how** 'll they head. Drat it, my lord, they've turned up, and we must **have** it or go back to the road." Morgan hurried on, showing that **he** meant to "have" it, as did also Lucinda. "Shall we go to the

road?" said Lord George. "No, no!" said Lizzie. Lord George looked at her and at her horse, and then galloped after the huntsman and Lucinda. The horsey man, with the well-bred screw, was first over the brook. The little animal could take almost any amount of water, and his rider knew the spot. "He'll do it like a bird," he had said to Greystock, and Greystock had followed him. Mr. MacFarlane's hired horse did do it like a bird. "I know him, sir," said Carstairs. "Mr. Nappie gave £250 for him down in Northamptonshire last February;—bought him of Mr. Percival. You know Mr. Percival, sir?" Frank knew neither Mr. Percival nor Mr. Nappie, and at this moment cared nothing for either of them. To him, at this moment, Mr. MacFarlane, of Buchanan Street, Glasgow, was the best friend he ever had.

Morgan, knowing well the horse he rode, dropped him into the brook, floundered and half swam through the mud and water, and scrambled out safely on the other side. "He wouldn't have jumped it with me, if I'd asked him ever so," he said afterwards. Lucinda rode at it, straight as an arrow, but her brute came to a dead balk, and, but that she sat well, would have thrown her into the stream. Lord George let Lizzie take the leap before he took it, knowing that, if there were misfortune, he might so best render help. To Lizzie it seemed as though the river were the blackest, and the deepest, and the broadest that ever ran. For a moment her heart quailed;—but it was but for a moment. She shut her eyes, and gave the little horse his head. For a moment she thought that she was in the water. Her horse was almost upright on the bank, with his hind-feet down among the broken ground, and she was clinging to his neck. But she was light, and the beast made good his footing, and then she knew that she had done it. In that moment of the scramble her heart had been so near her mouth that she was almost choked. When she looked round, Lord George was already by her side. "You hardly gave him powder enough," he said, "but still he did it beautifully. Good heavens! Miss Roanoke is in the river." Lizzie looked back, and there, in truth, was Lucinda struggling with her horse in the water. They paused a moment, and then there were three or four men assisting her. "Come on," said Lord George;—"there are plenty to take her out, and we couldn't get to her if we stayed."

"I ought to stop," said Lizzie.

"You couldn't get back if you gave your eyes for it," said Lord George. "She's all right." So instigated, Lizzie followed her lead up the hill, and in a minute was close upon Morgan's heels.

The worst of doing a big thing out hunting is the fact that in nine cases out of ten they who don't do it are as well off as they who do. If there were any penalty for riding round, or any mark given

those who had ridden straight,—so that justice might in some way be done,—it would perhaps be better. When you have nearly broken your neck to get to hounds, or made your horse exert himself beyond his proper power, and then find yourself, within three minutes, overtaking the hindmost ruck of horsemen on a road because of some iniquitous turn that the fox has taken, the feeling is not pleasant. And some man who has not ridden at all, who never did ride at all, will ask you where you have been; and his smile will give you the lie in your teeth if you make any attempt to explain the facts. Let it be sufficient for you at such a moment to feel that you are not ashamed of yourself. Self-respect will support a man even in such misery as this.

The fox on this occasion, having crossed the river, had not left its track, but had turned from his course up the stream, so that the leading spirits who had followed the hounds over the water came upon a crowd of riders on the road in a space something short of a mile. Mrs. Carbuncle, among others, was there, and had heard of Scindia's mishap. She said a word to Lord George in anger, and Lord George answered her. "We were over the river before it happened, and if we had given our eyes we couldn't have got to her. Don't you make a fool of yourself!" The last words were spoken in a whisper, but Lizzie's sharp ears caught them.

"I was obliged to do what I was told," said Lizzie apologetically.

"It will be all right, dear Lady Eustace. Sir Griffin is with her. I am so glad you are going so well."

They were off again now, and the stupid fox absolutely went back across the river. But, whether on one side or on the other, his struggle for life was now in vain. Two years of happy, free existence amidst the wilds of Craigattan had been allowed him. Twice obviously had he been "found," and the kindly storm or not less beneficent brightness of the sun had enabled him to baffle his pursuers. Now there had come one glorious day, and the common lot of mortals must be his. A little spurt there was, back towards his own home,—just enough to give something of selectness to the few who saw him fall,—and then he fell. Among the few were Frank, and Lord George, and our Lizzie. Morgan was there, of course, and one of his whips. Of Ayrshire folk, perhaps five or six, and among them our friend, Carstairs. They had run him down close to the outbuildings of a farmyard, and they broke him up in the home paddock.

"What do you think of hunting?" said Frank to his cousin.

"It's divine!"

"My cousin went pretty well, I think," he said to Lord George.

"Like a celestial bird of Paradise. No one ever went better;—

I believe so well. You've been carried rather nicely yourself."

"Indeed I have," said Frank, patting his still palpitating horse, "and he's not to say tired now."

"You've taken it pretty well out of him, sir," said Carstairs. "There was a little bit of a hill that told when we got over the brook. I know'd you'd find he'd jump a bit."

"I wonder whether he's to be bought?" asked Frank in his enthusiasm.

"I don't know the horse that isn't," said Mr. Carstairs,—
long as you don't stand at the figure."

They were collected on the farm road, and now, as they were speaking, there was a commotion among the horses. A man, driving a little buggy, was forcing his way along the road, and there was sound of voices, as though the man in the buggy were angry. And he was very angry. Frank, who was on foot by his horse's head, could see that the man was dressed for hunting, with a bright red coat and a flat hat, and that he was driving the pony with a hunting whip. The man was talking as he approached, but what he said did not much matter to Frank. It did not much matter to Frank till his new friend, Mr. Carstairs, whispered a word in his ear. "It's Nappie, by gum!" Then there crept across Frank's mind an idea that there might be trouble coming.

"There he is," said Nappie, bringing his pony to a dead stop with a chuck, and jumping out of the buggy. "I say—you, sir; you've stole my 'orse!" Frank said not a word, but stood his ground with his hand on the nag's bridle. "You've stole my 'orse; you've stole him off the rail. And you've been a-riding him all day. Yes, you've. Did ever anybody see the like of this? Why, the poor beast can't a'most stand!"

"I got him from Mr. MacFarlane."

"MacFarlane be blowed! You didn't do nothing of the kind. You stole him off the rail at Stewarton. Yes, you did;—and he's booked to Kilmarnock. Where's a police? Who's to stand the lot o' this? I say, my lord,—just look at this." A crowd had now been formed round poor Frank, and the master had come up. Nappie was a Huddersfield man, who had come to Glasgow in the course of the last winter, and whose popularity in the hunting-field was not as yet quite so great as it perhaps might have been.

"There's been a mistake, I suppose," said the master.

"Mistake, my lord! Take a man's 'orse off the rail at Stewarton and him booked to Kilmarnock, and ride him to a standstill! I have no mistake at all. It's 'orse-nobbling; that's what it is. Is there any police here, sir?" This he said, turning round to a farmer. The farmer didn't deign any reply. "Perhaps you'll tell me your name, sir? if you've got a name. No gen'leman ever took a gen'leman's 'orse off the rail like that."

"Oh, Frank, do come away," said Lizzie, who was standing by.

"We shall be all right in two minutes," said Frank.

"No, we shan't," said Mr. Nappie,—“nor yet in two hours. I've **ask**ed what's your name?”

"My name is—Greystock."

"Greystockings," said Mr. Nappie more angrily than ever. "I **don**'t believe in no such name. Where do you live?" Then somebody whispered a word to him. "Member of Parliament,—is he? I **don**'t care a — A member of Parliament isn't to steal my 'orse off the rail, and him booked to Kilmarnock. Now, my lord, **what**'d you do if you was served like that?" This was another **appeal** to the noble master.

"I should express a hope that my horse had carried the gentleman **as** he liked to be carried," said the master.

"And he has,—carried me remarkably well," said Frank:—**whereupon** there was a loud laugh among the crowd.

"I wish he'd broken the infernal neck of you, you scoundrel, you,—that's what I do!" said Mr. Nappie. "There was my man, **and** my 'orse, and myself all booked from Glasgow to Kilmarnock; —**and** when I got there what did the guard say to me?—why, just **that** a man in a black coat had taken my horse off at Stewarton; and **now** I've been driving all about the country in that gig there for **three** hours!" When Mr. Nappie had got so far as this in his **explanation** he was almost in tears. "I'll make 'im pay, that I **will**. Take your hand off my horse's bridle, sir. Is there any **gentlemen** here as would like to give two hundred and eighty **guineas** for a horse, and then have him rid to a standstill by a fellow **like** that down from London. If you're in Parliament, why don't **you** stick to Parliament? I don't suppose he's worth fifty pound **this** moment."

Frank had all the while been endeavouring to explain the accident; **how** he had ordered a horse from Mr. MacFarlane, and the rest of it,—as the reader will understand; but quite in vain. Mr. Nappie **in** his wrath would not hear a word. But now that he spoke about **money**, Frank thought that he saw an opening. "Mr. Nappie," he **said**, "I'll buy the horse for the price you gave for him."

"I'll see you——; extremely well——first," said Mr. Nappie.

The horse had now been surrendered to Mr. Nappie, and Frank **sug**gested that he might as well return to Kilmarnock in the gig, **an**d pay for the hire of it. But Mr. Nappie would not allow him to **se**t a foot upon the gig. "It's my gig for the day," said he, "and **you** don't touch it. You shall foot it all the way back to Kilmarnock, **Mr.** Greystockings." But Mr. Nappie, in making this threat, forgot **that** there were gentlemen there with second horses. Frank was **soon** mounted on one belonging to Lord George, and Lord George's

servant, at the corner of the farmyard, got into the buggy, and was driven back to Kilmarnock by the man who had accompanied Mr. Nappie in their morning's hunt on wheels after the hounds.

"Upon my word, I was very sorry," said Frank as he rode back with his friends to Kilmarnock; "and when I first really understood what had happened, I would have done anything. But what could I say? It was impossible not to laugh, he was so unreasonable."

"I should have put my whip over his shoulder," said a stout farmer, meaning to be civil to Frank Greystock.

"Not after using it so often over his horse," said Lord George.

"I never had to touch him once," said Frank.

"And are you to have it all for nothing?" asked the thoughtful Lizzie.

"He'll send a bill in, you'll find," said a bystander.

"Not he," said Lord George. "His grievance is worth more to him than his money."

No bill did come to Frank, and he got his mount for nothing. When Mr. MacFarlane was applied to, he declared that no letter ordering a horse had been delivered in his establishment. From that day to this Mr. Nappie's grey horse has had a great character in Ayrshire; but all the world there says that its owner never rides him as Frank Greystock rode him that day.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SIR GRIFFIN TAKES AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

WE must return to the unfortunate Lucinda, whom we last saw struggling with her steed in the black waters of the brook which she attempted to jump. A couple of men were soon in after her and she was rescued and brought back to the side from which she had taken off without any great difficulty. She was neither hurt nor frightened, but she was wet through; and for a while she was very unhappy, because it was not found quite easy to extricate her horse. During the ten minutes of her agony, while the poor brute was floundering in the mud, she had been quite disregarding of herself, and had almost seemed to think that Sir Griffin, who was with her, should go into the water after her steed. But there were already two men in the water, and three on the bank, and Sir Griffin thought that duty required him to stay by the young lady's side. "I don't care a bit about myself," said Lucinda, "but if anything can be done for poor Warrior!" Sir Griffin assured her that "poor Warrior" was receiving the very best attention; and then he pressed

her the dangerous condition in which she herself was standing, quite wet through, covered, as to her feet and legs, with mud, growing colder and colder every minute. She touched her lips with the brandy that somebody gave her, and then declared again that she cared for nothing but poor Warrior. At last poor Warrior was on his legs, with the water dripping from his black flanks, with his body stained with mud, with one of his legs a little cut,—and, alas! the saddle wet through. Nevertheless, there was nothing to be done better than to ride into Kilmarnock. The whole party returned to Kilmarnock, and, perhaps, if they hurried, she might have been able to get her clothes dry before they would start by the train. Sir Griffin, of course, accompanied her, and they two rode into the town alone. Mrs. Carbuncle did hear of the accident soon after the occurrence, but had not seen her niece; nor when she heard of it, did she have joined Lucinda.

Nothing would make a girl talk to a man, such a ducking as Lucinda had had would do so. Such sudden events, when they come in the shape of misfortune, or the reverse, generally have the effect of abolishing shyness for the time. Let a girl be upset with her carriage in a railway train, and she will talk like a Rosalind, though before the accident she was as mute as death. But with Lucinda no such change did not seem to take place. When Sir Griffin had placed her on her saddle, she would have trotted all the way into Kilmarnock without a word if he would have allowed.

But he, at least, understood that such a joint misfortune should breed confidence,—for he, too, had lost the run, and he did not wish to lose his opportunity also. “I am so glad that I was near you,” he said.

Oh, thank you, yes; it would have been bad to be alone.”

“I mean that I am glad that it was I,” said Sir Griffin. “It’s a hard even to get a moment to speak to you.” They were now riding along on the road, and there were still three miles before

“I don’t know,” said she. “I’m always with the other people.” “Just so.” And then he paused. “But I want to find you, and you’re not with the other people. Perhaps, however, you don’t know me.”

He paused for a reply, she felt herself bound to say something. “Yes, I do,” she said,—“as well as anybody else.” “And is that all?”

“I suppose so.”

After that he rode on for the best part of another mile before he returned to her again. He had made up his mind that he would do it. He hardly knew why it was that he wanted her. He had not dreamed that he was desirous of the charms or comfort of domestic

life. He had not even thought where he would live were he married. He had not suggested to himself that Lucinda was a desirable companion, that her temper would suit his, that her ways and his were sympathetic, or that she would be a good mother to the future Sir Griffin Tewett. He had seen that she was a very handsome girl, and—therefore he had thought that he would like to possess her. Had she fallen like a ripe plum into his mouth, or shown herself ready so to fall, he would probably have closed his lips and backed out of the affair. But the difficulty no doubt added something to the desire. "I had hoped," he said, "that after knowing each other so long there might have been more than that."

She was again driven to speak because he paused. "I don't know that that makes much difference."

"Miss Roanoke, you can't but understand what I mean."

"I'm sure I don't," said she.

"Then I'll speak plainer."

"Not now, Sir Griffin, because I'm so wet."

"You can listen to me even if you will not answer me. I am sure that you know that I love you better than all the world. Will you be mine?" Then he moved on a little forward so that he might look back into her face. "Will you allow me to think of you as my future wife?"

Miss Roanoke was able to ride at a stone wall or at a river, and to ride at either the second time when her horse balked the first. Her heart was big enough for that. But her heart was not big enough to enable her to give Sir Griffin an answer. Perhaps it was that, in regard to the river and the stone wall, she knew what she wanted; but that, as to Sir Griffin, she did not. "I don't think this is a proper time to ask," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because I am wet through and cold. It is taking an unfair advantage."

"I didn't mean to take any unfair advantage," said Sir Griffin, scowling—"I thought we were alone——"

"Oh, Sir Griffin, I am so tired!" As they were now entering Kilmarnock, it was quite clear he could press her no further. The clattered up, therefore to the hotel, and he busied himself in getting a bedroom fire lighted, and in obtaining the services of the landlady. A cup of tea was ordered and toast, and in two minutes Lucinda Roanoke was relieved from the presence of the baronet. "It's a kind of thing a fellow doesn't quite understand," said Griffin himself. "Of course she means it, and why the devil can't she do so?" He had no idea of giving up the chase, but he thought that perhaps he would take it out of her when she became Lady Tewett.

They were an hour at the inn before Mrs. Carbuncle and Lady Eustace arrived, and during that hour Sir Griffin did not see Miss Roanoke. For this there was, of course, ample reason. Under the custody of the landlady, Miss Roanoke was being made dry and clean, and was by no means in a condition to receive a lover's vows. The baronet sent up half-a-dozen messages as he sauntered about the yard of the inn, but he got no message in return. Lucinda, as she sat drinking her tea and drying her clothes, did no doubt think about him,—but she thought about him as little as she could. Of course, he would come again, and she could make up her mind then. It was no doubt necessary that she should do something. Her fortune, such as it was, would soon be spent in the adventure of finding a husband. She also had her ideas about love, and had enough of sincerity about her to love a man thoroughly; but it had seemed to her that all the men who came near her were men whom she could not fail to dislike. She was hurried here and hurried there, and knew nothing of real social intimacies. As she told her aunt in her wickedness, she would almost have preferred a shoemaker,—if she could have become acquainted with a shoemaker in a manner that should be unforced and genuine. There was a savageness of antipathy in her to the mode of life which her circumstances had produced for her. It was that very savageness which made her ride so hard, and which forbade her to smile and be pleasant to people whom she could not like. And yet she knew that something must be done. She could not afford to wait as other girls might do. Why not Sir Griffin as well as any other fool? It may be doubted whether he knew how obstinate, how hard, how cruel to a woman a fool can be.

Her stockings had been washed and dried, and her boots and trousers were nearly dry, when Mrs. Carbuncle, followed by Lizzie, rushed into the room. "Oh, my darling, how are you?" said the aunt, seizing her niece in her arms.

"I'm only dirty now," said Lucinda.

"We've got off the biggest of the muck, my lady," said the landlady.

"Oh, Miss Roanoke," said Lizzie, "I hope you don't think I shaved badly in going on."

"Everybody always goes on, of course," said Lucinda.

"I did so pray Lord George to let me try and jump back to you. We were over, you know, before it happened. But he said it was quite impossible. We did wait till we saw you were out."

"It didn't signify at all, Lady Eustace."

"And I was so sorry when I went through the wall at the corner of the wood before you. But I was so excited I hardly knew what I was doing." Lucinda, who was quite used to these affairs in the

hunting-field, simply nodded her acceptance of this apology. "But it was a glorious run; wasn't it?"

"Pretty well," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Oh, it was glorious,—but then I got over the river. And, oh, if you had been there afterwards. There was such an adventure between a man in a gig and my cousin Frank." Then they all went to the train, and were carried home to Portray.

CHAPTER XL

YOU ARE NOT ANGRY?

ON their journey back to Portray, the ladies were almost too tired for talking; and Sir Griffin was sulky. Sir Griffin had as yet heard nothing about Greystock's adventure, and did not care to be told. But when once they were at the castle, and had taken warm baths and glasses of sherry, and got themselves dressed and had come down to dinner, they were all very happy. To Lizzie it had certainly been the most triumphant day of her life. Her marriage with Sir Florian had been triumphant, but that was only a step to something good that was to come after. She then had at her own disposal her little wits and her prettiness, and a world before her in which, as it seemed to her, there was a deal of pleasure if she could only reach it. Up to this period of her career she had hardly reached any pleasure; but this day had been very pleasant. Lord George de Bruce Carruthers had in truth been her Corsair, and she had found the thing which she liked to do, and would soon know how to do. How glorious it was to jump over that black yawning stream, and then to see Lucinda fall into it! And she could remember every jump, and her feeling of ecstasy as she landed on the right side. And she had by heart every kind word that Lord George had said to her,—and she loved the sweet, pleasant, Corsair-like intimacy that had sprung up between them. She wondered whether Frank was at all jealous. It wouldn't be amiss that he should be a little jealous. And then somebody had brought home in his pocket the fox's brush which the master of the hounds had told the huntsman to give her. It was all delightful;—and much more delightful because Mrs. Carbuncle had not gone quite so well as she liked to go, and because Lucinda had fallen into the water.

They did not dine till past eight, and the ladies and gentlemen all left the room together. Coffee and liqueurs were to be brought into the drawing-room, and they were all to be intimate, comfortable, and at their ease;—all except Sir Griffin Tewett, who was still very

Uky. "Did he say anything?" Mrs. Carbuncle had asked. Yes." "Well." "He proposed; but of course I could not answer when I was wet through." There had been but a moment, and that moment this was all that Lucinda would say.

"Now I don't mean to stir again," said Lizzie, throwing herself to a corner of a sofa, "till somebody carries me to bed. I never as so tired in all my life." She was tired, but there is a fatigue which is delightful as long as all the surroundings are pleasant and comfortable.

"I didn't call it a very hard day," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"You only killed one fox," said Mr. Emilius, pretending a delightfully clerical ignorance, "and on Monday you killed four. Why could you be tired?"

"I suppose it was nearly twenty miles," said Frank, who was so ignorant.

"About ten, perhaps," said Lord George. "It was an hour and forty minutes, and there was a good bit of slow hunting after we had come back over the river."

"I'm sure it was thirty," said Lizzie, forgetting her fatigue in her energy.

"Ten is always better than twenty," said Lord George, "and we generally better than ten."

"It was just whatever is best," said Lizzie. "I know Frank's friend, Mr. Nappie, said it was twenty. By-the-bye, Frank, oughtn't we to have asked Mr. Nappie home to dinner?"

"I thought so," said Frank; "but I couldn't take the liberty myself."

"I really think poor Mr. Nappie was very badly used," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Of course he was," said Lord George;—"no man ever worse since hunting was invented. He was entitled to a dozen dinners, and no end of patronage; but you see he took it out in calling your cousin Mr. Greystockings."

"I felt that blow," said Frank.

"I shall always call you Cousin Greystockings," said Lizzie.

"It was hard," continued Lord George, "and I understood it all so well when he got into a mess in his wrath about booking the horse to Kilmarnock. If the horse had been on the roadside, he or his men could have protected him. He is put under the protection of a whole railway company, and the company gives him up to the first fellow that comes and asks for him."

"It was cruel," said Frank.

"If it had happened to me, I should have been very angry," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"But Frank wouldn't have had a horse at all," said Lizzie, "unless he had taken Mr. Nappie's."

Lord George still continued his plea for Mr. Nappie. "There's something in that, certainly; but, still, I agree with Mrs. Carburder. If it had happened to me, I should,—just have committed murder and suicide. I can't conceive anything so terrible. It's all very well for your noble master to talk of being civil, and hoping that the horse had carried him well, and all that. There are circumstances in which a man can't be civil. And then everybody laughed at him. It's the way of the world. The lower you fall, the more you're kicked."

"What can I do for him?" asked Frank.

"Put him down at your club, and order thirty dozen of grey shirtings from Nappie and Co., without naming the price."

"He'd send you grey stockings instead," said Lizzie.

But though Lizzie was in heaven, it behoved her to be careful. The Corsair was a very fine specimen of the Corsair breed;—about the best Corsair she had ever seen, and had been devoted to her for the day. But these Corsairs are known to be dangerous, and it would not be wise that she should sacrifice any future prospects of importance on behalf of a feeling, which, no doubt, was founded on poetry, but which might too probably have no possible beneficial result. As far as she knew, the Corsair had not even an island of his own in the Ægean Sea. And, if he had, might not the island too probably have a Medora or two of its own? In a ride across the country the Corsair was all that a Corsair should be; but knowing as she did, but very little of the Corsair, she could not afford to throw over her cousin for his sake. As she was leaving the drawing-room she managed to say one word to her cousin. "You were not angry with me because I got Lord George to ride with me instead of you?"

"Angry with you?"

"I knew I should only be a hindrance to you."

"It was a matter of course. He knows all about it, and I know nothing. I am very glad that you liked it so much."

"I did like it;—and so did you. I was so glad you got that poor man's horse. You were not angry then?" They had now passed across the hall, and were on the bottom stair.

"Certainly not."

"And you are not angry for what happened before?" She did not look into his face as she asked this question, but stood with her eyes fixed on the stair-carpet.

"Indeed no."

"Good night, Frank."

"Good night, Lizzie." Then she went, and he returned to the room below which had been prepared for purposes of tobacco and soda-water and brandy.

“Why, Griff, you’re rather out of sorts to-night,” said Lord George to his friend, before Frank had joined them.

“So would you be out of sorts if you’d lost your run and had to ~~ck~~ a young woman out of the water. I don’t like young women ~~nen~~ they’re damp and smell of mud.”

“You mean to marry her, I suppose?”

“How would you like me to ask you questions? Do you mean marry the widow? And, if you do, what will Mrs. Carbuncle ~~y~~ ? And if you don’t, what do you mean to do; and all the rest ~~it~~?”

“As for marrying the widow, I should like to know the facts ~~st.~~ As to Mrs. C., she wouldn’t object in the least. I generally ~~ve~~ my horses so bitted that they can’t very well object. And as the other question, I mean to stay here for the next fortnight, ~~id~~ I advise you to make it square with Miss Roanoke. Here’s my ~~dy~~’s cousin; for a man who doesn’t ride often, he went very well ~~-day.~~”

“I wonder if he’d take a twenty-pound note if I sent it to him,” ~~id~~ Frank, when they broke up for the night. “I don’t like the ~~lea~~ of riding such a fellow’s horse for nothing.”

“He’ll bring an action against the railway, and then you can offer ~~o~~ pay if you like.” Mr. Nappie did bring an action against the railway, claiming exorbitant damages;—but with what result, we ~~eed~~ not trouble ourselves to inquire.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

NICOLAS POUSSIN.

ANDELY, in Normandy, was the birthplace of Nicolas Poussin. Andely is a small town of some antiquity, having grown out of the ruins of a monastery burnt by the English in 1170, and is now called Grand Andely, forming together with Petit Andely a neighbouring hamlet, the *sous-préfecture* of Les Andelys. Poussin, born in 1694, was four years younger than Simon Vouet, the favourite painter of Richelieu and Louis XIII. Vouet was the master of Le Sueur, who escaping his hands, blossomed into uncertain and brief-lived beauty; but he formed Le Brun, the high priest of Louis XIV. art, and is therefore commonly called the founder of the French school. It is true, indeed, that Vouet trained the decorative painters of the age of Louis XIV.; but the belief that he is therefore the father of French painting, can be held only by those who maintain the Catholic theory which ignores the movement of the Renaissance, and sees in the wars of religion the salvation of the State.

In histories of modern art, Poussin is always ranked with the Italian school. But the quality of his genius is even more essentially French than that of Le Brun, and both these men descend in as direct a line from France of the sixteenth century. In them we have surviving proof of the division of the land. Le Brun and his precursor Vouet are the exponents in art of triumphant authority, but the lost hopes of the Renaissance linger in the breast of Poussin. In him revive the dying embers of that quivering flame which the reactionary party had well-nigh succeeded in putting out on the soil of France. "E non ci si pensa quanto sangue costa." In the elevation of mind which sustained the solitary Poussin; in the uncertain beauty too soon extinct with the life of Le Sueur, we see the only fruit borne by a tree on which we early count a thousand blossoms. A wealth of power was put forth when France gave birth to the great enamellers of Limoges, the great glass painters, the great sculptors, painters, architects of the Renaissance. To name Courtois, Lionard, Pinaigrier, Clouet, Cousin, Goujon, De Lorraine, Bullant, is to name but a handful amongst a multitude. This is the plant which was cut down, and in its place, well be-fenced and guarded, flourished the gaudy parasite of courts, from which a vain cultivation received the apples of Sodom.

Is it possible that Poussin, a born Frenchman, could wholly escape from the influences which were paramount in his native country? An answer to this question can only be obtained from a critical examination of his work. The first thing which strikes us when we

in contact with it in any large quantity is its strangely uneven lity. Much of course which bears his name is spurious. At Munich, for example, two paintings in the Pinacothek have long been attributed to him in spite of protest. And a good two-thirds at least in most portfolios of so-called Poussin sketches are probably forgeries. But it is difficult honestly to be very positive. Judgment on these matters is swayed by a thousand ill-appreciated causes, and special conditions render our perceptions less or more sensitive, so that to-day we condemn, and to-morrow we hesitate. Intimate acquaintance with work of indisputable genuineness is our only safeguard; watermarks, quality of paper, choice of medium, may sometimes furnish negative proof, but they can never be relied on as the support of unqualified assertion. And even when possessed of well-founded knowledge, we may not be quite assured, for the powers of the most highly endowed man are subject to mysterious fluctuations. In the case of Poussin there is, too, unusual difficulty, for in every large collection of his work, drawings occur which serve as connecting links between the genuine and the spurious. Their mere presence confuses the distinctness of our impressions, and makes it almost impossible to draw a line with precision, and say, "Here the true end, and the false begin." Yet the work which he has bequeathed to us claims not to be left undefended to such as may neglect their interest in foisting amongst it any rubbish of dry classicism, or emptiness of sacred subject, and until some sifting process has been accomplished, his reputation must suffer daily. The sentiment represented in Germany by "Noch ein solche haben die Deutschen als grosse meister eingeschmuggelt," is so far just that it is based on knowledge of the poverty of the work exposed as Poussin's in their galleries and museums. To this rule there are never exceptions. The "Dionysos and Midas" at Munich is one of Poussin's masterpieces. At Vienna the gallery of Prince Liechtenstein contains several charming examples, and the Albertina collection has many good drawings by the master's hand, amongst which the chalk sketch of remarkable beauty.

Perhaps the quality which most individualises Poussin's conception of man is his intense sense of the sympathetic union of humanity and nature; it is this bias which is always leading him to dwell with assurance on the classical conceptions of the faun and satyr, and which lends a peculiar colouring to his treatment of Bacchic processions. *Salve periculum est, O Lenæe! sequi deum Cingentem viridi pora pampino.* Children, instinct with the most fearless vitality, inextricably tangled in a wild wreath of dogs, goats, and vines, press through the forest underwood, careering after old satyrs, more drunk with the excitement of mad frolic than their father is with wine. They look as if they derived nothing but the

most innocent enjoyment from his tipsy merriment. One of the children, fatigued into sleep, is the subject of this chalk sketch the Albertina. The drawing is perfect in its way, spontaneous, and full of charm. The green vine-leaves still cling about the heated temples, ripples of gurgling laughter still dimple the childish cheeks, lingering shadows of wild excitement heighten the deep abandonment of the whole attitude, and render even more sensible the resistless collapse of exhausted nature weighing down the rounded limbs. The simple means too by which this is achieved are characteristic of Poussin, whose severity never loses charm, and whose simplicity lies above a half-hidden spring of luxuriance. A few choice lines fall on the paper with faultless precision and grace. And this sketch lies amongst masses of drawings, some of which appear to have equal claims to authenticity, but none of which in point of beauty will bear comparison with it for a moment.

These drawings, even in character of subject, are wholly different; they give us for the most part Scripture scenes, treated from a feebly classical point of view, executed in pen-and-ink, slightly washed with the brush. Instead of the unhesitating intention with which the chalk stroke sweeps along, a faltering wiry line encloses ill-defined forms. Still, something seems to forbid the rejection of the entire mass as spurious; and the question arises, Was the genius of Poussin, like that of Le Sueur, chilled by his subject? Take, for example, a nude study by Le Sueur, *rein objectiv dargestellt*, and set it by the side of a drawing by him of some Carthusian monk in prayer. Whereas in the one you have the full bloom of artistic pleasure, in the other you are sensible of effort made to receive and convey an impression in fulfilment, as it were, of a set task. The sentiment of the devout ascetic is foreign to the sympathy of the artist. In the art of the seventeenth century, no heat of religious fervour vivifies these emaciated forms. Here and there, should such a growth appear, it is but sporadic, and indicates no general state of feeling. Nature had reasserted herself, and the day (then, indeed, somewhat overcast) had dawned when the man who worshipped with his age honoured the principles of life. Perhaps this theory might explain frozen feeling and chilled fingers; but in many of these drawings there is something worse than mere constraint, there is nervous uncertainty to be accounted for, and Poussin in his indisputably genuine work is never wanting in steadily sustained aim. The "Finding of Moses," a drawing which has been made popular by autotype, is certainly an inferior work. It is absolutely devoid of geniality, and looks as if Poussin had gone to school with Voltaire, in some hour when Richelieu had ordered off the unwilling Louis XIII. On every line lies the iron weight of the century ungilded by its later magnificence. Dignified, formal, pedestrian—

classic, eminently scientific, it has nothing which would be called a modern cant "interesting;" but the subject is definitely conceived, firmly grasped, and rendered with an unerring hand. Every fold of drapery is put in with a brush which advances in the assigned direction with unrelenting energy. There are no mistakes, no corrections, no erasures, but a manifest purpose of creation is manifest throughout.

At first, so marked a difference in mere technical excellence would seem to condemn for ever all doubtful work. It would be well for Poussin's reputation if it were so. Much, indeed, bears his name falsely; but much which seems a disgrace to his fame is, it is to be feared, genuine. Poussin has done great work; but he has no right to be called a great master. Born amidst the convulsions which assailed the sixteenth century, his youth flourished as it might under the shadow of the stone which France had rolled to the mouth of her own grave. Grave well guarded, but not by angels. From the dull provincial lessons of Varin, at Beauvais, he fled to Paris. There his genius, wedded to the teaching of Duchesne, produced work which was not a dubious hybrid, which not inaccurately represents the sterile and exhausted character of the age. After restless wandering he found at last, in Rome, some semblance of that creative joy which was banished from the land of his birth. The great days were, indeed, gone; but some reflection of their brightness lingered yet. Poussin, aged thirty, learnt of Domenichino and Andrea Sacchi. Sacchi, whose name must ever stand high on the roll of the Roman school. The severity and simplicity of Sacchi's style, his skilled design, his enthusiasm, his learning and cultivation, accorded happily with aspirations which were natural to Poussin. From this moment he began to trust in others, and to have confidence in himself. At first, in this period of his second pupilage, he executed much which possesses as little individuality as his earlier work. Drawings exist in which he seems to have incorporated his impressions of the Umbrian school. Then comes the time represented by such compositions as the "Finding of Moses," many points in which indicate that he is still labouring under difficulties occasioned by imperfect mastery of technic. And at last dawn the days which give us the "Dionysos and Midas" of Munich, the "Bacchanalian Dance" and "Bacchanalian Festival" of the English National Gallery. His development had been slow and uncertain, and his earlier work of no value except as illustrating his career. Society in the age of Louis XIV., whatever were its vices, had one conspicuous merit, its character was strong enough to give a marked tone to the art of the day. But when Poussin was young it was otherwise. The Frenchmen of his time held no faith, no hope, no interest in common. It had come to be felt in France that the strivings of thought, searching after the hidden significance

of forms, brought nothing but ill to the State. It was felt that mental effort should be directed properly to the investigation of these forms alone. In the domain of letters "truth has often trembled on the verge of law;" but the evil tendencies of unfettered thought are not so obvious to the eyes of State police in the world of art; and Spain, perhaps, is the only country which has taken a hint from Plato, and placed her painters under legal censorship. In France Poussin was alone, but free. Within the safe limits of the accidental he could not rest; for lying on their borders he saw a heavy cloud of mystery, and knew that the courts of the temple were without the sanctuary. For him the past was no mere wardrobe, from which he might supply himself with a varied succession of the costumes best fitted for representation, but a veil through which the actual became visible. A veil whose thin folds did not obscure the eternal sameness of human life, but rendered its features more strangely beautiful.

And here it is to be noted that when Poussin issues into final and triumphant exercise of his own powers, his national characteristics assert themselves in full force. He is French in selection of form. The clear, defined, spare, and supple shapes of his nymphs betray their kinship with the Diana of Anet, with their world-renowned sisters of the "Fontaine des Innocens," modelled by Goujon in such an unmysterious mystery of refined accentuation. He is French in colour. With an instinctive preference for modulations in the highest key. That key in which a skilled player caught a never-be-rivalled note of piercing clearness, the delicate harmony of the faience of Oiron, which we call Henri II. In this triumph of French art the very limit is approached which separates pale, subtly-refined colour from that which is thin and harsh. If we set it beside the gorgeous magnificence of Urbino, its strange white, and fitful gleaming yellow, and weird magic threadings of black, cry to us like the pure notes of the "sharp violin," piercing the full-throated richness of the "sacred organ." He is French in sentiment. No suggestion of mysticism, no sombre deeps attract him. "Gerade die tiefe einsam ist als die hohe," says Jean Paul. But the obscurity of the bottomless abyss cannot allure the typical French mind. If it require solitude, let it be the loneliness of mountain tops, with the sharp thin air and boundless horizon. He is French in treatment of subject. He can be dignified, yet not dull; licentious, yet not coarse. The common vulgar aspect of a common vulgar incident does not exist for his eyes. Four good-for-nothing little vagabonds robbing an orchard are transformed into four thievish Cupids, who climb, and eat, and squabble over their booty with more than mortal grace and greediness. The orchard is a garden, and the crabbed apple-trees are trees from a child's dreamland, whose lithe boughs

nder the weight of heavy golden fruit. Again, the pathetic of a band of children lamenting their lost playfellow is d by his imagination into a lovely poem. A veiled figure he palace gates, and over the threshold passes the mournful procession of a little dead Love. The child-corpse is borne n the shoulders of his weeping companions to an immortal in the far-shining temple of the gods.

Poussin holds a refining charm; everything sordid and s transmuted by its touch; even Death is but a transparent , through which shines the light of Life. His day is a day of e, south winds blow amidst eternal fruit and blossoms; the of the beast is but strength; the merriment of children a joy; the satyr lurking in secret shades comes forth to make e link with man. And when the noon of revel is past, and t falls, the hush is sacred; it brings the hour of the elders, lad in white glistening robes, pass along the valleys holding . converse of that which has gone before, and shall follow

E. F. S. PATTISON.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Royal and Republican France. By HENRY REEVE. Two volumes. London: Longmans.

THESE volumes are a reprint of various essays written about France within the last thirty years. They begin with Lewis XIV., and end with the Commune, taking in between the two, Count Beugnot, Count Mollien, who was the first Napoleon's minister of finance, Mirabeau, Marie Antoinette, Louis Philippe, De Tocqueville, and Chateaubriand's contest with Canning. Everybody knows pretty well what a writer like Mr. Reeve thinks about French history and the present French position. He is emphatically what is called sound. He has much to say about finance and economics, and this he says well; and much about the prominent actors in the revolution—Mirabeau, for instance, whom he reports upon with the kind of solemn, schoolmasterish condemnation which might be passed upon an ill-regulated candidate for a clerkship in the Privy Council Office; and much about the Second Empire, of which he says in one place that it was not, perhaps, such a bad and hopeless thing, and in other places that it was a very bad and hopeless thing; and much about the present state of things, though all that this much comes to is a rather impotent expression of Whig shockedness. The state of France is among the most desperate phenomena in history, but you do not get very far towards understanding it if you think that all these evils come of an unwillingness to accept a share in monarchy like our own. To come to a smaller matter, it seems something more than regrettable that a writer in Mr. Reeve's position should have condescended to the insertion of the really spiteful and unworthy foot-note about M. Louis Blanc (vol. ii. p. 68). It is rather too bad for a writer who has, it would seem, always been on the winning side, and whose public courage and constancy have never undergone the slightest trial, to taunt an exile with leading a 'harmless insignificant' life, and with want of 'courage' in defence of his opinions. We may think as we choose about M. Louis Blanc's political capacity, and for my own part I have no belief that his party will do much good for France, but his frugal, laborious, and self-respecting life during exile is above the taunts of people who, so far as the public know, were never called on to make a sacrifice for principle in their lives. As for M. Louis Blanc's want of 'courage,' that is a sort of innuendo which may be very well in the mouth of a reckless Parisian journalist, or of the party of order at Versailles, but which we do not expect from a responsible writer in this country, who cannot possibly know anything about M. Louis Blanc's courage. In the same spirit, Mr. Reeve speaks offhand of M. Louis Blanc's history of the French Revolution as 'mendacious,' which can only mean that M. Louis Blanc fails to take the same view of the transactions of that period as Mr. Reeve (who figures prominently in one article in this volume as a pupil of Croker's) happens to take because so far as the actual narrative goes,—and I do not go much further than Mr. Reeve in accepting M. Louis Blanc's theory of the revolution,—there is not a single circumstance alleged for which, by a marked singularity in French literature, the author does not give chapter and verse. There may be trivial inaccuracies here and there, but this does not constitute

audacity. Nobody ever called the English translation of De Tocqueville *audacious*. Another point. Do Mr. Reeve's achievements in philosophy quite justify him in his equally offhand denunciation of the virtuous Condorcet as 'that pedant of treason and atheism?' It was all very well for Burke, inflamed by the burning passions of the time, to talk about Condorcet as 'a fanatic atheist,' and as one 'capable of the lowest villanies,' but then Burke was a man of genius and imagination, and we pass the extravagances of such men over. What the 'pedantry of treason' means I do not know, and the 'pedantry of atheism' is not much more significant. What we do know is that he who, we hold him for all in all—and Mr. Reeve will probably agree in this—was the greatest and wisest Frenchman of the eighteenth century, Turgot, had the warmest admiration for this pedant of atheism, and that what he loved most of all in him (*Œuv. de Turgot*, ii. 817) was 'the simplicity and sincerity of his character.' Men who won Turgot's praise and affection are not to be dismissed by the unsupported denunciation of casual men of letters of later times, in spite of the fact that they happened to be on the losing side, and to be silly enough to sacrifice their lives for their pedantries. It is the happy distinction of the modern pedant to sacrifice nothing. Still, as some wise Frenchman has said, 'C'est un grand avantage pour la critique n'avoir rien fait, mais il ne faut pas en abuser.'

EDITOR.

Visits to High Tartary, Yarkand, and Kashgar. By ROBERT SHAW.

London: Murray.

THE country which Mr. Shaw is the first to describe for us is known to the vulgar as Chinese Tartary; at least that *was* the name of the country, and the same was about all that the ordinary public knew of it. It comprehends the part of the mysterious Central Asia which is more mysterious than any other part. The natural and warrantable jealousy of the inhabitants renders approach to these regions highly dangerous, and there are no inducements of profit or perhaps of any other kind, except the gratification of a geographical curiosity, to counterbalance this danger and difficulty. Mr. Shaw is evidently as prudent as well as an enterprising traveller, and he has written a volume that is very fairly entertaining for the general reader, and is of some importance for the specially geographical, as well as for those who have interest in the rising science of Comparative Culture. Mr. Shaw also has judicious hints upon one or two points connected with our Indian administration.

South Sea Bubbles. By the EARL and the DOCTOR. Third Edition. London: Bentley.

A WHIMSICAL and amusing set of notes of travels among the islands of the South Pacific. They read as if they had been originally meant for the edification of one of the writer's friends at home, but on the whole we are not sorry they have found a wider audience. The fun now and then becomes a little too fast and furious, and the occasionally slangy style, if it never degenerates into vulgarity, in one or two cases comes too near to being silly; but there is under all this both a great deal of excellent humour and shrewd good sense. The chapter on Missionaries is one of the most wholesome pieces of writing for a religious public that has been seen for many a day.

Songs of the Russian People. By W. R. S. BALSTON, M.A. Ellis & Greville.

THE first instalment of a work on Russian folk-lore in general, dealing mainly with the lyric poetry of the Russian peasants. Mr. Balston's competency has been attested by previous performances in Russian literature. He has judiciously abstained from any attempt to render in rhymed verse lyrical outbursts conceived in a set of conditions both of life and expression so extremely remote and unfamiliar to us. The volume before us contains Mythic and Ritual Songs, Marriage Songs, and Funeral Songs, and in addition to the songs themselves, the translator has supplied abundance of explanation of manners, customs, and beliefs.

Second Series of the Letters of Mary Russell Mitford. Edited by HENRY CHORLEY. London: Bentley.

PERHAPS some of the letters in this new series might fairly have been left unpublished, on the ground of deficiency of general interest; but on the whole there is such a charm about Miss Mitford's personality, with all its associations of devotion, gentleness, and cultivated intellect, that the subject-matter becomes the least important part of the publication. The present series is at least as well worth reading as the former volumes, and Mr. Chorley (himself also now gone *plurbe*) has prefixed an introduction in which he speaks with just warmth at the fatal misconception of filial duty which bound a good woman's life and energy to one of the most worthless men that ever lived. The indignation at such unredeemed waste which the first series roused in every sensible reader is not so constantly provoked in the second. The present letters contain a number of criticisms on prominent authors and books, but they attract us more for the sympathetic feeling with which they inspire one towards Miss Mitford as a good woman, than for any real critical quality—which, indeed, they cannot be said to possess.

Rossel's Posthumous Papers. Translated from the French. London: Chapman & Hall.

THE fate of Rossel and the interest which that and his character inspired may give these fragmentary remains a momentary popularity. Intrinsically their worth is extremely slight, or even non-existent. They exhibit a young man of more audacity and self-confidence than either self-control, capacity, judgment or knowledge. Beyond audacity, he seems to have possessed no military virtue, and after all audacity is only a military virtue upon occasion. On the whole an essentially flimsy personage. The presence of many such in the French army would alone suffice to explain the degradation which overtook Delescluze, Flourens, and others who fell were really high-minded and heroic souls, but Rossel was not much more than a coxcomb who stumbled by chance into the better camp.

Paul of Tarsus. By a Graduate. London: Macmillan.

THIS work professes to be an inquiry into the times and the gospel of the apostle of the gentiles; just as 'Ecce Homo' was an attempt to water Christianity down to a vague philanthropy, so the present volume is an attempt to water Paulinism down to the haziness, tolerance, and political or social view.

~~of religion~~, common among those theologians of our own day who have light enough to see that the old theology is powerless, but not courage of understanding enough to come away from it. The writer professes to treat St. Paul's writings as human compositions, and he speaks of the apostle and his Master with that mixture of deference and patronage which is supposed to mark emancipation. He displays neither theological learning nor scientific accuracy of thought, nor can we imagine his book as likely to offer any contribution to the harmonies which so many people are believed to be seeking between the comforts of old ways of thinking and the necessities of the new.

Empire in Asia : how we came by it. By W. M. TORRENS, M.P.
London : Trübner.

MR. TORRENS calls his book a Book of Confessions, and perhaps confession is a trifle too predominant an element in it. There is certainly much need of the truth, both as to our past career and our present position in India, being told and re-told to a public like that of England, which if pessimist in speech, is thoroughly optimist in secret conviction. Macaulay's gaudy rhetoric did work which only such books as Mr. Torrens's, backed by the tremendous evidence of occurrences under our own eyes, can ever undo. But we need too a constant stream of positive suggestion as to making the best of our terrible prize. Mr. Torrens is strong against annexation, and here it would seem from Lord Northbrook's speech at Winchester that the new Viceroy needs no pressure. He has warm approval too for such attempts as Mr. Fawcett's to call parliamentary attention to the facts of Indian finance. But we want something more comprehensive, something more like a general conception of Indian policy. That however is no reason why we should not be glad in the meantime for an honest historical summary.

St. Chrysostom ; his Life and Times. By Rev. W. R. W. STEPHENS.
London : Murray.

MR. STEPHENS appears to be a writer of sound judgment and good feeling, and he has produced a very fairly readable narrative of the principal proceedings in the Eastern Church during the fourth century. His book, if not learned, is sufficiently painstaking, and its tone, if not very defined, is at least moderate. The figure of St. Chrysostom himself does not stand out with sufficient firmness and clearness, nor does the writer exhibit a fast and comprehensive grasp of his period. But the work was worth doing even in the modest and comparatively unambitious form in which Mr. Stephens has done it.

Lord Kilgobbin. By CHARLES LEVER. 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

THE publication in a complete form of Mr. Lever's last novel (which a melancholy and pathetic dedication points to as his last in another and less welcome sense) is the principal fact of the month in the department of fiction. It is not common in a good novelist, though only too usual in a bad one, to find his last book exactly as readable as his first, yet *Lord Kilgobbin* is at least as amusing and brilliant, if not so dashing, as those well-known stories which made Mr. Lever's name a household word.

A Plea for the Home Government of Ireland. By JOHN GEORGE MACCARTHY.
London: Longmans.

MR. MACCARTHY describes himself as 'a professional man living in an Irish provincial city, minding his own business, having no quarrel with anybody in Ireland or out of it, and whose only interest in the matter is that whatever is really best for all concerned should be done.' His book is an extremely cool, honest, able, and terse examination of the arguments on both sides of the question of the expediency of conferring upon Ireland a legislature for the settlement of its own internal affairs by the Irish nation. Every English voter who does not resort to the too common practice of angrily protesting that he will not argue the matter, would find it worth while to give Mr. MacCarthy's book a fair reading. If it does not persuade him to change his opinion, it will at any rate teach him what is to be said for those who think differently. What we want is that the question should be brought into the domain of free discussion, and not kept in the region of brutal and violent prejudice.

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SICILY.

as Rome and Venice were prevented by foreign bayonets ting with the rest of Italy, the interest felt in the cause of independence was naturally absorbed by what were termed an and Venetian questions. But now that the Eternal City Queen of the Adriatic have both taken their rightful position in the Italian kingdom, it is well that attention should be directed to other portions of the great work involved in the regeneration of Italy. All who sympathize with that work will feel grateful to Tommasi-Crudeli for the instructive and interesting pamphlet published last year in Florence, entitled "Sicily in 1871."

"In 1860," he writes, "thanks to our divisions dating centuries back, the want of free intellectual communications, the Italians of one province but little indeed of what occurred in others; but as regards Sicily we say, without fear of exaggeration, that it was unknown to any of the world, isolated by the sea from the more important intellectual centres of Europe, the island was moreover held systematically in a species of slavery by one of the most despicable governments of Europe, thus it was a source of revenue, a cause of perpetual alarm, and at the same time an instrument for keeping divided the subject peoples. Every effort of the government, though despotic, yet provident and civilised, ought to have been for uniting in a common brotherhood the populations committed to the Bourbon of Naples used to render inextinguishable the ancient enmities between Sicilians and Neapolitans. From the French Revolution (1793) the Bourbons made each of them by turns an instrument of oppressing either to regain their lost dominions, or to overthrow the political edifice betrayed in violation of plighted faith; above all it was sought to divide forces which (the rulers) could not or would not turn to an avowed civilising purpose, and which they feared at every moment to see united to throw off the common yoke."

Slave the people by ignorance, to suppress or betray free institutions, to keep alive ancient feuds and local jealousies, were the objects of the policy of the Neapolitan Bourbons. Their efforts succeeded with success. In 1863 official statistics proved that

in the old Kingdom of the Two Sicilies fully ninety per cent. of the population could neither read nor write. Previous to 1860 postal communication between Sicily and the Continent was carried on only once, or at the most twice, a week by small steamers between Palermo and Naples, which did not venture out in stormy weather. So late as the year 1856 it happened that during a period of thirty-six days no letters were received in Palermo from the Continent.

The real state of Sicily, at the time of the formation of the Italian kingdom (1860-1861), was then very peculiar, and but little known or understood beyond the limits of the island itself. The condition of the people was not unlike that of the French before their revolution at the end of the last century. The Sicilians possessed indeed fine qualities, but they had, however, "many of the vices peculiar to races long subjected to a corrupt rule." Coming to Sicily, as many Italians did, in 1860, from parts of the Peninsula whose condition had been profoundly changed by the social reforms which marked the close of the eighteenth century, they were disagreeably surprised at what they saw around them. They were ignorant of the past history of the island, and knew little of those efforts by which a few of its illustrious citizens had initiated a certain amount of progress, despite many difficulties. Hence arose wrong conceptions, hasty and unfavourable judgments. They were shared by those in authority, who often adopted in consequence measures little fitted to cure the ills peculiar to Sicily. The Government thus exposed itself to just censure. A reaction naturally set in against the new order of things. It was quickly turned to account by the extreme factions of the ultra-retrogrades and the ultra-radicals, both of whom made use of the errors committed to attack the Government. Wide differences of opinion were expressed in no measured language. Some represented the Sicilians as a noble, fiery, suffering race, devoted to the cause of freedom, but misruled and misunderstood. Others declared them to be semi-barbarous, unmanageable, unworthy of freedom, fit only to be governed despotically. Such scenes as those which occurred in Palermo in October, 1862, and such acts of violence as were committed during the recruiting in 1864, were turned to account on behalf of each of these opposite views. Not until after the very serious disturbances of Palermo in the autumn of 1866, did the more reasonable factions of the national party set to work to do what should have been done at the very commencement. From that time dates a slow but steady amelioration. The voice of opposing parties is still indeed to be heard debating questions relating to Sicily, but happily without that violence of language and divergence of opinion which formerly marked such discussions. It is pleasant to learn from Signor Tommasi-Crudeli, who so impartially narrates past errors and present defects, "that

whoever, after having known what Sicily was eleven, or indeed only five or six years ago, now returns there and is capable of judging men and things without partisanship, must recognise the great progress, both civil and economical, which this most noble province of Italy has already made, and must also appreciate the germs of yet greater progress which is in store for the future."

In his interesting chapter on The Political Parties of Sicily he explains that the tendencies of its inhabitants are monarchical, mingled with autonomist leanings, but with scarcely any tinge of republicanism. The term Royalist, often used by the Sicilians with disgust, is shown to refer to the absolutist rule of the Neapolitan Bourbons. The sentiment which has still strength in the island is that derived from its past history—from its possession of a king of its own "resident in Palermo, either in person or by means of delegates, furnished with powers sufficient to secure the national independence of Sicily."

This idea it was which led the Sicilians to uphold the Bourbons against Murat, when the former took refuge in the island and were there hospitably received. And so, "after the treachery with which, according to their accustomed ingratitude, the Bourbons repaid the hospitality afforded to them by the islanders," these latter continued to preserve feelings favourable to their own autonomy. Nor can this be wondered at, considering how basely they had been treated by their Neapolitan rulers, and how ancient were the traditions of a Sicilian monarchy. In 1860 this "Sicilianism," though weakened, was not spent. The great body of the liberals had indeed given it up, at least in its crudest form, but it lingered in the popular feeling. Thus while the separatist idea of throwing off the yoke of the Neapolitan Bourbons still lived, it was profoundly modified by the great idea of the general unification of Italy. "Not only the popular masses, led on by the prestige of the great Captain (Garibaldi), but also the politicians who had most contributed in the revolution of 1848 to the separation from Naples, accepted loyally the new programme." But having accepted political unification, the Sicilians set to work to preserve and assure "the administrative autonomy of Sicily." They supported frankly what was known as the "regional system" proposed by Signor Farini and Signor Minghetti. On the 18th November, 1860, was presented to Signor Mordini, at that time pro-dictator of Sicily, "an able report on the administrative organization of the island, in accordance with the proposed regional system; the report was signed by the most eminent representatives of the united constitutional party." But this regional system, with its large local liberties and administration, was set aside. In its place was substituted a centralized scheme, adapted from French models, making the island much more dependent on the Government, whose seat was then at Turin. Such

a policy awoke, and not without reason, great feelings of resentment in Sicily. A portion of the constitutional party determined, though much disliking the course adopted, to make the best of the matter. Its members set to work to regain the lost ground by turning to the utmost possible account such liberties as were accorded to the different provinces and communes. This party was called the Government party. But there were among the constitutionalists those who could not endure to have this over-centralizing policy imposed upon them. They therefore separated themselves from the others, and formed what was called the Regional party. The regional system may perhaps have erred upon the side of too much decentralization, but the one actually adopted imitated too closely that centralization the model of which is to be found in France. It was little suited to conciliate the Sicilians, and but ill adapted to their special needs. To the Regional party were soon united those who held the most extreme views of Sicilian autonomy. These ultras—incapable of seeing anything but their own side of the question—dragged the party into a form of opposition alien to its original tendencies, which were both conservative and liberal, in the best sense of those terms. Instead of the open maintenance, both in and out of Parliament, of a wide programme of administrative decentralization, there arose “an opposition petty, acrimonious, inexorable, rather Palermitan than Sicilian, which became the willing mouthpiece of every kind of accusation against the Government, however absurd and from whatever quarter it came.” Alliance was sought with the party of action, which, however, soon refused to lend its aid “to the mass of mere factious persons.” Then a union was effected with the clerical reactionists. But the first and true leaders of the “Regional party sincerely in favour of unity and thoroughly liberal” quickly separated themselves from the motley and discordant agglomeration of fanatical retrogrades, extreme autonomists, and revolutionists at any price, who having no defined positive policy of their own, merely hung together for the purpose of injuring the Government. The faction really desirous of a return of the Bourbons was but of infinitesimal proportions. Signor Tommasi-Crudeli speaks of it as having “few supporters in the interior of the island, and much fewer in its maritime cities. For even the most reactionary of the Sicilians does not cease to be Sicilian, and has a good memory, like all the race. They know that in an hour of need the fallen dynasty would promise anything and everything to the Sicilians, as was the case in 1799, in 1806, and in 1815, but would think only of using the forces and resources of the island in order to regain its Continental possessions; if that miracle could be effected, all the promises would pass off in smoke, while the stronger forces of the Continent and the tyrannical spirit of the reactionists in Naples

be employed to reduce Sicily to slavery, as happened in 1816, '40, and in 1849." It seems, then, that the lying and cruel government of the Neapolitan Bourbons has accomplished at least one desirable end—its own suicide.

difficulties which have arisen in Sicily, and which are only being slowly overcome, may be traced partly to the mistakes of government, to the plottings of the mere fomenters of disorder, the errors of the Regional party. This latter, forsaking the late work of constitutional opposition, always so useful in pointing out or modifying legislative errors, allowed itself to degenerate into an unruly faction, which at last became the mere tool of extreme and designing leaders of ultra and discordant sects. A hand was willingly lent by creatures such as "the 11 tyrants, that is, the agents of the brutal and cruel police of Palermo, which for ten years (1850—1860) had made an end of justice and humanity in Sicily, and who now found themselves isolated and deprived of their authority." Even in revolutions renounced as unnecessary and legitimate by an insupportable tyranny, there is to be found those who merely seize on the occasion as a pretext for promoting disorder in hopes of selfish gain. Never is wanting a criminal class which eagerly improves the opportunity with a view to plunder. Such men banded themselves together in Palermo and joined professedly in the revolution of 1860. Garibaldi, strong in his immense prestige and in the moral and material support of all Italy, did that which a revolutionary government purely and only Sicilian could never have done, he dissolved their dissolution and compelled them to disband." Nor did they again show themselves until the great split took place in the National party on the question of the too centralizing policy of government and the decentralizing programme of the Regional party.

These mere lovers of disorder first sought to unite themselves with the party of action—which might in English phrase be the strong radicals—but to their honour "the impure alliance was repelled." Then co-operation was sought with the extreme reaction, "who were not parsimonious of promises and flattery."

Don Tommasi-Crudeli, speaking of the priests, says:—"The clergy were neither reactionary nor Bourbonist previous to 1848."

Almost independent of Rome, thanks to the special liberties of the Sicilian Church, they were not, like the bulk of the clergy in the peninsula itself, hostile to the national movement which overthrew the temporal rule of the Austrian, the Bourbon, and the Papal.

On the contrary, they were favourable to the revolution of 1848. Thus it is related by our author how "we volunteers, who came from the Italian continent, and were accustomed from the previous year (1859) to find almost everywhere the clergy in the ranks

of our enemies, have a lively recollection of the surprise we felt in seeing the parish priests heading the armed bands of Sicily; the Archbishop of Palermo officially visiting the Dictator (Garibaldi) in order to recognise his authority and government; and the cathedral clergy of Palermo, on the occasion of the feast of S. Rosalia, rendering to him (the General of the Roman Republic of 1849) the honours which are paid to the King of Sicily as Apostolical Legate.

But after the union with the rest of Italy this attitude of the clergy changed. "In the first place they, in general very ignorant, had not comprehended the character of the new revolution." They understood it as being only Sicilian. They were not unwilling to get rid of the Bourbon Government for the sake of establishing a purely Sicilian autonomy, but the idea of a united Italy, as the only efficacious means of putting an end once for all to foreign tyranny and interference, did not enter into their limited conceptions. They began then to be afraid when annexation was proposed and voted. They dreaded the application of that law for the abolition of religious corporations which, in one form or another, has been applied by almost all the States of Europe, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic. When this law then was finally passed; when the constitutional party in Palermo called a meeting in its support; when schools, no longer under clerical supervision, began to arise, the clergy united in bitter hostility against the new Government. They were ill-advised enough to permit their followers to appeal to force, throwing in their lot with the retrogrades and the fomenters of disorder, who, in September, 1866, attacked, arms in hand, the authorities in Palermo. This rising was quickly suppressed by General Angioletti and Masi. "And so an end was put to the religious corporations of Sicily, whose participation in the revolt was direct and patent." The mingled firmness and justice of the authorities have since prevented any recurrence of such overt attacks as those of September, 1866. Soon after that date General Medici was sent to preside over the government of the island. The admirable manner in which he has done so deserves great praise. He has successfully preserved order without trenching upon the rightful liberties of the people. The opponents of the Government have, since his advent, maintained the upper hand in the political and administrative elections of Palermo itself, but they have never again dared to make an unlawful appeal to arms. Had they ventured to do so the General (himself one of the most distinguished of Garibaldi's old officers) would instantly have let them know that, while allowing full freedom to constitutional opposition, he was prepared at once to suppress unconstitutional violence. And he would, in so acting, have had the cordial support, not only of the Italian Government but of the whole nation. Besides this, the very strength of t

reactionists in Palermo has tended to unite the constitutionalists. They rallied to the Government in September, 1866, and cordially aided in putting down the armed attack made by the extreme reactionary and turbulent factions. To this union among the various sections of the national party "is owing, in a great measure, the relative moderation which the reactionists have since displayed in the municipal administration of Palermo, held in check as they are by the vigilant and jealous watchfulness of the united constitutional party." Thus even in Sicily, whose people have hitherto been kept in the grossest ignorance, is gradually being taught and learned the lesson, that whatever of defect exists in civic or political rule must be corrected, *not* by appealing to arms, but by the force of public opinion, and by the exercise of those constitutional rights upon which now rest both the laws and liberties of the Italian nation. It is a lesson in many cases hard to practise, especially at its commencement, but it is one which teaches a people to secure to itself lasting prosperity by making a good use of liberty while maintaining the just authority of law. This is beginning to be the case even now in Sicily. For, despite the blunders of Government, the mistakes of political parties, and the violence of fanatics, the progress both of moral and material well-being is very marked.

To begin with the most important of all questions—public instruction. In 1860 scarcely 800 children in Palermo received any kind of elementary instruction out of a population of over 200,000 inhabitants. The official statistics taken a year or so later showed that in Sicily 86 out of every 100 males, and 95 out of every 100 females, could neither read nor write. During 1861, the year in which the present Italian kingdom was proclaimed, began the work of clearing out this Augean stable of ignorance. Before the close of the year 42 elementary schools, attended by 3,240 pupils, had been established. In 1869 the province of Palermo possessed 749 schools, attended by 29,311 scholars, one-third of them being girls. Of these 749 schools 460 are in Palermo and its suburbs. In the other six provinces of Sicily there had been established during the same period (1861—1869) 944 public elementary schools and 265 private ones, attended by 25,073 boys and 12,454 girls. Besides this the seven provinces of the island now possess (1870) 74 institutions for secondary and superior instruction, "almost all of them newly created, and many of them founded at the expense of the communes and provinces."

Much, indeed, remains to be done in the way of school accommodation, attendance, and remuneration of teachers. But when are borne in mind the many difficulties and impediments to be overcome in establishing a good system of national education; when, too, it is remembered how enormous was the mass of opposing ignorance and

prejudice, no little credit is due to the municipal and provincial authorities, to the national Government and private individuals, who have united their efforts thus successfully to begin the great work of popular instruction. That work, though still incomplete, is happily being carried on with zeal and perseverance; its full fruits can only be realised by time and care, but they are of incomparable worth. In making, in the end, those who sow and those who reap to rejoice together.

The commercial progress of Palermo and the island in general is also encouraging. Previous to 1860 the merchandise exported from the port of Palermo hardly amounted to the value of 8,000,000 francs per annum. In 1869 it had increased to 17,463,000 francs, while the imports reached 25,651,000 francs. Scarcely a hundred steamers, native and foreign together, used to enter and leave the port in the course of the year. By 1870 they had risen to 1,764. Still larger in proportion are the number of commercial transactions which take place. The following official statistics show the increase of vessels sailing under the Italian flag, engaged in commerce, entering and leaving the port of Palermo:—

ENTERED.		Sailing Vessels.		Tonnage.	Steamers.	Tonnage.
1861	. . .	2,976	. . .	66,771	258	70,771
1870	. . .	4,352	. . .	317,750	566	183,372
LEFT.		Sailing Vessels.		Tonnage.	Steamers.	Tonnage.
1861	. . .	2,941	. . .	167,839	258	70,771
1870	. . .	4,318	. . .	273,545	567	181,778

“And not only in Palermo,” says Signor Tommasi-Crudeli, “but in all Sicily the commercial movement of the ports has gone on notably increasing in the course of the last eleven years. The table of the general movement of the navigation relative to commercial operations in these ports from 1862—1869 gives the clearest proof of it. It demonstrates that from 1862 to the present time the movement has increased by one million of tonnage, taking together entries and exits, and this increase has continued progressively, with the exception of the two years 1866 and 1867, when Sicily was horribly devastated by cholera and kept in close quarantine.”

As regards communication with the Italian Peninsula, instead of small steamers plying only once, or at the most twice, a week between Palermo and Naples, there is now regular postal communication five times a week by means of good boats belonging to a Sicilian company. It also carries on the postal service between the various maritime cities of the island, and between Messina, Naples, Malta, and Tunis. There is besides a regular telegraphic service, which did not exist before 1860. But these various means of communication are becoming inadequate to the wants of the population.

society for the transport of merchandise and passengers was founded in 1869, and promises to do well. "The commercial importance of the port of Palermo," says Signor Tommasi-Crudeli, "so at present, will in a short time become much greater—that is, the works for enlarging the port (now being carried on with speed) are finished, and the network of roads completed, connecting the province of Palermo with the neighbouring ones of Messina, Girgenti, and Caltanissetta, whose products will flow into Palermo with much greater security and facility than they do at present."

Agriculture, too, like commerce, is beginning to revive. "The abolition of every species of mortmain, and the facility with which the State and ecclesiastical domains are now obtained, have fully contributed to agricultural progress. As yet, however, a small portion of the island shares in this improvement. Defects of drainage and consequent unhealthiness in some districts, want of irrigation and great aridness in others, gross ignorance, clinging to old and bad methods of cultivation, quarrels and feuds begot of ancient feuds and party rivalry, still hinder agricultural as well as other progress. Especially is it necessary to put more completely a network of good roads throughout the island."

Even up to 1866 this all-important work had been too neglected. "Since then the construction of main roads has been actively pushed on, while that of provincial and communal roads has been started—the preparatory surveying for these latter has been completed by the military engineers, and aid being afforded for the contracting of loans necessary to carry on the work." The lines of Sicilian railways are also being finished. Two means of communication, so necessary to one another, are hurried forward together. They will prove an immense benefit to the inhabitants of Sicily, so long cursed by misgovernment and ignorance and superstition.

There is, however, one great evil still but partially conquered in Sicily—that of brigandage. The account given of it by Signor Tommasi-Crudeli is curious. He says:—

"The police in the interior of Sicily was formed before 1860 of the so-called Companies. They were composed of veteran rascals, not unusually by the worst of them all, who, with his company, went bail for the rascals of the district. To accomplish his object he came down upon the lower class robbers, but made terms with the aristocracy of crime. The company was composed of a few select ones; too few in comparison with those whose numbers entitled them to the honour of belonging to it; so in order to preserve these select ones being over-matched by the others, the qualification of 'armed' was given to the more notorious rascals of the district, with the pretence of preserving a portion of it from the attacks of the inferior class of robbers, and with the faculty of levying black mail at their pleasure, under the sanction of the company, upon the inhabitants, who dared not say a word."

. . . . Thus was the police managed in Sicily, and thus was it directed from 1849 to 1860 by its famous chief Maniscalco, whom some even now propose us as a model head of police. Those who knew not the real state of things and lived in the maritime cities, believed the security of the interior of the island to be very fair. Strangers who ventured to take a trip into the interior received a similar impression, because the brigandage was regularly systematized and carried on, so to speak, as a family affair. No public press existed to show up the hollow worthlessness of the system; there was but the official journal, which duly sung the praises of the director of police. The inhabitants of the interior had every reason not to speak; they well knew that the judicial authorities were too weak to repair so great an evil, that the political rulers would have sent off to prison as a factious rebel any one who dared to call in question the excellence of the system; and even when through some favourable circumstance the inhabitants of the interior did not run this risk, they were in the places in which they dwelt, at the absolute mercy of the Armed Companies, and of those affiliated to them and protected by them."

The result of such a system, carried on with but little variation for generations, simply made brigandage and robbery recognised institutions of the island. So that at length the word *malandrino*—highwayman or robber—came to change its proper signification, "and instead of being a term of infamy, was turned by the people into one of praise, of which many even well-disposed persons among the lower orders became proud." Thus every idea of right, justice, and law was poisoned in the minds of the population generally, and the wilful misgovernment of the rulers taught a whole people to call evil good and good evil. Such is the depth of degradation into which Sicily has been plunged by the hideous misrule of the Bourbons. It is the difficult but noble task of those who overthrew the "most despicable of European Governments" to endow this beautiful island with the blessings of law, civilisation, and freedom. After the Armed-Companies and the police of Maniscalco had been got rid of by Garibaldi, the official form of robbery ceased in Sicily, and nothing remained but brigandage freely exercised on its own account. "Its repression has been carried on with great energy and rare unity of purpose during the last five years. Public security has consequently experienced a notable amelioration, and the population has let slip no opportunity of expressing its satisfaction and gratitude." How terrible was the evil may be gathered from the official fact that in the single province of Palermo, so late as the year 1870 the number of robberies and crimes of violence amounted to 502; in 1879 they had decreased to 289. "Already premonitory symptoms of success," adds Signor Tommasi-Crudeli, "begin to show themselves. It has been observed, for example, latterly that the number of stabbing cases arising out of quarrels has considerably diminished in the city of Palermo and its suburbs. Indeed, throughout the district of the Court of Appeal of Palermo, which includes the provinces of Palermo, Trapani, Girgenti, Caltanissetta, and Siracusa it must be noted that in the years 1867, 1868, and 1869 the

great and progressive diminution in the number of criminals; facts which a magistrate of Palermo said: 'At length, under the vivifying and beneficent light of a wise, orderly, and educating freedom, the first-fruits (of a better state of things) are ripening, and already time begins to give place to labour.' " The last law passed on the subject of public security has been most beneficial in its effects. But there is much to be said in favour of increasing the power of the magistrates and local authorities, so as to enable them to deal yet more vigorously with those crimes of violence, robbery, and brigandage still prevalent in the island. The diminution of these long-standing evils would by such means be still further aided; but their radical cure can only be effected by the spread of education, civilisation, and industry. The operation of these latter necessarily requires time ere their good results can be realised. Happily, those who now direct the destinies of Italy are actively engaged in urging forward this great work of national regeneration. The Executive and the Legislature, provincial authorities, municipal councillors, and private individuals are lending to it their hearty co-operation. Much has been done, much is doing, but more remains to be accomplished. That mistakes are committed and errors mar the onward movement none deny, *e pur si muove*.

How great is the freedom and unity which now obtains throughout Italy has been lately shown in a very striking manner. Just at the time when the whole country was preparing to *fête* the birthday of the King and his eldest son, the staunch republican, Mazzini, died. At once the Parliament, remembering only his devotion to the cause of Italy's unity and independence, passed a unanimous vote in his honour. Such a vote did credit to the Legislature. Its members, while remaining true to the limited monarchy under which the nation enjoys such ample freedom, showed at the same time that they knew how to treat with justice a fellow-citizen who avowed his preference for republican institutions. I venture to affirm, as a lover of Italy and a supporter of constitutional monarchy, that both the one and the other are honoured by such conduct; and monarchical institutions are as certainly brought into contempt when their professed supporters seek to put down by noise and rioting those who lean to a republican form of liberty. Such proceedings, enacted not long ago in our own House of Commons, disgrace our country, and lead the world to conclude that freedom of discussion and liberty of opinion are less tolerated in the Parliament of the United Kingdom than in the Representative Chamber of United Italy.

J. W. PROBYN.

ROUSSEAU'S INFLUENCE ON EUROPEAN THOUGHT.¹

SHORTLY after the middle of the seventeenth century (1666), the great dramatic genius of the age brought upon the French theatre a rude, strange, and incomprehensible figure, which puzzled and offended contemporaries, which puzzles if it does not offend posterity, and of which the master himself always said that he hardly knew what he had meant by his creation. It was the sound in the midst of men and women playing a little artificial game of life, with compliments, ribands, sonnets, of a hoarse and strident voice recalling them to truth, manliness, self-sufficiency, strength. The Misanthrope of Molière was only a poetic apparition. About a hundred years later, the poetic conception took flesh, and the cry of Rousseau shook the world. This vision, too, both puzzled and offended contemporaries: Rousseau's person was proscribed, and his books were burnt in the market-place; the Jesuit archbishop and the Jansenist parliament of Paris, the Protestant Council of Geneva, and the patriarch of unbelief at Ferney, all joined for a moment of unique accord in a chorus of angry reprobation (1763). Yet this was an apparition which another hundred years have not been able to lay. The literature of imagination and the literature of social philosophy are equally haunted by it; it still stands significantly beckoning between the hideous luxury and the sodden despair of cities; and it is not twelve months since we saw it armed with the sword and the brand, energetically transcribing into letters of blood and flame Rousseau's famous paradoxes, that science and art do not purify manners, and that inequality among men is not authorised by the natural law. It was Rousseau who first called from the depths and launched upon the old European society that mysterious something which we know not whether to call a religion, or a philosophy, or a sentiment, or a dream; which assumes all forms from the vaguest and wildest humanitarian aspiration, up to the last bran-new system from Paris, which accurately maps out the future of the race, with each intellectual province and most diminutive moral township finally planned and decisively marked; which men hate or love under the fragmentary and partial designations of Democracy, Socialism, Cosmopolitanism, and the rest; but of whose presence, whether we hate it or love it, whether we hope all things from it or fear all things, everyone in Europe, from the Pope in the Vatican to the red soldier of despair in his garret at Belleville, is conscious, as a brooding and fermenting

(1) A Discourse delivered before the Royal Institution, on Friday Evening, April 12, 1772.

pirit of conviction that the old terms of right and duty and the old forms of humanity and justice are destined to be fitted with new definitions and to receive many unexpected applications.

Of the personality of Rousseau—which is one of the most extraordinary and interesting, if it is not by any means one of the most fascinating, in history—it is not necessary that I should now speak. It is hard to do so without putting on the mask of the prig. His biography is the record of a tenacious revolt against conventions, a revolt often praiseworthy and noble, often otherwise. He committed a multitude of offences against propriety, he committed many against common morality, and he repeated one cruel and shocking crime against humanity. But we need not here exercise ourselves in these matters. They did not much affect his influence. Men are wont to put aside and to let drop from their memories the vices, the crimes even, of those whom they suppose to have brought them new light from the high heavens. Those whom the moralist justly condemns are constantly reprieved by a world which willingly forgets the multiplicity of circumstances surrounding conduct and character, and fixes with perfect admiration upon the extraordinary display of any one singular human quality—energy, enacity, fortitude, devotion. As has been many a time said, to Rousseau much has been forgiven, because he loved much.

In proceeding from the personality of Rousseau to his work, and examining the ideas with which he so rapidly inundated France, we need not expect to come upon many that are peculiarly original, or intellectually of his own conception. There is scarcely a single definite idea among those which made him so great a power, which may not be found among some of the European writers within the range of whose influence he was brought. French writers to this day systematically attribute to the hardihood and originality of his genius much of what was really due to the circumstances of Geneva, where he was born, and to which in spite of many difficulties he always preserved a strong and lively attachment. He was born in a time of great public discontent, and in the midst of perpetual discussion of the first principles both of politics and theology; his youth was passed in the thick of preparation for a revolution. The sight of the austere government which Calvin established and the paternal stringency with which it was exercised and accepted, exerted the same influence upon Rousseau which the spectacle of Sparta exerted over the social thinkers of Greece, by engendering that conviction of the artificiality of a social system and the omnipotence of the lawgiver, which is among the most shallow, deplorable, and ruinous of all the false ideas that infest modern Europe.

Again, it has been always thought a sign of Rousseau's marvellous prescience of the coming revolution that he should have insisted upon

the sons of the rich and noble being taught some craft or trade by means of which they might support themselves in case they should ever be driven into exile. But this most manly and laudable prescription suggests no marvellous prescience of revolution,—though Rousseau did foresee change—when we remember that banishment was a traditional practice in Geneva, as it always has been in very small republics. When the civil troubles of Geneva came to a height in 1734, many of the oligarchs voluntarily emigrated, just as the French nobles did half a century later. It is the same with that other most unmanly and far from laudable prescription which gave such scandal to his free-thinking contemporaries, namely, that all atheists should be banished from a well governed country. This was a usage of Rousseau's native city, made wider and more liberal, but still unmistakably a Genevese survival. Again, that notion of the sovereignty of peoples which Rousseau's eloquence transformed so swiftly into so gigantic a force, though as yet only in a weak and speculative form, can still be shown to have been quite as familiar in Geneva as it was in England, Scotland, and Holland. Finally, the historian of opinion is able to trace in the theology of Geneva during the first half of the eighteenth century a strong movement towards that substitution of natural religion and pure deism which Rousseau expounded with such attractive eloquence in the Savoyard Vicar's memorable Profession of Faith. This general connection, which needs more ample treatment than has hitherto been thought of, between the spirit of Rousseau's work and the spirit of his birth-place ought never to be overlooked. History might remind us of it. The most strenuous and powerful disciple that Rousseau's teaching ever gained was Robespierre; and Robespierre was emphatically a sort of Calvin who overshot the mark.

Besides his obligation to Geneva, Rousseau abounds in ideas which may be definitely traced one by one to the writers whose works he is known to have read. He is steeped in Montaigne; Plutarch, Hobbes, Charron, gave him much; but above all in every page that he wrote, both upon education and government, we see how much is directly assimilated from that English philosopher, who was at once the strength and the weakness, the evil genius and the good genius, of French speculation in the eighteenth century,—our sage, firm, and sober Locke. Books have been written to prove that Rousseau was a plagiarist. If the name belongs to one who borrows the thoughts or decorations of other writers merely for a passing literary purpose of his own, it was never more entirely misapplied. Rousseau was by temperament eminently passive and receptive. It was his supreme conception of pleasure to lie profoundly still in the heat of the sun listening to the hum of the summer air or to the light whisper of the waters of the lake, and passively inhaling the sweet fragrance of

flowers and grass and the earth. He read the books that pleased him in the same mental attitude and mood. Their ideas were absorbed, assimilated, and became a part of himself, and in the process they were mixed and transformed into a new and strange force. He was original much as Voltaire was ; he contributed a new temper and a new sentiment. He combined old ideas in a fresh pattern ; he filled them with colour, and warmed them with the glow of ardent passion ; with magical skill he wove around them a vesture of tender sentiment, of sympathetic association, and fervid, inextinguishable hope, which brought men rapturous into an unrecognised presence.

No doubt the times were ripe, and the minds of men were already turned in the direction in which Rousseau led them with such overmastering vehemence. Had it not been so, it would have been impossible that within a short period of thirty years after the first publication of his two most important works, and almost within a dozen years of his death, the men who avowed themselves for his disciples, who kept his books ever open on their tables like some sacred fire perpetually burning, who never spoke without quotation of the master's sentences and justification of their actions from his principles,—that these Jacobins should without resistance have silenced the old religion, should have silenced Voltairism, and sent the Girondins who were its professors and representatives to the guillotine, and not only made themselves masters of their country, but should have charged France with a fiery current of social and patriotic and religious energy, and kindled a great flame of heroic purpose, for which we have to seek a parallel in the noble enthusiasm of the first crusades or the stormful fanaticism of the first followers of Mahomet. Once more, then, the harvest was ripe ; once more, no man scientifically or intellectually in the first rank of creative originality ever leads masses of men. He can only be original in form, and in the manner of the presentation of ideas of which the various conditions of the time have made men expectant. The theory of the great leader as a miraculously illuminated pillar of fire which flames into light we know not how ; or as a colossal monolith silently reared in the darkness of night by unseen hands, and towering like a portent in the level wilderness of humanity,—is one of the thoughts which fade away at the same time and by the same process as that conception of history which makes it a long series of inscrutable conjuring tricks.

Every one is tolerably familiar with the issue of the great battle in France between the old and the new up to the time when Rousseau effected his memorable diversion. The combatants were the Church on one side and the Philosophers, Voltaireans, or Encyclopædists on the other. Each party had its inner factions and subdivisions, but as against one another the two great armies closed their ranks and fought without concession, compromise, or quarter.

The aim of the Church is a very old story. Bad churchmen were animated by the same selfish and sinister motives which actuate bad men of all kinds in all times; love of wealth, power, ease, and that lazy darkness of the understanding in which the ignoble take comfort. Good churchmen, on the contrary, believed themselves to be defending the sacred cause of divinely transmitted truth and a divinely willed social order against the scatterers of spiritual pestilence and eternal death. The aims of the Philosophers are less easily described, but they may be best understood when we remember that these extraordinary men were consumed by the thirst of intellectual curiosity; that the acquisition of knowledge was to them what the attainment of holiness was to the canonised persons of the rival church: and each new piece of knowledge thus acquired was eagerly transformed by them into an instrument for the humiliation and extinction of what they styled prejudices, that is of the ideas and uses which for so many centuries had been the far-shining beacon of western Europe. Their prime motive was not so much sympathy as curiosity: their field of action was not within their own thoughts, feelings and aspirations, but without, in the esteem of friends and the prostration of foes; their spirit in a word was not apostolic but gladiatorial. The Philosophers had unquestionably many fine qualities; they had a sincere passion for knowledge; they had a passion for truth, though it was too often disturbed by the factious emotions of the partisan; they had a passion for intellectual freedom, though it was too often blotted by intolerant disrespect for antagonistic opinion; finally, they had the courage of bold thinking and straightforward speech, though they too often lacked that more singular courage of frank suspense and patient doubtfulness. The mark of the school was their enthusiastic belief in external progress, in the gradual perfecting of the material conditions of life by augmented knowledge and enlarged freedom. Their ideal was rationalistic, critical, argumentative, confiding the future of society rather to increased strength of intelligence than to a happier expansion of the affections; to brighter light from reason, rather than to a spread of new warmth and moral energy from the feelings. The leaders of this great party, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and above all, Diderot—whose individuality demands a separate appreciation—had many sage reserves and just reticences, but some of their subalterns carried the movement importunately forward, until they had landed the most polished and intellectual part of French society in a creed of some three articles, of which the first was the denial of a God, the second the assertion of the origin of the difference between right and wrong in convention, and the third, the reduction of all motives to deliberate self-interest.

Rousseau appeared in the very thick of the conflict of these two great bodies of partisans. He speedily found that he could side as

with one as the other. Religious dogma was a stumbling-block, and the mere acquisition of intellectual treasure foolishness. There was no pleasure to him, but only desolation and waste, in all triumphs of controversy. He cared little to prove falsity in opinions which he did not hold; he cared extremely that the opinions which he did hold should be a solid and undisturbed part of himself: not an element of fever, agitation, aggression, but the integral substance and all-pervading essence of a collected character and an ordered life. His central difference from the critical school did not lie in its demanding a system; on the contrary, it was exactly because it imposed a system from without that he found both the great beauties and blemishes of Christian monotheism with which he was brought into contact deeply repugnant to him. He sought unity of character in the development of the spontaneous qualities of human nature; he leaned all his weight upon what he counted the innate sensibility, truthfulness, benevolence, singleness of the heart of man; he insisted that these were the forces with which the lover of mankind should seek to deal, that only by warming, stimulating, and fostering these, and by a teasing and incessant alternation of argument and objection, qualification and rejoinder and rebutter, can we effect in the world the only reform which good men can care for or bad men be made to effect by.

It is obvious from this how it was that Rousseau's writings provoked the attack which the Philosophers had limited to theology and the Church, so as to comprehend in its criticism the whole social system. As soon as ever the point of view was shifted, as Rousseau shifted it, from knowledge to character, from the acquisition of truth to the possession of moral harmony, then it was no longer a question of a special set of dogmas or a special kind of spiritual authority, but of the whole range of those external circumstances and relations in which character and the inner harmony are affected and regulated. Rousseau whose ideal of conduct is not triumphant disputation, but a life in accord with surrounding circumstance, clearly the main thing is not the truth of propositions, but the fitness of institutions. It is easy to see what a vast and deep-reaching revolution this transposition of the field of battle made both in the thought of the eighteenth century and in all social thought since. In comparison with the issue raised by Rousseau, which was nothing less than the complete and absolute transformation of the whole social system from a static position to coping stone, the quarrel between the doctors of the law and the doctors of the Encyclopædia seemed little more than a provincial jealousy of a profession on an enormous scale. The differences between Sadducee and Pharisee sink into insignificance in the presence of the messenger of a new dispensation.

THE way of describing the influence which Rousseau has impressed

upon Europe, would be to draw up lists of the ideas which he expounded in his various capacities of novelist, moralist, publicist: such as, in politics, the indivisible, inalienable, irresistible sovereignty of peoples; the propriety of having a state religion; the folly of representative government, which only gives men a moment of freedom at the time of election: in education, the necessity of parents being the teachers of their own children; the mischief of anything like premature competition, and forced rivalry; the superiority of the conditions of rustic isolation and rustic simplicity. But bare catalogues of these several orders of ideas do not sufficiently reveal the total force, by which Rousseau seized the imagination of France, surpassing the Philosophers in disrespect for tradition and authority, and the Church in devout religiosity; introducing decisively strange and hitherto unknown sentiments, the sentiment of nature for one, of world-weariness for another, into a front place in European literature; and finally achieving the sovereign distinction of true power, by making as deep a mark in the thought of adversaries as in the thought of avowed disciples. The royalist Chateaubriand and the Christian Lamennais are as much inspired by him as the Jacobin Robespierre and the transcendental deist George Sand. A man's influence only completes the circle in this way, when his conception has touched the whole circle of life, and this was the important characteristic of Rousseau,—far more important than what he thought specially about government or theology or education or morals, each independently and apart,—that he fused all these several sets of ideas into a whole, and subordinated them in their relations to a new type of character and new type of life. What were the elements of this type; and what was its secret? Its secret was the old appeal, which comes again and again, and always with stupendous effect, in moments when belief is exhausted, and purpose has become pitiful, and social circumstance has pinched and straitened the opportunity for social energy,—the old appeal away from outer society to the inner spirit of the individual. 'The true philosophy,' he said, 'is to return within oneself—*rentrer en soi-même*—and to listen to the voice of conscience amid the stillness of the passions.' This was the key-note, the key-note of reaction against a society which was rapidly falling into decrepitude in most of the functions for which a society exists. In decrepit times, if there is ever any revival of vigour, it always takes the form of a return to something to be sought internally in spirit and in truth. Rousseau invited men to turn from dogma in which certainty was unattainable to simple contemplation of the divinity which the witness of their own conscience gave them full assurance to quit the pompous sterilities of art and literature and science, and to evolve from their own spiritual consciousness a simple and orderly system of life; to abandon the frivolous existence of an artificial society

meanness, its luxury, its cupidities and covetousness, and wrap ourselves in the sentiment of nature, in a feeling for mountain wood, for birds and flowers, for all the glorious ordering of the universe. How familiar all this is to us; but try to measure its effect, when such a conception first dawned in the midst of the intellectual glitter, the social shallowness, of France a hundred years ago. Its very familiarity to us is the measure of this effect.

The stimulus which Rousseau's ideas gave to imagination, sometimes genuine noble, sometimes infected with a hot and sickly sensibility, and sometimes most unwholesomely substituting bombastic sentimentalism for the robust, direct, concrete, and spacious forms of poetry, may be seen in the magnificent expansion which has taken place in imaginative literature since his time; and this in the cult of nature-worship, the glorification of solitude, the combat against social bonds, the professed consciousness of inward weaknesses far transcending the niggardliness of opportunity, and the other notes of Rousseau's teaching. If Rousseau had stopped at the presentation of his ideal of the individual life, and of the means by which you are to prepare us to lead it, his work would have taken its place along with the other Utopian visions by which we are cheered and elevated. But he did not stop here. He passed on from the consideration of the type of manhood to the consideration of the social *milieu*, and the way in which he considered this was the root of the vast mischief which he has seen. His method was simple. He annihilated the milieu; he started not only on isolating his phenomenon in thought, but in fact

The whole past of the race was to drop off from us, any clinging roots and threads to be carefully cut away, the so-called progress of the race to be re-traced at a single bound, and man to be led once more in the primeval paradise where there should never be any accursed tree of knowledge to tempt him to a second

All was to begin over again, history to be obliterated from memory, and the old social order from sight. Does this seem extravagant? Why, this very spirit descended as by a kind of apostolic succession, and with natural discrepancies, to Fourier, Proudhon, Owen, Leroux, Saint-Simon, and others, and has been repeated in some American attempts within the memory of us all.

Let us remark some of the more momentous consequences which followed logically or otherwise from this unprecedented association of a social ideal with the active negation of all existing society. Usually projectors of new ways of living are content to leave the old ways to themselves, rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and pursuing their ideas in such tranquillity as Cæsar may indulge them in. But the whole system was touched directly and aggressively by Rousseau. He maintained that you must study society by men and

men by society; those, he said, who insist on treating politics and morals apart will never understand either one or the other. This was sound teaching enough, if you mean to treat them scientifically; in that case the two go together. But then his was not scientific treatment, but the *a priori* metaphysical erection of a fantastic moral ideal of his own, followed by a fantastic social ideal of his own, and the whole work consecrated in the name of Nature, which is the modern euphemism for the great eyeless Moloch of force without a purpose. The moral ideal is full of admirable traits, and Emile, with all its faults, is one of the rare books that possess true psychagogic quality. It is possibly a question whether Rousseau meant it to be more than a Utopian romance. There is a story of some fervent disciple meeting Rousseau, and hastening to inform him that he was bringing up a son in strict conformity to the very letter of the precepts of Emile; to which the author replied, 'Then so much the worse, sir, both for you and your son.' However this may be, and whatever Rousseau may have meant, the fact that the author of Emile, was also the author of the Contrat Social produced a confusion between moral aspiration and the supposed ease of instant realisation throughout society, which arising when it did, and falling on the soil which happened to be ready for it, has brought forth a great multitude of social dreams which would be purely grotesque and simply ridiculous, if men did not happen to be ready to die for them. Effect you see moral transformation: the social transformation follows along with it the same process. Rousseau neglected this, and it is a significant coincidence that the Contrat Social, or political gospel, even preceded by a little Emile, is the moral gospel. Both gospels, however, were equally forms of the doctrine that nature has given us all, if we choose to listen to her voice, an absolute ideal of the social union, and of the few slight and simple conditions which qualify a man for the discharge of all his duties. His practical disciples in the Convention acted in conformity with this kind of view. 'It is necessary completely to refashion a people whom one wishes to make free,' began one famous report,—'to destroy its prejudices, alter its habits, limit its necessities, eradicate its vices and purify its desires. Strong forces, therefore, must be set in motion,' and so forth. Here we see beyond mistake the finger of Rousseau, the confused association of swift and facile change in institution with swift and facile change in the habit and aspiration of man. The same fatal confusion of spiritual and temporal is to be seen in the ideas of Saint-Just, the most thorough-going fanatic of the Jacobin party. Observation and experience made him reverse Rousseau's benevolent premiss of the goodness of the human heart. Rousseau contended that man is good, and that if you only move the obstructions of society all would go well. Saint-Just held that man is not good, and that it is for the state to see that

le is made so. 'The desire of riches,' he said, 'is universal, yet wealth is a crime.' He conceived it to be the business of the legislators to stamp out desires which he admitted to be universal. The and was to be compulsorily divided; every one not a functionary and not an official was to cultivate the land himself; there were to be no servants, and no vessels of gold or silver; no child under sixteen was to eat meat, and no grown person in three days of the decade. This was what nature appeared to Saint-Just. This, like all extravagances of socialistic Lycurgeoan thought since, had its root in the pernicious and headlong anticipations of moral reform by root and branch abolition of the existing social laws. But let us return to Rousseau's own doctrine, as it was originally promulgated.

To begin with, his doctrine contained the revolutionary dogma of the equality of man. There issued from it the poetised version of the old theory of the law of nature. If you strip away the surroundings of society, and pierce to what metaphysical dreamers like Rousseau view as the pure and abstract quality of manhood, there can be no reason why one should not partake as much of this abstract quality as another. In *Emile*, for instance, Rousseau's capital production, it is impossible not to feel, in spite of all protests to the contrary, that we are preparing a life of self-contained individualism without relation either to transmitted quality and heritable predispositions or to the active discharge of social functions. To such an ideal it is indeed indispensable that we may assume in all the material with which the educator has to deal equality of inborn capacity, benevolent sentiment, and strong generous inclination. That equality being assumed, and all the differences which we see round us being attributed to the depraving action of social arrangements, there is certainly nothing surprising in the vehement energy with which Rousseau's disciples alike in speculation and action have dealt with social arrangements.

It is inevitable that such a dogma as this of equality, in whatever sense it may be originally propounded, should be transformed into a proposition of politics, whenever outer circumstances should make such a transformation possible, with or without the chance of translating it from theory into practice. Rousseau declared that a king should not hesitate to give his son in marriage to the daughter of the executioner, if he found in the pair a proper conformity of tastes, humour, character. From this to the doctrine that a king is a mere functionary like another, is not far, and the influence of Rousseau, with his sovereignty of peoples, and equality of man, and law of nature, was decisively attested before his death in the opening words of the American Declaration of Independence.

Democracy was never more effectively formulated than in the passage in *Emile* which declares that, 'It is the common people who

compose the human race; what is not people is so trifling that it is hardly worth the trouble of counting. Man is the same in all ranks; and that being so, the ranks which contain the greatest numbers deserve most respect. In the eyes of the thinker, all civil distinctions vanish; he sees the same passions and the same sentiments in the rough and the man of quality; he only finds a difference in their way of talking, a more or less elaborate colouring; and if any essential distinction marks them, it is to the disadvantage of the more dissimulative. . . . Respect, then, your kind; remember that it is composed essentially of the collection of the common people; that were all the kings and all the philosophers to be taken away, it would hardly be perceived, and things would go none the worse (*Emile*, liv. 4.) It was the students of Emile who put Lewis XVI. to death, and sent Lavoisier to the scaffold with the apophthegm that the Republic has no need of chemists.

A second consequence of Rousseau's notion of the right life according to nature was the further development of the doctrine of equality beyond both its moral and its political aspects, into equality of material condition. If merit, under fair circumstances without original advantage or disadvantage, is the same in every case, how much more than unrighteous it must be that they who sow the seed, and tend and watch and bear all the heat and burden of the day, should have even less of the fruits than the loiterer who has done more than look on. Rousseau went further than this, and unsealed a fountain which has since then expanded into a torrent, by this memorable declaration: 'The first person who having enclosed a piece of ground bethought himself to say, *This is mine*, and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society. How many crimes, how many wars, how many murders, what miseries and what horrors, would not have been spared to the human race by one who should have plucked the stakes out of the ground or filled up the trench, exclaiming to his fellows, *Beware of listening to this impostor; you are lost if you forget that the fruits are for all, and that the earth belongs to no one.*' The significance of the fact that no one did thus rise up, and interfere with the trespasser on this interesting and momentous occasion, is as entirely ignored as the significance of the fact of the founder of the institution of property being drawn, in spite of the goodness of his nature, which no society could as yet have warped or disturbed, into so disastrous a transgression. With Rousseau you are always equally distant from positive evidence of what actually happened, and from a rational explanation of what he alleges to have happened. Yet the air of rigorous deduction and close reasoning which he maintains even when in the height of his passion has misled not a few into taking for genuinely scientific forms the solemn dialectic with which he

orks out his most preposterous sophisms. People made heedless of gic, either by misery or by intense compassion for the misery of hers, never stopped to inquire as to the exact accuracy of a man's llogisms who was so fervent in his assurance that the poverty rich cries aloud on the earth is due to a simple and easily re-ovable accident, and that misery is not only unnecessary but is eventible by such simple processes as declaring men equal and olishing property.

It is sometimes complained that the impulse which Rousseau gave democracy has only led men to think in an envious and ignoble ay of material comfort and gratification of sense as the aim and ad of the life of the people. This complaint, we may observe, is ually found on the lips of persons whose own senses are sedulously pped in material comfort, but wherever found, it is unjust. Rous- au did not envy the luxurious liver, he despised him; he did not ish all to become rich, he wished all to become poor; the plain fect of his teaching was not to make the modest poor envious, but make the rich and luxurious ashamed. We lose the key to all his ough if we cease to remember that his notion of democracy was ot materialist, but spiritualist, and had its fountain in a strictly oral revolt.

Rousseau himself is not absolutely consistent in his aversion for ciety, and there is at least one place where he speaks with reference o Poland distinctly like a disciple of the historic method—a man o true genius cannot help having glimpses of common sense,—but ie general tendency of his teaching, and that which was seized most ugerly by all his followers, was to hold up the social order as the evil ulwark restraining and penning up this vast and generous flood f human nature. They never explained, and never seemed to have lt the need for having it explained, how this monstrous bulwark ad been raised. Voltaire's attack on religion manifested the same allowness: mankind, he said, were very intelligent, and their telligence would have made them very happy, only by evil chance ey were all overtaken by religion; where all the religions in the orld came from, and how it was that men all over the face of the lobe opened their hearts to them, and how it was that their intelli- ence did not prove a shield against such an enemy, he never thought necessary to inquire. What religion was to Voltaire, society was o Rousseau. Men would all be leading sweet and lovely lives, with rule open to the highest, and senses fresh for all the simple delights f nature, if only they had not been perverted by society; but hence this frightful monster, gorgon, and chimæra dire had its rigin, who invented society, why men with all the vigour of young ad unsophisticated humanity strong within them came to accept the

detestable invention—these were questions which the school of Rousseau never thought of asking. The fundamental problem of origins once put, they would have been launched in that scientific path from which they revolted. They would have had to perceive that the conditions of the social union, with all its miseries and all its inadequateness, are as much the outcome of human nature as the most heroic type of character or the most perfect ideal of life. Rousseau maintained that bad institutions are in reality not institutions in any right sense; and by the same process of reasoning he counted the bad qualities of men and women as no qualities at all. Society was the unfortunate scape-goat on whose head the sins of the whole congregation were solemnly laid, leaving humanity free of spot and stain.

It will be perceived that we are immersed in the abstract or metaphysical method, that our social teacher is just as competent to talk about society as the men who believed in occult virtues were to talk about chemistry, or those who believed in vital spirits to constitute biology. He was persuaded of the real existence of entities corresponding to his own abstract conceptions. As if society were something apart from the men and women who compose it; as if human nature were something apart from any actual qualities which men and women have ever shown; as if the Laws of Nature or the Rights of Man existed or had once existed in some known document. There is a story that at the time when the Convention were deliberating upon a new constitution in 1793, one of its members went to the national library and inquired for a copy of the laws of Minos. The librarian had to explain that Minos was the son of Zeus and Europa, a Homeric person, a mere shadow of a name in a myth, and that though no doubt his laws would have been of great service for France if only they had survived, as a matter of fact no copy had been preserved. Men thought in the same real and corporeal way about the Laws of Nature, and all the other metaphysical fictions with which Rousseau had deluged their minds. They supposed that there had once been really seen on the earth that noble, pure, elevated life which Rousseau called the State of Nature, and which was in truth nothing but a private invention, evolved from his own consciousness, leading to the most fatal retrogression in the path of civilisation, but yet eagerly welcomed by a decaying and unhappy nation.

For the material exhaustion and administrative debility of France were what gave such fatal illustration to the dialectic of the Social Contract. If the people had been materially prosperous, and if the government of the time a strong and coherent organ of national life, the Contrat Social and Emile would of course no more have led to the destruction of the old framework and the triumph of Jacobinism.

principles, than the publication of a new translation of Plato's Republic would have done so. The concurrence of certain economic and political conditions was required here as always to turn mere speculation into a violent explosive. Of all the known misfortunes of western society—there may be many more of a primitive kind of which we are blissfully ignorant—we can hardly point to one more disastrous than the external circumstances which happened to give the speculations of Rousseau a short moment of absolute power, when there had been time or opportunity of sifting the sound grain from truth in them from their evil and drastic husk.

That there was a sound grain in them, we perceive by considering the opposite way of seeking social truth. This opposite conception, which arose in modern thought with Montesquieu, Hume, Condorcet, Adam Smith, more or less at the same time as Rousseau's, regards society as an organism, the subject of growth and development, the direct resultant of the forces of human nature and the forces of our outer circumstance and surrounding, the final product at any given time of an accumulation of preceding states, therefore spontaneously regulated at any given moment by a series of conditions which are capable of scientific examination and treatment.

But this historic or positive conception of every social state has a constant tendency to narrow the limits of social endeavour by freezing the hopes of what is possible; to exaggerate the tightness of the reins which the past has on the present and future; to reduce social progress to a mere business of historical exposition, and to confound the function of an institution or a use with its permanent justification and eternal warrant. The irrefragable principle not only of the value of continuity, but of the proved impossibility of suddenly breaking continuity in any of its deeper elements, is in perpetual danger and at stake through the natural disposition of men towards the extreme application of any principle, secondly from the comfort which the immediate application of this particular principle brings to the indolent selfish parts of us all—of being pushed ever on and on, until at last we find ourselves confronting all the cruelty, waste, brutishness, and make such havoc within us and without us, with nothing better than the dulled vision and the impotent right-hand of a philosophic system. The element of good in Rousseau's passionate declamation is the impulse which it gave in the direction opposite to this. He was as far from the truth on the other side, believing that we have to frame our conceptions of human nature in the abstract, and to deduce from that conception all the maxims which are necessary for the construction of a perfect social system. The extreme of the easy modifiableness of society is just as untrue and just as perilous as the extreme view of the difficulty of modifying it.

Safety lies nowhere but in the mean between the stationary fatalism of one school, and the retrogressive dream of the other; and this mean we can only secure by fixing our eyes on the past experience of the race: by contrasting the condition of the most backward tribes, I will not say of savages, but of those who have taken some of the decisive steps that lead away from savagery, with the most advanced western communities, many and deep as are the stains still defacing our civilisation, and marking even in the empirical and tentative manner which is all that the present development of social study permits to us, the long road and the many halting-places and the critical turning-points by which the vast hosts of humanity have sadly or jubilantly made their way from the old lands of night. This was the experience from which Rousseau turned away his face, and it was because he turned his face away from it, and had no thought nor reverence nor gratitude either for the great intellectual leaders who had, one after another and little by little, laboriously worked out a progressive modification of knowledge and laws to meet more and more satisfactorily the eternal exigencies of human nature, nor for the great moral leaders who had gradually elevated our conception of the height to which human nature is capable of rising, as well as by noble and holy example kindled in men the burning desire and strong thirst to rise to this height,—it was because he thus thrust behind him the intellectual and moral endeavour of the past that his own ideal was smitten with scientific and moral barrenness, and after a space fell to the ground like a tower without foundation or a tree with no earth about its roots. His true influence lies apart from his ideal, in the impulse which he gave to the motives for search after social truth. He set forth as no one had ever done before the nullity of a civilisation whose consummating benefits only the few partake of, and he brought into a prominence of which it can never be again deprived the truth that the very aim of all our art and science and organisation is missed, so long as the great majority of men are as Gentiles, standing without the gates and having no inheritance in these things. After all, as I have said elsewhere, it was much to induce thinkers to ask themselves and the bondmen of society to ask their masters, whether the last word of social philosophy had been uttered, and the last experiment in the relation of men to one another decisively tried and irrevocably accepted.

EDITOR.

FROM AGRAM TO ZARA.

PART II.

From Vaganac I went next day to Zavalje. The road ran along the foot of a steep hill of considerable height, called the Plishevica, which cuts off the inhabitants of this part of the cordon from the interior valleys of the Frontier. In fact the Plishevica forms the watershed between the Adriatic and the Black Sea; for, although the parallel ridges of the Great and Little Capella may be equally high, they are bored by subterranean channels, through which the waters of the intermediate vallies fall into the Adriatic. As a natural rampart, the Plishevica might have been expected to form the frontier between the two neighbouring empires; or if this was not fixed upon we might have expected that the river Unna would have been selected to mark their bounds; instead of which the frontier line runs along the edge of a sort of natural terrace at the foot of the hill. That this line was chosen, and not that of the Unna, an officer with whom I was talking a few days later attributed to the Austrian commissioners having been bribed by the Turks. Just over the line is Izachit, concealed from sight however by the lie of the ground. Although this natural terrace, along which the road runs, is to some extent overgrown with thorny shrubs, yet the baleful influence of the Karst is but too plainly evident. Its effects are also seen in the houses of the people. Instead of the large building, with its circle of attendant huts, surrounded by an orchard of plum trees, we here see only two, three, or at most four, miserable sheds clustered together. In this part of the Frontier, where the capabilities of the soil do not keep pace with the increase of the population, the house-communion system has broken down. Secret and illegal divisions of the common property made by mutual agreement, without reference to the military authorities, and unratified by any court, are here the rule. I was afterwards told by a military man that between Vaganac and Zavalje an oak forest, worth one hundred thousand florins, had been destroyed in the earlier half of this century, on the report of a general sent by the War Office to inspect the Frontier. This was done merely to lighten the work of guarding the cordon against the incursions of the Bosnian robbers, and was cited as a proof of the wasteful character of military administration.

Zavalje is essentially a military post, containing scarcely anything more than the houses of the officers who have to guard the cordon, their *kansley*, the inn, the school, the church, and a little lower down, on the very edge of the steep bank, which is already Turkish

territory, the rastell. These buildings are grouped round a small neglected green, with one or two very old oak trees, which serves for mustering the soldiers and for dancing the *kolo*. The inn belonged to a well-to-do tradesman who was also postmaster at Petrovo Selo, the point where the road from Vaganac diverges towards the places in the interior of the regiment. This man had accumulated sufficient money to be considered a capitalist in this apparently poverty-stricken corner of the world. The traveller, however, must not hastily conclude that it is quite as poor as it appears, for Zavalje is a station through which the merchandise of Germany and Austria penetrates into the Turkish Empire, coming from Trieste through Zengg and Otochac. A recent robbery of the post on its way to Korenica threatened him with a considerable loss. As much as twenty thousand florins was taken out of the mail-bags, and, as these bags had not been fastened up in exactly the manner prescribed by the post-office, there was a question as to whether he would not be compelled to replace the money; although, of course, no one pretended that if he had complied with the regulations the money would have been saved. As he could not be in two places at once, he had entrusted the management of the inn at Zavalje to a Hungarian, who had fought in the ranks of the honvéds in 1848-49, whence he was transferred to the Imperial Royal army. He had afterwards taken up his father's calling as the manager of a travelling circus, in which capacity he had visited most places in European Turkey and Asia Minor. It was very amusing to me to find that the unanimous opinion of the South Slavs, among whom his lot was cast, had not modified his Hungarian views. He was quite satisfied that the only way to introduce good order into the Frontier was by handing over its administration to the Hungarian Government.

Through the little windows of the inn I distinctly saw the town of Bihat, by the Frontier-men more generally called Bishtje, whose white minarets were the most oriental-looking objects I had as yet seen. I proceeded at once to the kanzley, to call on an officer to whom I had an introduction—the *oberlieutenant* who assisted the major in the cordon duty. As I had never seen the Mohammedan worship, the officer proposed that we should put off our visit until Friday, which, it seems, was the weekly market-day at Bihat.

So, on Friday morning, I started from Zavalje in a waggon, with the lieutenant by my side, for Bihat, a distance of two English miles. Before it enters Turkish territory the road passes through the rastell, which is situated just on the slope. As we descended this slope, and were already on Turkish ground, the lieutenant called my attention to the rough and imperfect manner in which the road had been recently repaired. "You see how bad it is now," said he; "but if you had come a few weeks ago you would have

found it much worse; that it has been repaired is the consequence of a recent visit of the Governor of Bosnia to Bihat, when he was expected to pay us a visit in Zavalje." Half-an-hour's drive brought us to Bihat. Its walls and gates were of the true mediæval style, with a moat and drawbridge. Before the gate itself stood a negro in Turkish uniform, with a broad grin on his face as he presented arms to the lieutenant, who told him not to let any of his people—meaning the people from the Austrian side of the Frontier who were coming in to market—enter the town before his *sereshaner* arrived. We had not got far into the narrow streets, encumbered with the crowd of market people, before it was deemed expedient to get out and find our way on foot to the best shop in the place, which was kept by a Jewish subject of Austria. The shop contained, as is usually the case in out-of-the-way places, all sorts of miscellaneous merchandise. We at once ordered a bottle of liqueur to drink one another's health in, and while it was being opened I exchanged a few words, in German, with the young man behind the counter. Turning round to look for my guide, I found him engaged in conversation with a man who was dressed in respectable, but at the same time slightly Orientalised, European clothes, with a red fez on his head. The expression on the stranger's face was that of a man who either cannot or will not answer the questions which are put to him. I approached the couple, and it suddenly occurred to me that the difficulty in the conversation might be occasioned by the want of a common language. I asked the lieutenant what he wanted with him, and he answered, "I want to know who he is." On my suggesting that perhaps the stranger understood French, the lieutenant answered that he could not speak that language. I then addressed the stranger myself, and found that he was a Pole who had taken part in the insurrection of 1863, had been living in France, and had just obtained, by means of the French ambassador at Constantinople, a post in a newly-established branch of the Turkish public service for the management of State forests. He had been but three days in Bihat, and had had great difficulty in obtaining lodgings, but had at length got hold of some rooms tenanted by a retailer of coffee, for he could hardly be called a coffeehouse-keeper. In return for our treating him to a few glasses of rosoglio, the Pole insisted on our taking a cup of coffee with him in his quarters. On our way we picked up a Turkish officer in his convenient and brilliant, but hardly graceful, uniform, and sat down as an *Ost-Westliche Divan* in the little upper room which the cafetier had ceded to the newly-arrived official. In order to reach it we had climbed up a flight of stone steps or stairs as slippery and dilapidated as those of a ruined castle, and so narrow that only one person could climb up at a time. The walls which pressed it on either side were withal so dusty

that it was with reluctance I leaned my hand on them to assist me in going up and down. I was the more impressed with its inconvenience, as I was encumbered with a long mantle that got under my feet on the least provocation. The room of my new acquaintance was destitute of all furniture, except two bedsteads or divans and an iron stove. The window overlooking the street was hardly larger than a man's head. While discussing the coffee, which was brought in from another room still retained by the cafetier, and served by the Bosniac servant of our host, our conversation was carried on in three languages. I exchanged ideas with the host in French; with my guide, the lieutenant, in German; while the latter conversed with the Turkish officer in Croatian, which language the Pole contrived to understand pretty well, and to speak a little, owing to the similarity which exists between all Slav languages. Nor did he prove so ignorant of German as he had appeared when we first made his acquaintance. He promised himself the pleasure of often visiting Zavalje, and there improving his knowledge of that language. We left in time to allow of our witnessing the mid-day prayer in the mosque.

On our way to the mosque we fell in with one of the *hodjas*, the persons who recite the prayers are called. He was one of the very few Osmanlis in the place, and presented the same contrast to the surrounding Mohammedan Slavs, both in dress and in appearance which I had observed in the kadi of Turkish Kostainica. He also greeted me as an Englishman with the same appearance of cordiality. In passing through the shapeless streets, or rather lanes, of the town, I asked the lieutenant how it was that he so readily recognised the Christians from the Mohammedans, as both classes wore turbans and to my unpractised eye appeared to be dressed alike. He answered that the Christians wore their hair, while the Mohammedans shaved their heads. To both parts of this rule I, in the course of our walk, pointed out apparent exceptions, so I gave up the hope of distinguishing them myself during so short a visit, except when peculiar insolence on the one hand, or excessive humility on the other, pointed out an individual as belonging to the dominant or subject religion. We arrived at the mosque in time to see the congregation assembling. Besides ourselves, there had come to Bihat, from the same motives of curiosity as myself, the newly-appointed parish priest of Zavalje. He was particularly urgent that we should keep on our hats; but the lieutenant explained to me that, from intercourse with the Christians on the other side of the border, the people of Bihat had become accustomed to the Christian mode of showing reverence. As we stood a little way inside the western door, several of the congregation, as they took off their outer shoes or clogs, gave us strange looks in passing, as if

asking us what we did there; but the majority were evidently accustomed to the giaour and his ways.

The mosque is one of the old Roman Catholic churches of the place, strangely metamorphosed so as to adapt it to the purposes of Mohammedan worship. Of course it was built due east and west, and as Mecca lies in a south-easterly direction from Bihat, the Mohammedan pulpit had been erected in the south-eastern corner of the building, the chancel having been demolished and the triumphal arch walled up. The congregation consequently sat, as it were, corner-wise, in diagonal lines from north-east to south-west. The aspect of the building and of the worshippers explained to me why the services of the mosque appear to Roman Catholics as Puritan, to Puritans as Roman Catholic. The sacred building had been divested of all the ornaments and furniture appropriate to the ritual of its former worshippers, and their successors had brought scarcely anything of their own to replace what they had destroyed. The mosque was as bare as a barn, if we except the pulpit and a small enclosure in which was placed the second *hodja*, who appeared to perform a subordinate part in the service, something like a parish clerk. Even the Gothic windows had been so walled up, both above and below, that their architectural character could not be recognised from within. The open pulpit was reached by a staircase, not as in Christian churches, so built as to be as little conspicuous as possible, but leading straight up without any curve or winding, so that the preacher, whether ascending or descending, is always in sight of the whole congregation. At the same time, the solemn and set form of service, and the use of a sacred language not understood by the common people, afford obvious analogies to the services in the Roman Church.

This mosque was a church dedicated to St. Nicholas, and, according to the common belief of Bihat, was at first used by the Turks as stabling for their horses, until the unusual mortality of these animals convinced the conquerors that it was a place of more than usual sanctity, upon which they converted it into a mosque. Bihat contains two other mosques, but no church is allowed to rise within its walls. The Roman Catholic Christians of the neighbourhood worship without the walls, on the site of a ruined church. In the midst of the graves a sort of wooden shed, open on the western side, covers the altar, and in front of this the living congregation stand amidst the resting-places of the dead. Mr. Paton, who visited Bihat in 1848, draws a comparison between the toleration of the Sultan, the successor of the Prophet, and the intolerance displayed by the descendants of a Christian nation, now the fiercest persecutors of the faith of their ancestors. I myself, however, heard the question discussed as to how much assistance the Austrian Government would

give the congregation in the work of rebuilding the church. It was understood that they would be allowed to cut the timber required in the adjacent forests of the Frontier; but as to whether a sum of money in hard cash would also be granted them, was a point on which there seemed to be some doubt. From this place we drove, reckless of the fact that it was a rough country and no road, to the parsonage, if I may use such a word, in which lived the Franciscan who had the care of the parish between Bihat and the Austrian frontier. It may be observed that all the Roman Catholic clergy of Bosnia belong to the Order of St. Francis. It took some amount of knocking at the rude wooden gate at the little yard of the parsonage before we could get in; although, or perhaps because, our attempts at attracting attention were seconded by the baying of a large dog chained up in the yard. As we entered the door, the Franciscan was coming down-stairs to meet us, but it was only from his behaviour that I recognised in him the parish priest, for his dress had absolutely nothing clerical about it. The little fez on his head, the short fur-trimmed jacket or spencer of blue cloth, and the full baggy trousers fastened just below the knee, and gaiters of somewhat Greek or Albanian cut, together with the bare neck and full beard, presented as marked a contrast to the usual appearance of a Roman Catholic priest as can easily be imagined. He and his curate, who wore an equally unclerical costume, received us cordially, but not without a certain embarrassment, for their dinner had long been over; it was Friday, and they had no meat in the house, while neither of us had dined. However, a few eggs were to be procured, and wine, of course, was at once forthcoming. The conversation here, as at Bihat, was carried on in three languages; while the priest and the officer conversed in their native Croatian, I could only interchange ideas with my host in Latin, and when that failed, request in German the lieutenant to act as interpreter. These Franciscans are educated in Italy, and consequently know Italian, but seldom any other West European language.

In Zavalje I made several acquaintances, more, indeed, than were to be expected in so small a place. One of these was a medical man, stationed at Korenica, who stopped at Zavalje on his way to visit a Mohammedan patient in Bihat. He was introduced to me as an enthusiastic student of the English language, and, indeed, he was able to speak it very fairly, but did not understand a word of the answers which I gave him. I was glad to come into contact with some one who regarded matters from another stand-point than that of the Frontier officer. So it was agreed that I should return to Korenica with him. On Sunday, after the mass had been performed in the old Slavonic—for Zavalje is situated in the diocese of Modruš and Zengg, which has the privilege of using the old liturgy—he

was performed by the youths and maidens at the express invitation of the officers. The name of this national dance of the South Slavs means "circle." It is, I believe, generally danced by the young of one sex alone. In the present case the young men formed a decided minority in the ring. Holding one another's hands in such a way that each dancer leaned towards his or her right-hand neighbour, they moved round and round with a somewhat high and measured step, giving themselves the time by chanting some song. Every now and then the ring would open and admit one of the children standing without, until so many had been admitted as would inconvenience the dancers, when the circle broke up to be formed anew. The appearance of the people on this Sunday certainly modified the opinion I had formed of the poverty of the country and the melancholy character of the inhabitants. A peculiar accompaniment to the music and the dance was the jingling of coins of various kinds worn by the girls as necklaces. These they have, in many cases, been handed down from mother to daughter for several generations, until they acquire a semi-sacred character in the eyes of their owners. An officer standing by told me that he had seen on a peasant woman in Bosnia a silver coin of the Emperor Hadrian, which he could by no means induce her to part with. They are, however, not always so precious or so old. Looking with the parish priest of Sluin through his orchard I saw something glittering like gold in the grass, and stooping to pick it up I was surprised at finding it so very light. It was, in fact, a new twenty-kreutzer piece of the reign of Francis Joseph washed over with gold. The priest called to the woman who was gathering in the plums, and she at once recognised it as her property. As the crow flies it is but a short distance from Zavalje to Korenica, but as the intervening hill is perfectly impassable to wheeled vehicles, on account of the weakness of my foot forbade my walking, I had to return by road that I came as far as Petrovo Selo. We then proceeded as far as Priboj, and descended a steep winding road beneath a pine forest, where the post had lately been robbed, to the small plain surrounded by high hills, in which Korenica is situated. My fellow-traveller pointed out to me the spot where the two robbers were executed with sword and ball. One of them, the elder of the two, obstinately denied his guilt to the last, and died with a curse in his mouth. The younger one, who had been married but ten days before the robbery, directly confessed his share in the crime by observing that whoever married his widow would be a rich man. A little further on we reached the ruins of a Turkish tomb. When my friend was at Bihat a Turkish officer had given into his charge a soldier servant of his to be cured of a cutaneous eruption on the face. The poor fellow did not understand a word of Croatian, and so was unable to talk either

with his physician or with the people of the inn at which he was lodged in Korenica. To make matters more embarrassing the people of Korenica have a prejudice against a misbeliever, especially against one who had not only a cutaneous disorder, but could not even speak the language of their Mohammedan cousins, the Bosniacs.

My medical friend not being a Croat looked at matters from a somewhat more philosophical point of view than most of my military informants. He considered the prejudice entertained on the Christian side of the frontier, with regard to the superiority in dirt attributed to the Mohammedan neighbours, to be unfounded. Indeed, I found that the more educated people were, the better, or, at any rate, less bad, was the idea they entertained about the Turks. Considered from a sanitary point of view, he thought the condition of the Frontier anything but satisfactory, while the medical supervision of the district was so inadequate that the pretence of keeping it up was only a farce. Most of the people whom I met—the educated, or would-be educated, I mean—were, like the major at Kostainica, fully impressed with their superiority to the Turks. That the Bosniacs address every-one as “thou” was actually cited as a proof of their want of civilization. My new friend, as a medical man, had better opportunities for making acquaintance with the home-life of the Mohammedans than his military comrades, and he spoke with evident respect of the elegance in poverty which he had observed among them. Like my Prussian predecessor, Herr Maurer, I had occasion to remark how little acquainted with the “neighbours” the Frontier officers are. But few of them have any active curiosity as to the other side of the border, and the curiosity of those few is baulked by the vigilant suspicion of the Turkish authorities.

The part of the Frontier into which I had now come, and in which Korenica is situated, was the old county of Krbava, or Korbavia. This county—the word is here to be understood as the fief or dominion of a count, and not in the administrative sense which it has acquired in England and Hungary—and the adjoining one of Likka, were the first portions of the Frontier to be militarised. But the flood of Turkish invasion overwhelmed this first military colony, in spite of the German garrisons placed in its fortresses by Ferdinand of Austria, and it was not until 1689 that the country was recovered to Christendom by means of the “little war,” kept up at that time by the Frontier guards themselves against their Mohammedan neighbours. The whole of this part of the Frontier was at that time entrusted to the so-called Inner Austrian Chamber (*Kammer*), a sort of Government Board sitting at Grätz. The Inner Austrian authorities at first farmed out the newly acquired territory to an adventurer from Fiume. This arrangement, however, was disapproved by the *Hofkammer* at Vienna, the contract was declared

null and void, and the Inner Austrian authorities compelled to take the administration of the country into their own hands, sent thither a Count Coronini as their Commissioner. At first the Commissioner took to himself great credit for the energy with which he restrained the "innate savagery" of the people committed to his care. Soon, however, such a mass of complaints were brought, both by communities and individuals, against Coronini—one of them, sent in by a priest, was to the effect that since he came into the Likka he had never confessed, and very seldom went to mass—that the authorities both at Grätz and Vienna determined on recalling him, and sent a certain Baron Rambschissl to take his place. But Coronini was not disposed to give up his position so easily, and succeeded, by his interest at Vienna, in preserving part of his authority. Thus the fierce people of Likka and Krbava, many of whom were converts, probably not entirely voluntary converts, from Mohammedanism, found that they had two tyrants instead of one. A judgment pronounced against the head of a powerful Roman Catholic clan, the Bunjevci, which was said to have been obtained by bribery, brought matters to a crisis. By daybreak, on the 6th of August, 1702, the Bunjevci, to the number of three hundred, fell upon Coronini and Rambschissl at Ribnik, and murdered them in the church where they had taken refuge. The murderers then sent the priest who had before complained of Coronini's irreligious life as their advocate to Grätz and Vienna. The Bishop of Zengg was sent on a mission of inquiry, and reported that the murdered Commissioners had fully deserved their fate by their misconduct. These events led gradually to the introduction of an orderly military government, although more than one of the succeeding commanders had to fly for their lives. The memory of the double murder in Ribnik still haunts Likka and Krbava as an obscure tradition, and I was told in Agram by one of my first Frontier acquaintances, himself a native of Krbava, that it would be an evil day for the Hungarians when they attempt to absorb that part of the Frontier, "for there the people do not understand joking."

These counties of Likka and Krbava were the part of the Croatian Military Frontier first established, first lost, and last recovered from the Turks. Matthias Hunyady, commonly known as Corvinus, gave them to Servian and Bosnian fugitives, free of tithes and taxes, on condition of their defending them against the Turks. Another King of Hungary, Lewis II., feeling himself too weak to defend that part of his dominions, committed them to the care of his brother-in-law and ultimate successor, Ferdinand I., Archduke of Austria and brother of the Emperor Charles V. The estates of Inner Austria, *i.e.* Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, engaged themselves in 1578 to contribute annually money and men to assist the Croats in the

defence of their country against the common enemy, the Ottomans. From this beginning the Military Frontier arose. The fortress, garrisoned partly by the Croats subject to the House of Hapsburg kings of Hungary, partly by the Styrians, &c., their subjects Archdukes of Austria, were ultimately placed in the hands of the central military authorities in Vienna, unfettered by the laws or legislatures of either Croatia or Hungary. The territory subject to this military *régime* experienced continual changes both of increase and decrease. Its increase depended upon the expulsion of the Turks from portions of Croatian and Hungarian territory which they had previously occupied; its decrease was occasioned by the jealousy with which the Hungarian Diet regarded an institution that withdrew so large a part of the kingdom from its own control. Indeed, as the whole of the kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia were at one time either in the hands of the Turks or subject to military administration, the very existence of the civil or provincial portions of these kingdoms is due to the agitation made by the Hungarian Diet in their behalf during the course of the last century.

The whole of the Military Frontier was considered part and parcel of the Imperial Royal army, and as such was subjected to the *Hofkriegsrath* (Court-Council of War) at Vienna, which has since 1848 been succeeded by the Ministry of War. Consequently this ministry has departments for carrying on the administrative, judicial, and financial business of the Frontier. The reconciliation between Austria and Hungary in 1867 placed the Frontier in a singularly anomalous position. By the terms of that agreement the Imperial Royal army was declared an affair common to both halves of the monarchy. Thus, although the soil of the Frontier was held theoretically to belong to the Hungarian half, its government and administration were left in the hands of the Minister of War, who had become the "common" Minister of War. This arrangement had many curious consequences. For instance, although the Frontier was part of the Hungarian kingdom, the laws of Austria, not those of Hungary, were in force there. The Frontier was the only part of the monarchy expressly denied constitutional government, for it was not represented either in the Hungarian Diet or in the Reichsrath at Vienna. The reader will easily understand why the Hungarians considered these arrangements unsatisfactory, and determined without loss of time to break up the military organisation of the Frontier.

The leading idea of the Military Frontier system was that the feudal or quasi-feudal dues and services rendered by the peasantry in other parts of the country, and previously in this part of the country also, to the lord, were replaced by military and civil service to the Crown. The Crown acquired the seigniorial rights partly through the Turkish invasions and devastations having de-

troyed all traces of the former proprietors, partly by purchase or exchange. The "noble" landlords having been thus got rid of, the Crown assigned the lands either to the local peasantry or to refugees from the Turkish provinces, and, forming them into regiments and companies, attached military service to the tenure of their lands. In case a man who was not subject to the Frontier military service acquired, through marriage with an heiress or in any other way, and to the tenure of which that military service was attached, he had a respite of two years allowed him, in which to decide whether he would submit himself to the *statut* or part with the property. There are, however, in the Military Frontier a small number of persons who either do not hold any land at all, or at any rate, less than six *joch*, the minimum considered necessary for military efficiency. These appear to have crept in in later times, when the necessity for military service had somewhat relaxed, and had picked up here and there unconsidered fragments of land. They are called *Schützmannen* (protection-men) and pay a certain exceptional tax. Besides these, the inhabitants of the few towns in the Frontier enjoyed an exceptional position. Instead of being subject to general military service they had to furnish a fixed number of soldiers in time of war, and, under the somewhat paradoxical title of "Military Free Communities," had a certain measure of self-government, were independent of the regimental authorities, while still subject to the Obercommando in Agram and the Ministry of War in Vienna.

Although the whole male population of the Frontier between eighteen and fifty are theoretically bound to bear arms under extraordinary circumstances, actual service is really required only from those who are free from physical defects between their twentieth and thirty-sixth years. On attaining his twentieth year the Frontier-man is enrolled, and drilled, and receives his uniform and arms, at the expense of the Government. His duties are divided into external and internal. The first includes, besides service outside the limits of the Frontier, the mounting guard at the headquarters of his regiment, and watching the cordon or actual Turkish frontier. For external duty he receives pay, but within the bounds of his own company he discharges all military duties, takes part in target practice and in the spring and autumn exercises, acts as policeman, repairs the roads, &c., without pay.

All the regiments in the Croato-Slavonian frontier are infantry regiments, but in each of them those companies which are along the cordon maintain severally thirty mounted *Sereshans*—the "Saracens" of Viennese tradition after 1848. These sereshans are the only cavalry—if indeed they can be called such—in the Frontier. As far as I could make out, they are intended to discharge certain police duties, and to form a guard of honour for the major commanding on the

cordon when he has an official interview with the Turkish authorities. For the latter purpose they are the more suitable as they wear a peculiarly showy uniform, in fact a sort of national gala dress, of which a scarlet cloak is the principal feature. They have hence been called by the Viennese and other foreigners the "red-mantles." Owing to the part they took in the siege of Vienna in the October of 1848 these sereshans, or red-mantles, are regarded in that capital as the typical Croat. Before Jellachic commenced his invasion of Hungary, which brought him under the walls of Vienna, he formed from the noble tenants of the Bishop the old *banderiums*, or guards of honour of the counties, and the wealthier peasants, a cavalry force to supply the deficiency of the Frontier in that arm. The sereshans formed the nucleus and the model of this hasty levy. Every sereshan must keep at his own expense two draft-horses and one saddle-horse. When, however, he is engaged in active service beyond the limits of the Frontier, he receives compensation for the horse and allowance for its keep. It is a curious relic of Turkish influence in the Frontier that the non-commissioned officers in the corps of sereshans corresponding to sergeants and corporals are called respectively *harambashas* and *vicebashas*.

The social phenomena of the Frontier, which arise out of the peculiar organisation of which I have attempted to enumerate the leading features, are scarcely less interesting. In the Frontier the word *Grenzer*, or "Frontier-man," is used to denote a certain social position, and corresponds to "peasant" in countries which have not a military organization. On the other hand, the higher and educated classes of society are represented by the officers, including the medical regiment and company officers, and the so-called auditors, who are in fact the legal officers of the regiment. The clergy of the two Churches, the Roman Catholic and the orthodox, do not form part of this military organization of society, but their social influence, especially that of the orthodox, is comparatively unimportant. The commercial element is represented by a class of shopkeepers, some of whom do a great deal of business and accumulate fortunes, but still without altering their status in society. But the general character of the Frontier is that of an out-of-the-way country exclusively inhabited by small people. Its most striking feature is the entire absence of the landlord class. The greatest man in a regiment is the colonel; in a company, the captain; but there are obvious differences between their position and that of the county magnates and landed gentry of an aristocratically organised country, such as England or Hungary. The grenzer may have, perhaps often has, as a real feeling of loyalty towards his officer as the peasants on an estate may have to their landlord; but the loyalty is due to the officer, and in no degree to the family.

In fact, in many cases the officer is only their official superior. One of the few strangers with whom I conversed in the Frontier very forcibly described its social organization by saying, "The officer comes out of the peasant as well as the peasant out of the officer." These words were used by the speaker to introduce his opinion that any large measure of reform must not be expected until the Frontier is invaded by strangers—in consequence, let us say, of its administration being taken in hand by the Hungarian Government. Apart from this controversial intention, I found in my short trip through the country several instances of the truth of his description. In one place the innkeeper was a pensioned ober-lieutenant, and had to be addressed as such by his guests. In one of my first drives I passed on the road a ladylike-looking person, leading by the hand a child whose dress exhibited a more refined taste than one would have expected to find in such a wild neighbourhood. Asking my driver who she was, he answered, "She is the daughter of a captain," and a few minutes after, passing a *tchardak*, he told me that that was her house. It did not differ in appearance from the houses of many of the peasantry. I asked what her husband was, and was told that he was a corporal. A lady once told me of the wife of a Frontierman who rose from being a common soldier to the rank of general, and was made a baron. When his wife, the new baroness, called one day on the wife of a superior officer, who was a baroness by birth, and was asked how she did, she answered, "I get on pretty well, lady baroness, but still I always feel as if I had the water-sucket on my back." Indeed, the officers' wives whom I myself met belonged to no particular rank in society, they might be ladies or they might be peasant-women. An intelligent officer told me, quite incidentally, and not as if it was anything extraordinary, that his mother could not read or write. When I mentioned this to another Frontier officer, he said that he was not at all surprised to hear it. In fact, he went on to say that, although he did not know any instance of a general who could not read and write, he had no doubt that there were several (and he mentioned one by name) for whom those accomplishments had not lost all traces of the difficulty with which they had been acquired. In one word, the position of an officer, whatever may be his rank, is purely personal; he did not inherit it from his parents, he does not hand it on to his children.

Besides all this, wealth—the surest foundation of social influence—is denied to the Frontier officer. The rules of the service carefully restrain them from making money, at any rate in an honest and open manner. Most of them have official residences, which are Government property. These have small plots of land attached to them; but not only are the officers forbidden to carry on any trade or business whatever, but are not even allowed to rent land within the

limits of their own regiment, nor to recover debts by civil process from a Frontier-man, even when he belongs to another regiment. A captain, to whom I am indebted for a great deal of interesting information with regard to these social questions, speaking of a hamlet which had the reputation of being a nest of robbers, nevertheless pleaded in their behalf that if they were robbers, they had what the Germans call "character." As a proof of this he told me that when posted there as lieutenant he went round to several farmhouses (*Grenzhäuser*) in his district, and paid in advance for oats which he was to send for in the autumn. Before the autumn came, however, he was removed to another company, and thought no more about his oats, until he was pleasantly surprised by a message from a chemist, who had been his friend in the company he had left, informing him that the oats had been sent in to his house. This piece of honesty on the part of the grenzer the captain thought especially noteworthy, for if they had been so minded they might have violated their contract with impunity, whereas by delivering the oats they actually exceeded it. At the same time I observed that he laid stress on the fact that he had been removed to another company. By so doing he indirectly confessed that cases did occur in which officers abused their authority for their own private advantage. On this subject, however, I would not speak in detail, as I only heard of it from one single informant—himself, by the way, an officer in a Frontier regiment.

In the Frontier regiments, as in the rest of the Austrian army, the officers were not allowed to marry without depositing caution-money, which served as a provision for their widows and orphans. A few years ago, however, a somewhat doubtful boon was conferred on the Frontier. Officers who had served ten years in the Frontier were allowed to marry without depositing any caution-money, provided the bride was the daughter of an officer who had likewise served ten years in the Frontier. From what has been said above, the reader will understand that this was—or at any rate at first sight appeared to be—a great boon to a large class of officers. An officer who had made up his mind that he should probably live and die in the Frontier, who lived far from the luxury of great cities, and felt particular obligation to bring up his children more delicately than their grandfathers had been brought up before them, might well wish to settle down in life with a mate who had been educated in the same circle. At the same time I have heard the expediency of this measure questioned, and it has been characterized as a snare rather than a boon. It assumed the permanency of the present system, and when the Hungarians came to the fore in 1867 it became evident that the present system was doomed. Both justice and policy would seem to demand that the officers who have married, and, so to say,

aken root in the country, should have a claim to places in the civil administration which is to succeed the present military one. But the past history both of Hungary and the Frontier was such as to foster hatred and suspicion between them. The Government in Vienna always gave the Hungarians to understand that by means of the Frontier they could be taken in the rear. This, which had long been threatened, actually came to pass in 1848. Hungarians may say—at any rate may be suspected of saying—that it was not worth while going to the expense of demilitarizing the Frontier in order to hand it over to their enemies, the old Frontier officers. Besides which, say the latter, Hungary is a constitutional country, and places must be provided, if not for the relations of Hungarian ministers, at any rate for their supporters and partisans.

Korenica stands in a broad and slightly swampy valley, with only a subterranean outlet for its waters, and in order to proceed on my way to Gospit, my waggon had to ascend an exceedingly steep and barren mountain before it got into another valley of the Krbava, in which is situate the company of Bunit. This valley is of a similar character to that of Korenica, but narrower, and appears perhaps even more so from its irregular shape. Near Bunit my driver pointed out to me the grove of General Loudon. This Scotch soldier of fortune amused himself by planting, towards the end of the last century, a number of oak trees so as to represent troops drawn up in battle array. In the Roman Catholic church is a monument to his memory.

From Bunit until we passed the company station of Kula, and were in the immediate neighbourhood of Gospit, the country had the same rugged and uninhabited aspect as that between Bunit and Korenica. According to the account given by the grenzer who drove me, the people of this part of the country are unarmed, "like the women." He pointed out to me on the side of a rocky hill a place in which he, in company with a large number of waggoners coming from Gospit, had been plundered by a party of ten or a dozen robbers, who had concealed themselves among the rocks. According to his account, this robber band was of a peculiarly composite character, comprising not only Frontier-men, but also Dalmatians, Mohammedan Bosnians, and Christians from the Turkish territory. My driver was an instance how far down in the social scale political pessimism, the special evil from which the Austrian Empire now suffers, can penetrate. Speaking of his experiences as a soldier in Italy, he said, "Our Emperor will lose one province after another, until he has nothing left." It was getting dark as we descended the hill from Kula, and came on the level ground of the valley of the Likka, in which stands Gospit, the head-quarters of the Likkaner regiment, which counts first of all the regiments of the Frontier.

The size of the inn suggested what was proved true by the morning light—that Gospit was by far the largest and most civilised place that I had seen since leaving Petrinia.

As a general rule the traveller finds that the robbers are in some other part of the country than that through which he happens to be passing. In Agram they have a terrible idea of the insecurity of Bosnia, while in the Sluiner regiment I was told that in Turkey there was less danger than in the Frontier, but in the Frontier less than in Civil Croatia, and that the safest travelling was along the cordon. Gospit proved to be the exception to my previous experiences in Hungary and Croatia. Putting my head out of the window of the inn the morning after my arrival, I saw the mail-coach starting for Karlstadt *via* Otochac. It was followed by an open waggon containing four infantry soldiers, whose white coats showed that they were not Frontier-men, but belonged to some regiment of the line. It appeared from what everybody told me that there were two-and-twenty robbers belonging to the regiment of the Likka, whose names and addresses were known to the authorities, but whom they nevertheless could not lay hold of. Before I came into the Frontier I had been told that the robbers never interfered with officers or plundered the company's money. At Zavalje, however, I had already received a hint that this was a rule not without an exception, for the lieutenant who had to bring the money from Otochac, was escorted by a corporal and twelve soldiers. On my telling him of the above rule, he said it was so; but did not wish it to be first proved false in his case. A major, to whom I had an introduction in Gospit, advised me to give up my plan of crossing the Velebit into Dalmatia, and proceed by way of Carlopago, Pago, and the Austrian Lloyd's steamer to Zara. If, however, I persisted in adhering to my original plan, he recommended me to wait three days, when the officers of the several companies would be leaving Gospit with their supplies of money. The insecurity of the roads in this part of the world is merely another instance of the breakdown of the military system. Nor of that only, the weakness of Austrian government is especially conspicuous in these parts. The mail which now only runs from Karlstadt to Gospit formerly continued its course as far as Zara, and our fellow-countryman, Mr. A. A. Paton, in 1846-7 entered Dalmatia and returned from that country by that coach. But a few years ago it was robbed of a large sum of money while it was crossing the mountain, and the Austrian authorities, confessing their inability to cope with the robbers, ordered the coach to run no further than Gospit. The very fact that every Dalmatian who chooses to do so bears arms is in itself another confession of Austrian weakness. That privilege was taken away a few years ago, but had to be given back in consequence of the successful insurrection of the Dalmatians.

mountaineers in the extreme south of that kingdom during the winter of 1869-70.

The next day, when the waiter came into my room to call me to dinner, he told me that there was a captain already seated at the table who wished to make my acquaintance. On joining him I found that he had had the good fortune to be taken prisoner by the French in 1859, which accounted for the interest he felt in me as a West European. He had been sent as a prisoner of war to the very town in which I myself had learnt French, which place happened at the time of our meeting to be threatened by the advance of the Russians. Like all other Croats who had any personal acquaintance with the French, he sympathised strongly with that unfortunate nation. On my representing to him the dilemma which the major had set before me, he decidedly advised my keeping to my original plan, and consequently waiting till the meeting of the officers had been taken up. "For," said he, "you are right in supposing the road from Gospit to Carlomagno to be not more secure than the other roads

in the neighbourhood; in the second place, when you are once in the island of Pago you never know with certainty when you can get away, for it often happens that the *bura* (north-east wind) blows with such fury that the Lloyd's steamers do not put in to Pago for weeks together."

After dinner my new friend showed me a monument which was recently erected to a local worthy—of course an *employé* of the War Office at Vienna—whose name I regret to say I have forgotten, but whose merit consisted in his having used his official position to promote the extension of education in the Frontier. The monument consisted of an obelisk made of a solid block of a marble found in the neighbourhood, weighing one hundred and fifty centners.¹ This block had been brought into the town on a waggon constructed expressly for the purpose, and tasked the exertions of forty-eight men and fifty-four oxen.

Whilst waiting in the town for my escort, I found a Prussian, who was established at Agram as a photographer. Like all other strangers in the Frontier, he complained bitterly of the ignorance and obstinacy of the people. He was especially severe on a robber-hunter, who went out shooting robbers with an old-fashioned gun of very large bore, which he loaded with two balls linked together by a small chain. This man he wanted to photograph as a picturesque savage for the benefit of his customers in more civilised lands; but neither bribes nor entreaties would induce him to sit for his portrait. The photographer thought that the officers ought to interfere and compel him to do so.

The captain whose acquaintance I had made at the dinner-table, not only introduced me to a lieutenant whose station lay on the road

(1) A centner is equal to about 123 pounds avoirdupois.

to Dalmatia, but also commended me to the care of an innkeeper from his own station. He said the man knew the road to Zara well, as he was accustomed to buy wine there. My new driver was a genuine Likkaner in appearance—disproportionately tall, but with powerful limbs, and of great strength, and bore on his head the red fez, universal in this part of the Frontier.

When the morning and the waggon arrived, I found that an immense heap of hay was piled up on the back of it, a couple of feet higher than my head. As Dalmatia does not produce enough hay for its own consumption, and the innkeepers on the road would charge exorbitant prices for it, my driver took with him all the provender, both oats and hay, which his horses would require for the journey thither and back again. My waggon drove out of Gospit alone over the stony plain of the Likka, but at the first halting-place we found the waggon of the lieutenant, with his soldier-driver, waiting for us. We, too, waited until another lieutenant, who had charge of the money belonging to another company further east, and an orthodox pope, joined us, thus raising our caravan to the number of four waggons—all the others, except mine, displaying a soldier's musket, to say nothing of such concealed arms as daggers, and pistols, and the officers' swords. A little way off from the halting-place, the road passed through about a mile or so of brushwood. There we found a corporal and his twelve men waiting to escort us until we again got out into the open country. As the pope's waggon loitered behind the others, we had to wait for them before entering the suspected portion of the road, and I shall not soon forget the looks, of mingled humiliation and amusement on the lieutenant's face, to whose care I had been commended, as he came up to my waggon to exchange a few words by way of passing the time. When we came to the point where the road to Zara turns off from that to Knin, our caravan divided, the pope and one of the lieutenants proceeding to Grachac, while my leader and myself turned off to St. Rok, where he was stationed.

As we approached the latter place, my driver, who did not possess a conversational knowledge of German, made a great effort, and turning towards me, said, with a pause between each word, "Nehmen sie cinige soldaten?" ("Take you a few soldiers?"). On my assenting, he gave a murmur of approval. Arrived in St. Rok, I found the lieutenant proposed to send me on with an escort of only two armed grenzer. He acquiesced in my desire to have that force doubled, but evidently seemed to consider it an unreasonable one, and, as I thought, took it as a slight on himself and his men. However, with our four grenzer on foot, each with a musket in his hand, we began the ascent of the Velebit. Viewed from Gospit, the aspect of this mountain is that of a long jagged wall of from five to six thousand feet high, which shuts out from the plain of Likka the

warm breath of the south and the sea. The side turned toward the Military Frontier, although sufficiently rocky to show the barren character of the soil of the Karst, is yet partially shaded by an oak forest. Through its trees we wound our zigzag way to Mali-Hallan, the last post in the Military Frontier towards Dalmatia.

The name of the postmaster at this place was the last set down by the colonel who in Agram had written out for me the route I was to follow, and while a new escort was being provided for me in place of the grenzer, who were to return to St. Rok, we exchanged a few words over a pot of hot coffee. The hospitable postmaster was especially proud of a small collection of old Roman coins found in that neighbourhood. In spite of my frequent detentions, owing to bad weather, my accident in Maljevac, and the robbers of the Likka, I had carried out the programme the retired colonel had prescribed for me, with two not very important exceptions. The first was an excursion from Topusko over the Turkish frontier to Buzhim, which my friends in Topusko dissuaded me from undertaking. In the second place, I proceeded from Zavalje to Gospit through Korenica, instead of through Otochac, giving up the excursion to the Plishevica lakes, which the state of my foot prevented me from making. My conversation with the postmaster was brought to an end by the announcement that my waggon and my new escort were ready. Before I could start, I had, however, to pay the four grenzer who had accompanied me from St. Rok, and I am sorry to say that they were exceedingly dissatisfied with the sum which the postmaster and the un-commissioned officer commanding at the station thought was the maximum they ought to receive. "But you will have no trouble," said the latter, "with the escort that I have given you, as they are half of them soldiers." As he spoke, two men in complete military equipment, and with fixed bayonets, mounted the waggon. One took place on the hay by my side, the other on the board in front by the driver.

As soon as the first turn in the road among the last remaining trees of the oak forest hid Mali Hallan from our eyes, we came upon a wayfarer, whose turban showed him to be a Dalmatian, while his dress testified to his poverty. My driver had evidently expected him, and addressed to me a few unintelligible words in Croatian, apparently soliciting a ride for his friend. Of course I assented, as I had often been in similar cases in Hungary. What is the use of disturbing the harmony of the party for a trifle? Soon after, as the road began to descend the other side of the mountain, and our pace to quicken, I received that the wine which it appeared my driver had been discussing with our late escort had got into his head. This was no very pleasant discovery to make, as the turbanned vagabond perched on the hay tower behind me made the waggon appear even more top-heavy than before, while the horses dashed at a very rapid pace.

down the winding road, over the edge of which nothing was to be seen softer than rocks and stones. The only encouraging circumstance was that the two soldiers had evidently observed our driver's condition, which, however, did not appear to disturb their equanimity.

It had long been my wish to make the acquaintance of a definite visible land frontier between two countries. And I may as well confess that the principal reason why I clung so obstinately to my plan of crossing the Velebit, was a secret hope of there finding such a frontier. I must say that my hope was gratified even beyond my most sanguine expectations. As I left Mali Hallan the evening was visibly drawing on, while the immediate vicinity of the forest to the lonely station made it darker than it had been during the ascent of the mountain. About two or three hundred yards of comparatively level road brought us to the point where the road begins to descend. At once the whole aspect of the scenery around was entirely changed; not only had the oak forest completely disappeared, but the only vegetation to be seen above the rank of a shrub was a few wind-blasted, hunger-bitten, distorted trees at the bottom of well-like rocky chasms. These well-like cavities are everywhere characteristic of the formation of the Karst; but elsewhere I had found them barely large enough to hold a kitchen garden, or at the most a small field; here they were almost large enough to be called valleys. It must not, however, be supposed that any kind of vegetation was conspicuous here, except by its sparseness. I had regarded with instinctive dislike the barrenness of the country from Korenica to Gospit, not to say the whole plain of the Likka; but these places now occurred to my memory as if clothed with the verdure of an English park, in contrast to the horrid desolation of weather-worn, grey stone around me. At the same time, from my elevated position, as it were, on the top of a gigantic staircase, I looked over the whole breadth of Dalmatia, as far as the rocky islands in the blue Adriatic—*scoglie*, as they are called—while, as it were, immediately under our feet there reached far into the land the arm of the sea, a continuation of the Canale di Morlacca, which reaches to Karin, forming a series of land-locked, salt-water lochs or fjords. All this splendid panorama was lit up by the last rays of the sun as it set, red and angry, behind the long low line of blue rocks in the west. We were accompanied by a violent noisy wind, the *bura* of the north-eastern Adriatic, of which so many extraordinary stories are told. As if to encourage me, it had overturned the post-waggon the day before I passed the Velebit, and when my driver drew up to let his turbaned friend get down, he assured me, that in the very identical spot where we were then stopping, the wind had overturned a waggon loaded with eight centners. Fifty yards further on we drew up before a nondescript-looking building on the left-hand side of the road, while a

small chapel, built in the Italian style, was perched on a bank on our right hand. Both were clearly shown in the white moonlight, which, lighting up the surrounding desolation, made it look even more ghastly than before.

The long day's journey naturally indisposed me from asking questions, either in a language of which I knew only the very first elements, or in one with which my companions were but very little better acquainted. I therefore allowed my driver to get down from his seat, without asking him where or why we had halted. He disappeared round the corner of the long building on our left. This had a door on the ground-floor, and three windows on the first-floor, all of them closed, and affording no sign of any life within. After a pause, which perhaps only appeared a long time owing to the silence and the chill night air, he returned, as silently as he had left us, and led the horses the same way he himself had gone. Through large folding doors like those of a barn, the waggon was drawn into a perfectly dark covered yard or shed, and then through a similar doorway into a second, where, on the right hand, was seen a house-door, with a big, burly man holding a lantern, accompanied by a younger man, and a young woman who saluted me in Italian. It thus gradually dawned upon my intelligence that this was a post of the Dalmatian gendarmerie, so arranged as to afford the fewest possible exposed points to the attack of the *malviventi*. When we left the next morning, the waggon passed out through a third shed, having never been turned round while under the roof of this composite building; for throughout Dalmatia, outside the principal towns, to entertain strangers seems to be one of the recognised duties of the guardians of order, and in a country in which the general standard of comfort is so low, these stations are to be recommended not only for their security, but for the decency, not to say comparative luxury, of the accommodation they afford. Thus the big burly man who received me with the lantern was, in spite of his exceedingly undressed appearance, not only the host of my inn, but also the commandant of the station. He was a famous toper of those parts, and never drank out of a glass holding less than a quart. He expressed extreme regret at our having no common medium of conversation, as he knew no other languages than Italian and Croatian. His daughter, who acted as waitress and chambermaid, knew scarcely more German than her father, so that the son, who had picked up a little German at school in Zara, was continually called in to act as interpreter. On looking out of the window I saw the chapel opposite, clear and cold and grey amidst the grey rocks in the brilliant moonlight, while the wind kept howling, whistling, and lamenting, as if I were indeed in the waste land "where no one comes, or hath come, since the making of the world."

It was fairly morning when, my coffee drunk, my reckoning paid,

my host taken leave of, I found myself again in the waggon, and was led through the third covered shed into daylight. Two gendarmes, in their dapper uniforms and with fixed bayonets, seated themselves on the waggon, and we again rattled roughly down the zigzag road to Obrovazzo, a small Italian-looking town on the Zermaja, near the point where it falls into the Canale di Morlacca. Here we stopped for breakfast, and to make up our minds whether we should or should not take two more gendarmes as our escort to the next station, that is to say as far as Karin. The two gendarmes who had escorted me to Obrovazzo could speak but little more German than my driver and my host of the preceding night, one of them belonging to some Slav nationality or other, while his companion was an Italian from Lombardy. A tailor from Gospit, who could speak German, was fastened upon me by my driver to serve at once as guide and interpreter, and as robbery accompanied by murder had taken place the day before near the road over which we were to pass, we determined upon taking an escort. The corporal in command of the gendarmerie at Obrovazzo was a Hungarian, who told us of the ineffectual pursuit he had made yesterday after the robbers, and the way in which a deaf mute beggar, who had been ill-used by them, had contrived to give him information. The band were five in number, and had gone off in the direction of Benkovac. Here I paid for the gendarmerie who had accompanied me to Obrovazzo and those who were to accompany me to Karin, at the moderate rate of thirty-five kreutzers a man per stage. One of my new escort was a Tyrolese from Welsh Tyrol; the other, who sat beside me, was a Slavonian from Carinthia. He complained bitterly of the habit of robbery and violence so widely spread among the people, the sympathy which the brigands received from the rest of the population, and the inhospitable treatment the gendarmes experienced. Once, as a shepherd made his appearance on the bank above the road with somewhat suspicious suddenness, he moved his gun so as to be able at once to take aim. The country through which we passed was perfect in its peculiar style of desolation; the burnt-up soil came frequently to sight, being otherwise covered, in almost equal proportions, with small blocks of stone and low growing shrubs, over which here and there shepherds led or drove their small flocks of sheep or goats. Occasionally, where we came nearer to the sea, there was a little cultivation. Karin, like Obrovazzo, lies in a deep, ravine, and consists of but two buildings, representing the two factors of civilisation in rural Dalmatia, a convent of Franciscans and the barracks of the gendarmerie. Here, for the first time in my life, I saw a grove of olive trees, with olives on them—the blue-grey olive of the Greek poets—a plant most interesting from its associations, and which to my eyes did not appear so ugly as it is generally said to be by English travellers. My driver now gave a decided

le against burdening ourselves with any further escort, and I parted m the gendarmes with a strong feeling of respect for the force it turned out such intelligent, well-behaved, active-looking men. Soon after we had got up out of the sheltered ravine of Karin I were again on the sun-scorched plateau, we stopped at a small lection of houses, one of which was a shop for the sale of the neurs by which Zara is best known in England, and directly osite was a small dirty house with open doors, which seemed at e a slaughter-house, a butcher's shop, and a house of entertain- nt for man and beast: at any rate, the skins of the animals whose h was cooked inside, hung on the wall close to the door. Two gh benches were placed on each side of an equally rough table, g and rickety, along which were ranged several dirty-looking n dressed in a semi-Turkish costume, for the most part with bans on their heads, and pistols and daggers stuck in their broad ts. The impression their appearance made on me was not so ch that of lawless and dangerous characters—most of the faces l on them a smile of boorish good humour—as that of men who e of no use to themselves or anybody else—men who did not ow any kind of profitable work, and would not engage in it if y did. They were eating with their pocket-knives black bread l dark-coloured meat, and drinking the black strong wine of the ntry, of which it is difficult to say whether the taste or the smell most abominable. The mutton of Dalmatia is not appetising, l the very plain cooking to which it had been subjected, was not ulated either to supplement or conceal its natural defects. I was refore glad when my driver, who had left the house for a few utes, returned with a handful of garlic, upon which and the ck bread I dined that day.

With every desire to be internationally impartial, I must say that ever took kindly to the wines of South Slavia. Even in Agram once offended the national susceptibilities of a young Croat by nly expressing my longing for Hungarian wine; and Agram s the place in Croatia where I drank the best wine. What I ncipally complained of there was that the innkeepers sold as ngarian, wine whose peculiar smack showed its Croatian or lmatian origin. The wines I tasted from Agram to Zara, both lusive, fall into two perfectly distinct classes. The first is the ite Croatian wine, which, if better cultivated, might perhaps ome more delicate, but which at present, though not wanting in ength, is too sour and uncertain of flavour to be pleasant. The rier is the Dalmatian wine, as dark-coloured as port, and muddier. has no quality of wine that is ever praised, except body, being ong and fiery, and is in itself a sufficient cause for all the crimes of olence committed in Dalmatia. But its principal characteristic, ich forces itself not only on the taste of the drinker, but also on

his sight and smell, is a decided flavour of dirt. I do not pretend to explain this, nor to define it more accurately, but that it is so is undeniable; and no other feature of Zara has imprinted itself so forcibly on my memory as the stink of new wine that pervaded the whole place, as the purple juice oozed out of unnumbered casks, and stained the kennels and flagstones of its narrow streets.

The five or six hours' journey which at last brought us to Zara, was interesting, if from no other cause, at least from the likeness and unlikeness the life around bore to that of Croatia. One saw, as it were, the same materials worked up by a different artist. There were the same peasantry around, but dressed in a different costume, under a different climate, and amid different scenery. Then at the only remaining halting-place I saw a travelling carriage, an old-fashioned, but still civilised piece of furniture, suggesting city life in a way that nothing that I had seen for weeks had done. Farther on, a loaded donkey, and at last a dandy taking his afternoon ride, with a neatly-brushed silk cylinder on his head, and so we came to the gate of *terra firma*, where, as Zara is a free port, the customs-house officers threatened to examine my trunk, and across the bridge over the salt-water moat by which the Venetians converted the peninsula on which Zara stands into an island, and through one or two narrow streets, until I was told that the waggon could not go any farther. Two red-capped porters seized my luggage and carried it to my inn through streets all but impassable for wheeled carriages. The weakness of my foot, and a cold caught during the passage of the Velebit, prevented my exploring, as I should wish, the curiosities of Zara. This, however, is the less to be regretted, as the maritime cities of Dalmatia have been recently visited by more than one English traveller; although their ignorance of the South Slav language, and a too great attachment, perhaps, to the comforts of civilised life, have prevented them from studying rural Dalmatia and its Slavonic population as the German, Heinrich Noë. Judging from his book, the desolation and barbarism which I noticed along the highway leading to the capital, are surpassed by the squallid misery to be found in more secluded portions of the province. To lay waste Dalmatia, the most opposite powers have combined—the fierce sun of the south and the wild wind of the north, the selfish rule of cultivated Venice and the improvident indolence of the barbarous Morlachs. Nor has the rule of Austria as yet done much to restore what Turks and Venetians destroyed. On the contrary, Venetian politicians have, to further the ends of political party, been too apt to strengthen the power of the anti-national minority, who live in the towns along the coast, in opposition to the Slavonic population, who, if less civilised, are at least seven times as numerous, and into whose hands the government of the province must ultimately fall.

ARTHUR J. PATTERSON.

SOME NEW ASPECTS OF THE LAND QUESTION.

WHY do the landlords of this country enjoy its soil, to the exclusion of the rest of the community? Why can a stranger to the land, a resident, it may be, in London or Paris, legally and morally, exact one pound or two pounds an acre from all who would cultivate a certain farm in Yorkshire or Ulster? Nine out of ten persons to whom these elementary questions are addressed will answer that the landlord or his representatives, in point both of law and equity—some vendor fairly paid or some ancestor of the present owner making a valid devise—brought the land to its present state of cultivation. He drained the land, once a swamp or morass; he fenced the open wold or moor, once free to all comers to roam over; often it was he who erected the barns, stables, and farm-steadings in general, and out of the rent of one or two pounds, well scrutinised, there is, perhaps, not one farthing which is other than the interest on the capital or labour of the landlord, his ancestor, or a vendor of the estate. This is the popular philosophy of the rights of landowners; it is also, by the way, substantially the reasoning of Locke and not a few philosophers.

Let us examine it in the light of the history of English agriculture. I think that those who repeat the above theory, and who regard the existing rights of the landowner as all based on the same simple and sacred principle as that which consecrates the right to a chattel, the product of a man's own skill or labour, cannot be aware of the presence in the statutes, the common law, and in English history, of a mass of evidence at variance with this popular compendium of the origin and justification of the landlord's prerogative. It is curious indeed that this theory should still be repeated, when there lie spread out to the view of all numerous facts irreconcilable with it. Apart altogether from remote considerations touching the manner in which the landowners became possessed of their functions, dismissing as too alien from modern times the question of the propriety of any original grant and appropriation, it can be shown that neither they nor their representatives in the past have been the exclusive improvers and fertilisers of the soil. It is dubious, in truth, whether they have been the chief improvers. Others have laboured, and often they have entered into the fruits of that labour. Many of the improvements which do not bring immediate returns, and his alleged peculiar fitness for executing which is the popular apology for the breadth and extent of the rights of the landlord, perhaps would not have been now accomplished, and might have been indefinitely delayed, but for the State's assistance, or, in other

words, but for subsidies to the landowners coming from the taxpayers. As to less arduous works, exacting a small outlay of capital, and bringing compensation quickly, many of these have been executed by leaseholders, or even tenants-at-will. Such is still often the case. Often when the landowner seems to be the improver, and to bear the costs, appearances are deceptive, for the tenant's rent is augmented, and it is he who in reality bears the burden.

To prove and illustrate these assertions, let me, in the first place, recall to my readers some evidence that the drainage of the country, both arterial and surface, is due in a very great degree, directly or indirectly, to the State. From well-nigh the earliest times of which we have record, the draining or managing of the sewers (sea-weirs) of the country has been regarded as a portion of the business of the Government. One not familiar with the eastern counties of England can scarcely realise the importance of this agency in a young country. With a humid climate, and a low water-shed, and dull rivers trailing their slow, ill-defined way to the sea, and steeping the meadows so as to make them resemble the Dutch polders, there is no possibility of effective tillage unless arduous preliminary works are effected, and unless it is somebody's business to maintain these works when once executed. We are apt, too, to be unmindful of the extent to which embankments against the sea were needed, especially along the east coast. Some parts of these counties, such as the Great Level of the Fens, have been pulled ashore. It has been hard work to keep others from going out to sea. Romney Marsh has really been as much made as the Great Eastern, or the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. "It was not only the custom," says Mr. Woolrych, in his work on sewers, "but their (the Government's) duty also, to save and defend the realm against the sea, as well as against enemies, so that it should be neither drowned nor wasted." For the supervision of this department of drainage, there was no need of special enactments. It was part of the common law that the Crown should undertake its supervision, and when the embankments gave way, the sheriff could impress the labour of the county. In fact, there naturally grew up in Romney Marsh a code of customs subsequently made binding elsewhere. For the formation of inland sewers, on the other hand, it was necessary to resort to Parliament. "Sewers for the melioration of land," observes Lord Hale on this head, "were by act of Parliament." The first important enactment relative to inland drainage is the 6 Henry VI. c. 5. It empowered the Lord Chancellor to grant Commissions of Sewers, with authority to impose rates. The bulk of the provisions of this act were incorporated in the 23 Henry VIII. c. 5, the act which, somewhat amended, is the basis of the authority of the existing Sewer Commissioners. The preamble of this statute promises enormous amelioration.

tions. The draughtsman rises into eloquence, and almost poetry, while he descants on the losses and damages inflicted by the "outrageous surges" and the "outrageous springs." Robert Callis, an eminent lawyer, who prelected on this statute at Gray's Inn, loses his head in contemplating the benefits wrapped up in the folds of this statute. It was, indeed, the fashion for ancient writers of legal textbooks, such as Coke or Littleton, to put a few sprigs of rhetoric and philosophy in their works, just as it is for many a modern professor to tuck a flower on his desk; but Callis, in defiance of the nature of his subject, and far in excess of the fashion of his time, swathes and immerses himself in rhetorical foliage. Nevertheless, we are assured that the act produced by no means great results. Its scope was much restricted by the action of the courts of law, which chose to construe it as having reference only to improvements of the channels of navigable rivers, and which declined to sanction charges imposed with a view to carry out drainage of a novel character. If this paper were designed to be a history of drainage in England, it would be necessary to speak of the services rendered by James I. and Charles I., the former of whom brought over and employed Cornelius Vermuyden, a skilful Dutch engineer. It would also be essential to dwell upon the 13 Elizabeth, c. 9. In this brief narrative I may, however, pass by these details; and of the numerous acts continuing or extending the above, I need mention only one, the 3 and 4 William IV. c. 22, which empowered the occupiers of three-fourths of the land affected to raise rates for certain agricultural purposes. By whom were the rates raised under the above statutes paid? That is the point most material to this inquiry. Under the statute of Henry VIII. the rates were contributed by the tenants as well as by the owners. The expressions employed in the act are very general: "He which hath elements, profits, rents, common of pasture, profits of fishery, or other commodities; or such as have safety, profit, defence, or other commodity." Indeed, the owners were rated only exceptionally. As regards the general sewers rate, originating in 23 and 24 Vic. c. 133, the rule was that the occupiers paid most of the rates. Owners were laid under special contribution only when the expenditure was "special"—that is, only when it exceeded £1,000. It may be concluded that the ultimate incidence of the taxes was on the owners, in abatement in rent ensuing whenever the occupier was assessed. But this tendency, if operative at all, was neutralized by at least two circumstances: the rates were uncertain, and they could not be foreseen when the landlord and tenant bargained, if bargain they did; and the Commissioners were appointed chiefly from among the landlords.

While thus helping to augment the value of land, the State had up to this period been content to empower landowners to rate recal-

citrant members of their own class or their tenants. In tracing briefly the history of subsequent legislation, it is unnecessary to do more than refer to the fact that there were passed various acts for the formation of companies, furnished with power to issue debentures, in order to drain such tracts as Cambridge Fens. Private drainage companies still exist. In virtue of special acts owners with limited interests are permitted to charge their estates with loans from these companies for the purpose of improvements, and these charges take priority. In the beginning of this reign the Legislature began two kinds of novel operations. The wonderful results accomplished by Mr. Smith of Deanstoun's method of draining were then exciting much attention. Sir Robert Peel preached the advantages of draining, and practised his teaching. On his own estate he drained two thousand nine hundred acres, and to all his tenants he offered to drain their farms at his own expense on condition that they paid four per cent. on the outlay. The distress of Ireland being then sore and grievous, the necessity of exceptional intervention on the part of the Legislature being then generally admitted, philanthropy came to the aid of the existing eagerness to drain. It was argued that the bogs of Ireland were the great source of her poverty. A select committee of the House of Lords in 1830 recommended drainage at the public expense as highly expedient. One way in which this eagerness showed itself was in interference with entails. By the 3 and 4 Vic. c. 55, and the 8 and 9 Vic. c. 56, as well as by the Acts applying to Scotland, landlords who were only tenants for life were permitted to charge their estates with money to be expended in drainage. As the State did not furnish the money, there was no clear objection to be taken to the principle of this proposal. The chief flaws in these acts were of a very different character; they did not enable the tenant for life to charge the land for a sufficiently long period. The term of eighteen years for the repayment of all instalments was too short. But in principle these acts were perhaps expedient. The Legislature had allowed entails to be created. Too many of the landlords, being tenants for life, found themselves debarred from either charging their land or selling any portion in order to raise money to be expended on improvements, and as the option of selling was naturally unpalatable to a parliament of landowners, the only alternative was permission to charge one's land. By the 9 and 10 Vic. c. 101., however, ever, a new era was opened for the English landowner. "Whereas," says the preamble of this act, the first of a series of eleemosynary statutes, known as the Public Money Drainage Acts, which absolved the English landlords from a not unimportant portion of their duties, "it is desirable that works of drainage should be encouraged, in order to promote the increased productiveness of the land and the healthiness of the districts where it is required, and to supply

mand for agricultural labour, especially at that season of the year when other sources are expended," &c. This preamble, so redolent of old-world Political Economy, was the strange language used by parliament of which Cobden and Joseph Hume were members. Early the landlords were not to surrender the Corn Laws without some solid equivalent. The fear that under a *régime* of free trade the farmers of England would be unable to endure foreign competition—a fear which induced Peel generously to offer to his tenants reduction of rent in some cases—weighed with Parliament, and quieted its scruples against granting this measure of relief to the landowners, and the result was that £2,000,000 were allotted to the landowners of Great Britain and £1,000,000 to those of Ireland.

It was decided that the rate of interest under this act should not exceed six and a half per cent; this also covered a sinking fund, which would wipe out the debt to the State in twenty-two years. Then came the acts of 1856 and 1861, the latter of which empowered the Treasury to advance sums in aid of improvements certified to be permanent. Let me mention, in conclusion, as an act belonging to the category of private drainage measures, the act of 1864, which considerably augmented the number of objects for which a landowner could charge his estates. Such, in brief, is the history of legislation with respect to drainage in England.

We turn now for a moment to Ireland. There relief has been administered with a less frugal, if we may not say, more prodigal, hand. There the landowner has more openly confessed that he is inadequate to the burthens of his position. The history of the Irish laws need not be minutely recited. But it is sufficient to observe that the 1 and 2 William IV. c. 57, and the Amending Acts, the 5 and 6 Vic. c. 105, were inoperative, and that the 5 and 6 Vic. c. 89 was the first to be effectual. Without following the history of events from that act and the Labouchere letter to the Irish Land Act of 1870, which gives borrowing powers to landowners on peculiarly advantageous terms, we may glance, first, at the amount advanced, and, secondly, at the terms of the loans. On the former head information is, unfortunately, defective. Somewhat strangely Parliament has never called for returns giving full particulars of the total actual amount expended under the supervision of the Inclosure Commissioners.¹ By the kindness of the Commissioners, however, I am able to state the total sum advanced up to the end of last year. It amounted to £9,578,812. It must be observed that only a portion of this sum is unredeemed, and it must be added that of course only a portion of this sum was taken from public sources. As to Ireland, the accounts of the Commissioners of Public Works show

(1) There do exist full particulars of the sums levied under local acts, charters, customs, and usages.

that up to March 31, 1869, the total amount advanced was as £10,732,380 1s. 5d., of which £5,474,581 7s. 2d. had been repaid. Of this a large portion was absorbed in relief. But we find to the credit of arterial drainage £2,140,918 6s. 5d., and of drainage, building farm-houses, &c., £1,981,130 4s. 4d.; and most of the other items of expenditure did, directly or indirectly, improve the position of the landlord.

As to the terms on which advances were made, I need not say they were below the market rate. That they were ever accepted, though trammelled by numerous conditions as to the time within which the work was to be completed, and as to the depth of the drains, a depth not universally approved—the four feet drains being often thought unsuitable in certain situations—proves so much of the assertion. But in further corroboration of the statement that the landlords really got gratuities, let me recall the fact that the rate for advances in England under the 9 and 10 Vic. c. 101, was confessedly chosen with an eye to the necessities and poverty of Irish landlords, and that advances were made on the same terms in England and Scotland, where the same degree of distress did not exist. As Lord John Russell observed, in the course of his explanation of the proposal, the rate of advances from the Treasury had, until the passing of the act, been five per cent.; it was practically reduced to about three and a half per cent. And what, of course, added to the ease of the terms was the facility with which remissions were granted. Of the £10,732,380 1s. 5d. actually advanced for purposes more or less connected with Irish agriculture, £5,719,757 6s. were remitted; and though the major part of the sum was expended on the county relief works, there can be no doubt, I repeat, that these works to some extent absolved the owners of the soil from burdens elsewhere ultimately borne by them.

These subsidies are still continued, though the amount administered is less. Under various acts the Enclosure Commissioners in England and the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland may still dole out bounties; and since the unavailing protests of Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Joseph Hume there has been lifted up against them scarcely a voice. It is a rarity to hear a statesman of eminence like Lord Derby expressing a doubt whether they have been beneficial. Nobles and wealthy men took advantage of these State-given facilities, to be paralleled only in Prussia, another country in which the landowners have had a large share in the making of law. In the reports of the Irish Public Work Commissions, you find the Marquis of Waterford among the borrowers and subsidized agriculturalists. I shall use no harsh terms; I shall not call these grants measures of outdoor relief to the landowners; but it may be permitted to one to say without offence that it is curious to observe that

ness when the doctrines of free trade have become household truths, and in a country where the aspirations of Socialism are most emphatically disowned, the one occupation to which the State has freely and almost without cavil or challenge granted subventions, for which the State has performed that which Socialists have in vain demanded of other trades, and that the occupation thus singled out for distinction is one which less than all others requires State aid. Bounties to wool manufactures are ever questionable; but bounties to the oldest trades, and the only indigenous one! Again and again artisans and their friends have requested loans to be made to them on easy terms in order to aid them in founding co-operative institutions. These most uniformly have their requests been rejected and derided. Political economy was against them, as in its time, and in the mouths of some expositors, it has been against most things; their requests are the rank, noisome weeds of Socialism. In France the friends of co-operation did indeed obtain a meagre grant in 1848, and no reproaches have been spared the National Assembly for voting £20,000 to needy artisans who sought to redeem themselves from the uncertainties of the condition of wage-receivers—reproaches not always founded on the imperfect security which they could furnish the lenders, or on the alleged superfluous character of the occupations, but on some supposed mysterious breach of the principle of justice. I, for one, fail to perceive the existence of any distinction in point of principle, between building barns for a nobleman and warehouses for a group of artisans, or, at all events, it is not far that those who cut in with a stingy *distinguo* can make out at the difference redounds to the credit of the landlords possessed of property always more or less convertible, and therefore with some capital always at their disposal. Granted that the community is peculiarly interested in the cultivation of the soil; are the landlords, sitting rent-free for ever, incapable of performing that which tenants will execute for themselves if allowed a lease of nineteen or twenty-one years wherein to reimburse themselves? and could not the loan, if loan were necessary, go directly into the pockets of the farmer? In order to disarm the above facts it will, no doubt, be contended that, after all, these contributions were small in amount in comparison with what was actually paid out of the private pockets of the landowners. But a detailed examination of both England and Scotland will, it is submitted, fail to justify the contention; and so far as Ireland is concerned that assertion will probably not be made by those conversant with the country. The authoritative reports of Lord Devon's Commission or Mr. Ancock. So far as drainage has been executed by private funds, the tenants, not the owners, have been the chief contributors. Much land has been drained by farmers unaided. Often they are grateful

if, at the termination of the lease of nineteen years, if lease of that length there be, a revaluation and a rise of rent do not occur. A very common arrangement is, that in virtue of which the owner gives the tiles or pipes, and the tenant performs the necessary labour. Even when the landlord bore the whole expenses he obtained two advantages—first, money at a low rate; secondly, if a tenant for life, liberty to charge what was not his own. But usually he obtained a third advantage—he threw the incidence of the loan, either wholly or partially, on his tenant. Sometimes he made a profit by certain sharp practices. Mr. Caird, in his work on English agriculture, speaks of Yorkshire landlords who borrowed at six and a half per cent. from the Government, and lent at seven and a half per cent. to their farmers. Take the county of Elgin and the adjacent counties as illustration. While the Government loan lasted the following, I am kindly informed by one well qualified to speak, was the rule:—"Some proprietors charged their tenants six per cent., but the great majority charged only five. The tenants paid this to the end of their lease, and then their farms were revalued for the coming lease." Another informant, speaking of the same district and same subject, says the custom was "to charge the tenant a yearly percentage of about one or one and a half per cent. in excess of the Government rate." In fact, in a great many instances in which apparently the landlord, or the landlord aided by the State, is the improver, the burthen of the work is really borne by the tenant. The latter, too, frequently performs the whole work. The authority whom I first quoted adds, "the tenants have drained a great deal themselves without any help from the proprietors or any one else—perhaps a third, if not a half, of all that has been done. They have expended an equally large portion, too, on buildings, trenching, &c." One of the greatest works of drainage ever accomplished in the north of Scotland has been accomplished solely by a tenant farmer. The loch of Auchlossan, situated about thirty-five miles west of Aberdeen, was, in 1840, a sheet of water two to five feet deep and covering one hundred and eighty acres. There was a margin of sixty acres composed of bog and swamp. It was not the three proprietors of this worthless tract who drained it. A tenant farmer, Mr. James Barclay, undertook and accomplished the task. The feeders of the loch were cut off, a tunnel of three quarters of a mile was excavated to carry off the water, open ditches were dug across the surface of the loch, furrow drains were then made, and for the first two years the whole surface was turned over with the spade at a cost of sixty shillings to twenty shillings an acre. In consideration of this enormous outlay it was stipulated that the tenant should

hold this useless piece of land rent-free for twenty years, and should pay one hundred pounds for each of five subsequent years. The proprietors have, however, I understand, extended the period to twenty-seven years. A somewhat similar arrangement exists, I believe, on some of the estates of the Marquis of Huntly. A lease of thirty years is given to the tenant; during the first part of the lease he may pay two shillings and sixpence, then five shillings, and finally more.

A second modification of the popular theory of landowning is necessary. This second deduction is as important as the first. It has always been a part of the Common Law that improvements, whether in the shape of tillage or manures, buildings or fences erected by the tenant, and, in fact, fixtures generally, become the property of the owner of the soil, in virtue of the maxim *Quid iud plantatur solo cedit solo*. Though somewhat altered from its old harshness to the advantage of the tenant, that rule, the fit appendage of a land system dependent on slaves or villeins, still subsists. Of course a custom to the contrary will overrule the doctrine; and, fortunately, in several of the counties of England, such as Sussex, Surrey, Lincoln, and parts of Kent and Nottinghamshire, there do exist tolerably well defined customs, in virtue of which the tenant obtains compensation for the unexhausted improvement which he has effected. The doctrine of the Common Law relative to emblements, or growing crops, is another rude and inadequate attempt to mitigate the rigour and injustice of the principle. As a matter of fact, too, landlords dare not use all the power with which the law invests them; public opinion would be shocked were they to do all that which they may do, for here most conspicuously the law, which ought to be abreast if not ahead of the popular morality, lags behind. But not only are those controlling customs far from general in England, and almost unknown in Scotland—their codification, or even the cataloguing of them, would be of great service to landlord and outgoing or ingoing tenant—but it is rare that they meet all causes of complaint. In spite of the exposure of the facts laid before Mr. Pusey's committee, the legislature has left solid grievances unredressed.

Though the act of 1851, relative to agricultural fixtures, has to some extent alleviated some grievances, it is still the case that the tenant who may "erect any farm building, either detached or otherwise, engine or machinery, either for agricultural purposes or trade and agriculture, without having first obtained the consent of the landlord in writing, does so at the peril of confiscation. Even if consent is granted, the landlord has a prior right to purchase the machinery and engine at a valuation. Nor are there wanting some signal instances of wrong coming to pass, in consequence of this

doctrine. In proof I may refer to the treatment of Dr. O'Fahey, parish priest of Craughwell, in the county of Galway, who expended £400 in the erection of buildings, on the strength of a promise given by the father of his landlord that a lease should be granted. He was evicted. His claims were disregarded. He appealed to no purpose; the Irish Lord Chancellor, the Lord Justice of Appeal, and the Master of the Rolls, condemning severely the justice of the law which they were forced to administer. It is not long since the Duke of Buccleuch endeavoured in a Scotch court to appropriate a wire fence erected by a tenant. It is, however, unnecessary to discuss here the justice or policy of the law relative to fixtures and improvements. It is enough for my present purpose to draw attention to the operation of this agency in English agriculture, and to maintain that in the case of tenants, often compelled to find their sustenance in farming, without chaffering about terms, often unprovided with the security of leases, or, at all events, leases fortified by tenancy-right;¹ the operation of this rule must have been, and always must be, to transfer to the owner of the soil value which was in reality the product of the labour and capital of the tenant. There being too often no freedom of contract between the two parties, in any other sense than there is between the man who must buy and the man who need not sell, there has not always been the ability to stipulate for compensation for improvements. With more people seeking farms than farmers, and power to evict existing without corresponding ability to stand out for better terms, with needy tenants—whom the law of distress in England, and the hypothec in Scotland, make it safe to accept—there has been a steady flow of the outlay of tenants into the coffers of the landlords. The many generous members of this class, who would scorn to take advantage of the injustice of the law, must not hide from the few who, give them the chance, would exact the last farthing on the plea that "business is business." About the extent of this transference, it is difficult to speak precisely. Surmise must here take the place of information. Mr. Caird speaks of the value of the unexhausted improvements as being, in some English counties, £3 to £5 an acre. The experience of Ireland throws some dim light on the problem. There an outgoing tenant has been known to sell thirty acres indifferently tilled for £300. The total value of the tenancy-right in Ulster has been computed at millions; and, after making allowance for the fact that of the price paid a part was given for good-will, and taking into account the well-known truth, "men-

(1) For some valuable information respecting leases, see Mr. Clement Cadle's essay on the Farming Customs and Covenants of England in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, vol. iii. I may also refer to Mr. McNeil Caird's admirable pamphlet on "The Land Tenancy Laws."

ned by the Devon Commission, that in Ireland the tenant has long been accustomed to execute work elsewhere executed by the landlord,

shall nevertheless arrive at the conclusion that the sum at stake must be considerable. Let us here briefly consider two questions. First: What are the varieties of agricultural capital which takes the longest time to replace? Apart from drains and buildings, both of which are often the work of the tenant, probably the articles which will be longest in recouping themselves will be thrashing machines, or other expensive agricultural instruments. The second question is this: Of the entire capital sunk in a well-tilled farm, at any moment, what constitutes the greater part? Manures, stock, implements &c.—in other words, what it is customary for the tenant to contribute. So much is the tenant expected to do that Lord Derby has stated, perhaps a little incautiously, and with a candour which his friends will not laud, that the chief duty of the landlord is, not to hinder the investment of capital in the land by his tenant. Without criticizing this doctrine that it is the chief duty of the landlord to keep his hands off his tenants, I may here cite, with relevancy and propriety, an observation of Mr. J. J. Mechi, of Tiptree Farm. "On my farm,"—and, of course, his is somewhat exceptional experience—"which requires plenty of manure and deep cultivation, I cannot prosper with less than £16 per acre." I understand that in Wiltshire the tenant should have £6 to £8 per acre, in order to cultivate his farm with success. If the facts be so, and if our answers to the above questions be correct, this, then, is the paradox which we find: that the exercise of his vocation the tenant must have some, nay much, capital, while the landlord need have none, and the law is so framed that the more the former invests the better is the position of the latter.

While the decided tendency is to throw on the former the expenditure essential for the effective cultivation of the soil belonging to the latter, owing to a multitude of causes, roughly summed up in the fact that population is daily growing denser, rent tends to augment, sometimes at an incredible pace. It may be said of the estates of the Marquis of Westminster and the Earl of Derby, in Middlesex and Lancashire, that riches leap into their laps. Idleness on their part would be more lucrative than the strenuous industry of skilful multitudes. He would be an ingenious man who could show what enormous benefits the Bedford family have wrought in the West Central district of London. Yet as the ground-leases fall in, that family must necessarily obtain an enormous accession to their income. Every man's experience would doubtless supply instances of spontaneous increase of value of agricultural land, as well as building sites. I shall cite only one, as much perhaps for the sake of the strange decision pronounced by the

Exchequer Chamber as for the economical points involved. In 1855 the Earl of Sefton devised to his son part of the Toxteth Park estate, near Liverpool. It was then unsalable; nobody would build on it; nobody would farm it; and the devisee contended, and contended successfully, that he was entitled to be exempted from succession duty, so far as the then unmarketable, though subsequently valuable, parcel was concerned. In 1862 he sold 1,561 square yards of it at the rate of sixteen shillings per square yard; and later he sold another portion at the rate of six shillings per yard. Such augmentations of value, not attributable to the labours of the landlord, lead to further deduction from the popular theory.

A further and a very considerable subtraction must be made from the accuracy of the popular theory if the case of minerals is taken into account. For that element of wealth the landlord has done nothing. The question of the "unearned increment" has been chiefly argued in reference to agricultural land. But it appears to me that the absorption of unearned wealth is most strikingly exhibited in the case of minerals. While agricultural or building land becomes appreciated from only one set of causes—the growth of population, with its concomitant wants—our coal and iron fields rise in value, because the supply diminishes while the demand augments. The coal fields do not lie uniformly over England. Has the nation decided to commit to a few persons, fortuitously chosen, the profits to be derived from coal, which profits will augment long before the coming of that period of exhaustion which, the Royal Commission warns us, is not so very remote?

Hitherto the above theory has been the popular one. It may not remain so. We all know that there walks abroad a restlessness and a formless desire of change with respect to the land. It springs from divers sources. It may be that in this turning to the land as to something which will not fail there is, firstly, the germination of æsthetic perceptions in bosoms hitherto devoid of culture. Education and the example of social superiors may be doing their work among the poor; a dim longing for closer communion with Nature than is to be had at Greenwich Park, and a delicacy and range of tastes, once the appanage of the wealthy, may be oozing down to the artisans; even as the middle class has learned to place its ideal of earthly bliss in rural or semi-rural felicity, and even as the merchant, often uncultivated, feels in mid age come upon him that thirst for solitude, tempered by the love of family life, which is the true modern passion—even as these men have moulded their ideals in shapes which were once the aspiration of a few, so may the artisans have learned to long for a life outside the city walls. Doubtless, also, there mingled with these feelings two others—first, the feeling that among all the remedies for

the social maladies of our country there is one at once large, substantial, and untried. Under a better land system, the great unworked engine of English statesmanship, it is hoped, perhaps too sanguinely, that pauperism will disappear. Next, not a few recent cases in our courts of law; the action of our territorial legislators in regard to many salutary measures; the spectacle of bankrupt peers allowing their estates to suffer; and of Christian landlords living lives, so far as dealing with their tenants is concerned, little in accordance with the more socialistic maxims of the religion which they profess, have not been without effect; and no man who has visited the political haunts of the artisans, can fail to have marked the almost Puritanical standard which is applied to the conduct of men whose advantages are seen, and whose merits are not always understood.

So far as they have yet taken shape, these elements of discontent have crystallized into two schemes. One to which the Land Reform Association is pledged, and with which the name of Mr. Mill is identified, is the theory that the State should appropriate the unearned increment. That theory has failed to take root. Some who think that it is perfectly true that the landlords do "grow richer in their sleep," declare the theory to be impracticable, because there is no saying how much richer they grow in sleep. Others think that the proposal does not go far enough. The second scheme, to which Mr. Odger has given his adherence, and which, I think, is the more attractive to the working classes, is a scheme for "nationalizing" the land. Without pronouncing for or against either of the above, I would ask, is there no possible reform, which, instead of being an exotic, and an importation from the closet of the speculator, will be the natural outcome and continuation of a movement going far back into English history? Can we not effect much which is desirable, and correct not a few anomalies, without breaking with our past and by continuing the "idea," to use a Coleridgian expression, of our institutions? by carrying out, not reversing, the history of the tenure of land in England? We can; and, by studying that past, we shall be encouraged to think that far from portending some monstrous burthen, these throes of agitation touching the land may be the sign of the fulness of time, and that the nation is about to bring forth that which will be neither novel nor appalling. If the student of the history of English land tenures were asked to compress the substance of his researches into small space, doubtless he would reply that from early times until now there has been going on, slowly, with long halts, and some retrogression, a process tending to reduce the number of persons exercising privileges over, and draining revenues from, the soil without discharging functions of commensurate value. The

usufructuary and the fructifier tend to be the same; and the purport of all my past remarks is to prompt the reflection that, if this tendency be continued, there must be great changes, and the purport of all my future remarks is to show in what direction those changes will naturally be. Very numerous, curious, complicated and onerous, are the tenures which we find, and common socage tenures produced great good to the realm. Blackstone puts the effects before those of Magna Charta itself. So much was then done to strip the tree of the parasitical growth around it. In the history of the villeinage we have, perhaps, a chapter of the same tale. In the villeins, it is commonly alleged, though with doubtful accuracy, we have the predecessor of the copyholder, whose tenure, originally "base," and with all the incidents of baseness attaching to it, was in course of time transformed into a tenure differing little in point of value from that of the freeholder. We know that all of these villeins were not manumitted without a struggle. "We will that ye make us free for ever; ourselves, our heirs, and our lands; and that we be called no more bond, or so reputed." These were the dignified terms in which the peasants, in 1382, made their demands. They were cajoled by empty, false promises. No sooner were they rendered impotent by deceit than the promises which they had received were recalled. There was another chapter of this history completed when tithes were commuted. Though these still remain as a charge on the land, they do not any longer directly touch the cultivator. He no longer only partially gathers the fruits of his labour. Paley, no mean judge, enumerated among the agricultural improvements to be desiderated in his day, the commutation of tithes, and the enfranchisement of copyholds. The first ~~was~~ accomplished by the act of 1836, and the second is in a fair way to be so. I might also include in the list of such enfranchisements the compulsory sales effected in Ireland, under the Encumbered Estates Act, which relieved Ireland from not a few landlords of the leech species, as well as the more gradual enfranchisement effected by changes in prices, which have often, in process of time, made quit rents insignificant. I might support the above by instances taken from the history of other countries, such as Prussia and Wurtemberg. But, perhaps, enough of evidence has been collected to corroborate the assertion that the varieties of tenures tend to diminish, and that the *faineant* landlord tends to disappear.

What, then, is naturally the next phase of this evolution? It appears to me to be this—the enfranchisement of leaseholders; not turning all farmers at one stroke into landlords, regardless of the rights of the present owners, but the granting of facilities for enfranchisement somewhat similar to those accorded to copyholders. Let all those who are leaseholders be enabled to claim enfranchisement on payment of a sum calculated on the average rent of the last four or five

years. Such in substance is the suggestion which I make as a mode of bringing ownership in land more nearly into accordance with the theory, and as a cure for certain of the evils which I have catalogued. I shall not answer those who object that this would be a measure of spoliation: a price is to be paid. Neither need I reply to those who say that the above suggestion is Socialism; for, after all, Socialism is nothing other than what the majority of the moment think society should not do, and what the minority of the moment think society should do. But in reply to those who take the more reasonable objection, that there was peculiar ease in commuting copyhold into freehold property, owing to the fact that the dues were determined by custom, it may be stated that the Copyhold Commissioners, in their very first report, complain that they were confronted by the difficulty of determining the value of the incidents of copyholders. Not much greater difficulty, it is submitted, would be encountered in valuing accurately the conflicting claims of lords of the soil and the leaseholders. So many years' purchase of the rack-rent would be the natural basis. No doubt, it will be said, "If the price is above that which the landlord would obtain in the open market, the suggestion is valueless; if below it, the suggestion is a form of confiscation." Which is true, if by confiscation is to be understood appropriating all above the average rate of profits—in other words, treating a man no worse than his neighbours. It may be said too, that the scheme would be practically inoperative. Now such an assertion conflicts with the experience which we have obtained as to the Irish Land Act. In the working of that act, and particularly in the case of the Marquis of Waterford's estates, we have seen the tenants come forward and offer twenty, thirty, and even fifty years' purchase. If such things are done in Ireland, may we not anticipate that more would be done in England, far the wealthier country? Companies would, no doubt, be created to assist in such enfranchisement, even as there have been created companies to assist in enfranchising copyholds; and it might even be worth while to grant to tenants facilities similar to those which are accorded under Bright's clauses. If it be asked what would be the special benefit which would come to pass from such a change, it may be answered that to create, not by violence, but by natural means, not *per saltum*, but gradually, and so much in deference to an ancient tendency as almost plainly to stand justified, a race of proprietors whose domains shall not be so vast as to allow of idleness or indifference to perfect culture, nor so small as to doom them to penury and the necessity of foregoing enterprise or improvements, would not only destroy the destruction of some of the anomalies which have been mentioned in the early pages of this paper, but would also establish that state which economists, with few exceptions, have pronounced to be the most desirable. With large farms and small properties there

would be a conjunction of capital with "the magic of property." There would be no flagrant instance of the farmer being the sole improver, without sharing in the profits. There would be a splendid object of ambition before the frugal and industrious farmer. The broken rounds in the social ladder which enable one to climb from the lot of the labourer would be mended. The land would, in the language of Wendel Phillips, "float back into the nation," and not a little of the dangerous disaffection now rife would vanish.

The above suggestion has been made with a view to effect as much good as possible without creating any serious disturbance. In regard to the sites of cities also, the right course, I presume, is to follow old methods as far as possible: and it appears to me that we have in the Land Clauses Consolidation Act of 1845 a model for imitation. It lays down some most salutary rules with respect to the acquirement of land for public purposes. It enables all undertakings which have been sanctioned by Parliament, and for the execution of which the acquisition of land is required, to obtain powers of compulsory purchase. The owners of limited interests are allowed to sell, and owners who decline to do so may be forced. These provisions, however, are available only when some public work is to be carried out. Indeed, the promoters of railway companies are compelled to sell their superfluous land within a certain time. What appears to be greatly wanted in the case of municipal corporations is the possession, *ipso facto*, of powers similar to those which railway companies have in virtue of their acts. A corporation should have the right to dispose of the soil of the city—to buy it, if it pleases, or not to buy it. Not only would streets be better laid out, not only would the spectacle of large masses of the inhabitants of London forced at certain hours to make inconvenient détours in deference to the mandates of private proprietors disappear,¹ but perhaps we should be far on the way to the realisation of local government without taxation.

JOHN MACDONELL.

(1) Euston Square, one of the centres of life, is barricaded on one side at certain hours. The Duke of Bedford is pleased to divert London traffic from about 12 P.M. to about 8 A.M.

CAROLINE SCHLEGEL.

PART II.

JENA was in the very zenith of its glory at the time August Wilhelm Schlegel and his wife came there to reside, settling in "a tiny house," which was soon to become the chief laboratory of romanticism and general rendezvous of all champions of the new school. Weimar being within a very short distance, moreover, Herder, Wieland, and, above all, Göthe himself, were in the habit of riding over to pass a few days, and even weeks, at the small university town where Schiller, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Hufeland, Fichte, and, not long after, both the Schlegels, Schelling, Hegel, and Voss—I must needs limit myself to the most illustrious names—taught and wrote, surrounded by a host of other less remarkable thinkers and authors, who might themselves have claimed a first place anywhere else.

Although Caroline never had any great taste for the highflown, rhetorical style of poetry, and—in her opinion, at least—somewhat too abstract tendencies of the author of "Don Carlos," their first visit on arriving was, of course, to Schiller, to whose pressing instances may be mainly attributed their resolution of taking up their residence at Jena. Caroline found him at this first interview "handsomer than she had expected," and most "kind and pleasant" towards herself and her young husband, whose merits he appeared thoroughly to appreciate, and in whom he evidently hoped, not without reason, to find a learned, brilliant, and versatile collaborator. It was difficult to visit Schiller's house without meeting Wilhelm von Humboldt, with whom he at that time stood on terms of the closest intimacy and community of ideas. Humboldt, with whom Caroline had formerly had occasion to correspond, showed himself in his behaviour towards her, as usual, perfectly courteous and scrupulously urbane, was frigidly communicative, and, in short, did not succeed in pleasing her. This singular "sophist," whose writings betrayed the acute dialectician and the profound thinker, was verbose, commonplace, and uninteresting in the extreme in his letters and conversation, unless, indeed, when irony, or I was about to say malice, came to the rescue, lending zest to his platitudes and an edge to his wit.

At the bedside of Charlotte Schiller, then just confined of her second child, she met with one who had played no insignificant part in the outset of Schiller's career, and for whom a still more important one stood in reserve in the life of another poet. I allude to Charlotte von Kalb, Jean Paul's Titanide. This passionate, though at the same time languishing, sentimental woman, who, while

despising convention, and looking down upon social prejudices, was utterly unable to forget or divest herself of them for a moment—this nature essentially German at the bottom was not at all agreeable to the lively, spirited little Jacobin, whose own nature had a good deal more that was French in it than the “new ideas.” The first thing she saw in Schiller’s enthusiastic friend was that in spite of all her kindness she was a fine lady *et même très fort*. Still, on meeting with her again at Weimar towards the close of the year, she is greatly struck by her *air de grande dame* and consciousness of her noble pedigree in spite of all her rage for emancipation. “You may talk as you like, but at the last judgment she is sure to pass her genealogical examination with all due honour, and her ancestry will be found stainless. She is not impolite towards me, but her intellect—for she has one—is cast in the strangest of moulds.”

Another of Charlotte Schiller’s rivals, and one whom she received and accepted with a very good grace, her own sister, Caroline von Wolzogen, was even less to our friend’s taste; she finds her “rather dull and wearisome, and far less unaffected than Charlotte.” Schiller’s heart had hesitated between these two sisters at a time when the youngest was still Fräulein von Lengefeld and the eldest Frau von Beulwitz; and even after his marriage with Charlotte von Lengefeld, and her sister’s divorce and second alliance with Schiller’s old friend, Herr von Wolzogen, the enthusiastic friendship existing between the author of the “Räuber” and the writer of “Agnes von Lilien”¹ did not by any means cool down. Still, for some time past, while preserving her enthusiasm for Schiller and a tender regard for her husband, Caroline von Wolzogen had centred her most ardent affections upon the least ardent of men, Wilhelm von Humboldt, then only just married, and Schiller’s most intimate friend. As for Frau von Humboldt, *née* von Dacheröden, we learn that she easily consoled herself, and followed her own inclinations.

Besides the above-mentioned, other meteors were to be seen traversing the Jena sky, such as crazy Sophie Mereau, for instance, then about to quit her husband’s roof to wed the brother of Bettina Brentano, who, by-the-bye, was not a whit less crazy than herself; and pretty Frau von Berlepsch, who was at that time running after Mounier, the French *constituant*, acting provisionally as schoolmaster at Weimar. Nor could the strange morality of this motley group of *litterati* and fine ladies fail to make a strong impression upon the already somewhat emancipated mind of Caroline Schlegel. She soon found no difficulty in adopting the tone of those by whom she was surrounded, and began to ask herself, as a matter of course, “with Frau Schiller, why Göthe had not preferred bringing back some

(1) Frau von Wolzogen had turned authoress, and one of her novels, anonymously published, had been even attributed by her contemporaries to Göthe himself.

handsome Italian girl with him from his travels," than continuing to live with that well-known young German lady whom Frau Rath, his mother, the venerable Frankfort patrician matron, with the singular absence of prejudice peculiar to those times, made no scruple whatever of calling "her dear daughter."

I have insisted upon certain characteristic circumstances and facts, such as the above, and lay particular stress on these quite unintentionally-used expressions, at the imminent risk, I am well aware, of passing for a retailer of scandal and a lover of anecdotes, or may be worse, in the eyes of many a grave historian, who imagines himself very probably to be writing literary history while analysing *chefs d'œuvre* of the past, in order to save his readers the trouble of reading them themselves. My reason for so doing is that apparently insignificant facts such as those I have just quoted, and words pronounced in familiar intercourse, contribute more in my opinion towards a right understanding of German classical poetry, as well as of the singular period which gave rise to it, than all the folios of official history and quartos of orthodox criticism put together. This was the society which furnished Göthe with the types for his two Eleonoras. It was this society which was suddenly overtaken and crushed by the catastrophe of 1806. At once *naïve* and refined, aristocratic by its elements and revolutionary by its tendencies, disorganised by ideal, as others have been by material, egotism, this circle had, in fact, conceived an altogether false and disproportionate idea of the rights of the individual as opposed to the community, and the freedom of action to which he or she might lay claim in actual life; it presents us with the attractive, gently tragical spectacle of a generation which we are inclined in turn to pity or to smile at, which alternately excites our anger and our enthusiasm, and yet in which we cannot help feeling a certain amount of interest.

I have already hinted at the small attraction which Schiller's somewhat overstrained and rhetorical muse possessed for Caroline; but it was very different with Göthe, whose simpler, more familiar tone, truer and more touching feeling, corresponded far better to her own sentiments. With a remarkable sureness of instinct, she, like Rahel, at once felt the immense superiority of Göthe over the whole generation, and that, moreover, at a time when, amid the hosts of different poetical productions which were crowding upon each other, even the best judges hesitated in forming any decided opinion. She had already seen Göthe at Göttingen in 1783, where he won the hearts of all the pedants who were in league against him, and he had produced a lively and lasting impression upon her at that time. Shortly after their arrival at Jena, the poet, as was his custom, rode over on horseback to pass a few days there. He immediately came to call upon the young writer, who not only promised but already held so

much, and his amiable wife. He found her at home alone, "was as pleasant as possible, said much that was flattering concerning Schlegel, and promised he would soon return, and see them often"—a promise which, however, he did not keep, for reasons which will be explained hereafter. They subsequently met several times at the hospitable houses of the Griesbachs and Hufelands, where the Schlegels were always cordially welcomed. Caroline and her husband then returned Göthe's visit at Weimar, upon which occasion he gave a dinner in honour of the couple, and Herder an evening party. She was so taken with the latter as "almost to fall in love with him." Frau Herder she had, indeed, expected to find "smaller, gentler, and more womanly." However, the qualities of the husband amply made up for anything that may have disappointed her in the wife.

"Besides," she writes, "that Curland accent is alone sufficient to win one's heart; and then his ease and yet dignity of manner, the clever gracefulness in all he says, and he never says anything one is not gratified to hear. It is a long time since any one has charmed me so much . . . Wieland, too, was a capital humour, saying plenty of amusing things, and in a towering rage against pigs, for whose existence he can never forgive the Creator, and which he called the *anti-Graces* in his pathetic indignation."

They also came in contact with Knebel, that original creature, "a nobleman's brave spirit," and with Falk, the satirist, "the best fellow in the world, who lets the Weimar people pet him, for they always must have somebody of that kind." The Dowager Duche and Karl August himself, usually so anxious to seize upon all rising stars, do not appear to have exhibited any great alacrity with regard to the Schlegels, nor did the court volunteer to open its doors to them on any of their subsequent visits to Weimar. Yet there can be little doubt that, had there been a real desire for their intercourse, an exception might easily have been made in their favour, as had been the case with Wieland and Merck, in spite of the aristocratic prejudices and nearly insurmountable difficulties of etiquette which still prevailed, even at Karl August's court.¹ It is not to be wondered at, at any rate, that our new-comers should feel themselves perfectly at home in Thuringia, when they saw how cordially they were welcomed by the princes of German literature.

"I continue to feel happy beyond everything here," Caroline writes, after more than two months. "I have settled comfortably down, and feel as though I might take up a lasting residence in this country. I still remain true to my first resolution of making but few acquaintances. I see little or nothing of the students, and have secured myself, at any rate, against their smashing my windows, as our dwelling is in a back-yard. We walk out every evening, and our domestic circle has turned from a trio to a quartett since the arrival of my brother-in-law, who is a great source of enjoyment to us, with his rough pate, inside and out."

(1) The two Schlegels had titles conferred upon them much later, like Göthe, Schiller, Herder, Schelling, Johannes Müller, and others.

This addition to their household was, however, not always to prove so great a source of satisfaction to them. The small house they had taken at Jena was not only a place of recreation, it was, above all, a study and literary workshop. Schlegel had already begun to contribute to Schiller's *Musen-Almanach* and *Horen*. His facility both in reading and composition was so great that he was able to send in critical essays issuing from his own pen to almost every number of these periodicals. Caroline was of the greatest assistance to him, not only in reading and in forming an opinion on the works read, but also in writing. Several of the most celebrated critical essays published at that period under his name were really, if not wholly, at any rate in great part, her work. Among others we may mention the admirable review of *Romeo and Juliet*. But of about three hundred reviews of different books which appeared in the *Horen*, the *Litteratur-Zeitung*, and the *Elegante Zeitung*, which were generally attributed to Schlegel himself, a great many were entirely written by his wife, who, not content with helping him in this way, did not even shrink from the mechanical task of copying for him whenever she could thereby lessen his burthen of work. Her direct co-operation was nevertheless far less important than her indirect collaboration. Her woman's instinct was surer, her taste and tact had greater delicacy than Schlegel's; and, in spite of his rapidity of judgment, he was in an eminent degree accessible to personal influence. It must, moreover, be confessed that Germany's greatest critic after Lessing in reality had no settled opinions, and was mainly occupied during the four busiest years of his life, in clothing those he borrowed from Caroline in his own style, in lending them the solid support of his own superior learning, and amplifying as well as systematising them with that peculiar ability for dialectics which forms his chief characteristic.

When the Schlegels first arrived at Jena the generous friendship which united Göthe and Schiller had but just commenced, and was as yet in its militant period with regard to the outer world. These two great men and great poets having at length mutually acknowledged each other's worth, immediately contracted an offensive and defensive alliance against the enemies of truth and of the beautiful, whose name was then, alas! as it ever will be, legion. They had just carried warfare into the enemy's territory by sundry smart attacks, each bringing his own peculiar qualities into the field, frequently opposed, and thereby serving as a complement to those which distinguished the other. Caroline had never disguised her partiality for Göthe's genius, and with her to prefer was vehemently to side with. Now, this very summer, that of 1796, was marked by the appearance of the famous *Xenien*, that well-known series of satirical epigrams by the two allied poets, which at that time created so great a sensa-

tion, and threw the surrounding world into consternation and confusion. Complaints resounded on every side from those who had been so unfortunate as to feel the darts of the bright Dioscuri of Weimar and Jena. Never did any parliamentary campaign in political country stir up such a hurricane of hatred and passion as was provoked by this literary warfare in one, the interests of which were as yet of an almost exclusively intellectual nature. With the natural acuteness of a woman's instinct, Caroline was not long in detecting whence the shafts proceeded. At the outset the contents of the whole quiver were laid to Göthe's account; but she at once writes to her friends that "Schiller had stood by him faithfully; his missiles bring down less comical prey, but they are more venomous." As soon, however, as a few of them chanced to fall within the precincts of her own garden, she began to be vexed—"The whole thing displeases me more and more, and I must say I bear Schiller a grudge on account of it, *entre nous*, for, believe me, five-sixths of them are his, and the sprightly, inoffensive ones alone are by Göthe.¹ Schiller will have to pay for all the breakages; he lays himself so open that one can take hold of him on all sides, and besides, he is susceptible,—his vengeance shows that."

The original cause of the rupture which subsequently took place was, as usual, Friedrich Schlegel. Elsewhere (see *Revue des Deux Mondes*, number of March 15th, 1870) I have already attempted to delineate the character of this singular personage, who was not less vain, while far less reliable, than his brother, although possessing a deeper and more powerful intellect. But whereas Wilhelm's weaknesses, and his pretensions to the refinement of a man of the world, exercised no deteriorating influence upon his intrinsic merits, Friedrich's mania of giving himself out for a fiery impetuous nature, an inspired, tyrannically capricious genius, on the contrary, spoilt his fine speculative qualities, and did real injury as well to his writings as to his career. This affected indomitableness of character usually manifested itself in practical life by gross breaches of tact and delicacy, in literature by voluntary and intentional sensuality or cutting paradox. The year before Schiller had published his admirable Essay on Naïve and Sentimental Poetry, in which, setting out from Kant's principles, he for the first time clearly specified the characteristic difference between modern and ancient poetry, eloquently defending and proving the legitimacy of the former, and even for those who know how to read between the lines, the legitimate rights of Friedrich Schiller's reflective and sentimental muse beside the more "naïve and plastic" goddess who inspired Wolfgang Göthe. Now Friedrich Schlegel himself had already treated this very same

(1) Caroline was not wrong. The recent researches of Boas, Bernays, and Haym, had already led to the same result before her correspondence was published.

subject some time before in a somewhat unripe production, and naturally felt himself overtaken and distanced by the maturer thinker. Greatly stung by this mortification, he immediately set about reducing to a complete system the detailed objections he had to make to Schiller's essay, and published them in Réichardt's *Deutschland*, following them up rapidly, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of his brother to deter him, by two other articles directed against Schiller's essays and philosophical poems. The tone assumed by this young writer towards a man of Schiller's standing—for it must be borne in mind that Friedrich Schlegel was then only twenty-four, and had produced neither "Räuber" nor "Don Carlos"—was one of intolerable arrogance and presumption. Schiller was deeply wounded by it; so much so, indeed, that a tardy effort on the part of his juvenile antagonist to mitigate the violence of his previous attacks by a less severe conclusion remained without avail, and Schlegel had to bear the brunt of the Titan's wrath. *Xenie* after *Xenie* pierced with their poisoned darts the but too susceptible vanity of these "gentlemen who teach to-day what they learnt but yesterday." Friedrich Schlegel's reply was a sharp criticism of the epigrams in which he heavily ridicules "Patroclus, too rash for his own welfare, giving himself the airs of the great Pelide"—i.e., Göthe. Throughout the whole of that year this warfare was kept up in a similar tone, and women's mischief-making talk did much to envenom the quarrel. The best, oldest, and truest friend Schiller ever had was Körner the elder, father of the well-known poet patriot, who fell a victim in the wars of 1813. Now Körner's sister-in-law, Dora Stock, had been affianced to that same unfortunate Huber with whom Theresa Forster had eloped. This forsaken lady had somehow or other got into her head, quite erroneously, that Caroline Schlegel had done a good deal towards promoting this piece of double treachery, and had in consequence vowed her a persistent and deadly hatred, which was to pursue her wherever she went and to the very end of her life. Soon there is no crime of which *Dame Lucifer*—for thus she is styled even by Schiller himself—is not accused, or, at any rate thought capable, by the set which at that time was grouped around the great poet. It is quite nauseous to peruse the letters of some female gossips to Charlotte Schiller on this subject, especially those of Frau von Hoven and a certain Frau Niethammer. Women totally devoid of all personal charms, old maids, or the wives of University professors, can alone reach such a degree of refined cruelty in distilling poison drop by drop out of the paltriest elements, in order to injure one of their own sex, whose misfortune, or, in their eyes, crime it is to have what they lack, and to possess superior attraction for the opposite sex.

We are sorry also to be obliged to add that Schiller himself never could succeed in shaking off certain littlenesses of character acquired, no doubt, in early youth, in the stifling, contagious atmosphere of small country-towns, and that he persisted to the last in bringing as much vehemence of passionate interest to bear upon the most trifling personal matters as he showed enthusiasm in advocating grand impersonal ideas. A long habit of battling against poverty had left behind it a meanness in views regarding money matters strikingly at variance with the usual grandeur of his nature. Previously to contracting that memorable friendship with the other great German star, which will for ever be one of the greatest glories of the country, he had severely criticised Karl August's extravagance for allowing Göthe two thousand thalers "to spend in Italy doing nothing." On hearing that Caroline had helped Friedrich Schlegel in writing the essay against the *Horen*—which was not true by the way—he immediately writes in the following terms to her husband (April, 1797):—

"I was happy to be able to procure you the means of earning a remuneration such as is seldom to be had, by inserting your translations from Dante and Shakespeare; but since I am informed that Herr Friedrich Schlegel chooses the very moment in which I have obtained these advantages for you to censure me publicly for admitting too many translations into the *Horen*, you must excuse me if I refrain from doing so in future. And, to release you once for all from a position which must necessarily weigh upon your frankness and delicacy, let us break off a connection which, under the circumstances, would be too strange, and has already too often compromised my confidence."

Schlegel was weak enough to make an attempt at justifying himself in an answer to this letter, and even Caroline herself condescended to add a postscript to her husband's reply. All was, however, in vain, for although the parties concerned continued to keep up social intercourse, it always remained of the most distant and frigid kind. Göthe, generally wont to espouse his friend's quarrels, was this time forced to admit that Schiller was in the wrong, and, without ever contracting any intimacy with the Schlegels, he continued on a footing of regard and esteem with them, which the elder brother at any rate deserved. While Schiller could discern nothing beyond "heartless, sterile coldness" in all they wrote, Göthe never ceased viewing them in their true light, viz., as the first German critics of the day. He even went the lengths of admiring their poetry; this, however, was over-doing it. When director of the Weimar theatre, he insisted upon having Wilhelm's *Ion* performed identifying himself to so great an extent with his protégé that he seriously quarrelled with some ill-disposed critics, and even had recourse to his ministerial authority in order to silence their opposition. The husband and wife, on their side, remained true to him, especially Caroline; and it is touching to remark her constancy

and affectionate admiration for Göthe as displayed in his correspondence, which embraces a period of more than thirty years, and in which she always speaks of him in the same high terms, both as a man and a poet, in spite of the frigid politeness with which he never ceased to treat her. "There is not an archer rogue under the sun," she says, alluding to him, "nor a better, more innocent heart," and when her friends are in trouble or perplexity, it is to Göthe she sends them to seek counsel and comfort.

She did not fail, of course, to direct Friedrich's attention towards Göthe's works, warning him at the same time against Schiller's tendency, as she afterwards did with Schelling. Nevertheless, there was far too much of the woman in her nature, she had too much tact, and, besides, too great an interest in remaining on good terms with Schiller, to become the instigator of a personal quarrel of that kind, or provoke the untimely and unbecoming attacks of her brother-in-law. But hostilities once commenced, it was not in her character to remain a neutral spectator or a half enemy. From that moment there can be no doubt whatever that she really became the soul and presiding genius of the whole conspiracy—or shall I rather call it campaign—which the romantic school directed against Schiller, "moral, leaden Schiller." Even the tactics of this literary warfare had something indescribably feminine in them. The adversary was to be crushed by silence and disdain, and it is easy to see what such silence and disdain cost them. When unable at times to contain themselves, he is incidentally alluded to as they would mention a Kotzebue or Iffland, or any other supplies of stage *répertoires*. In private correspondence they treated the author of *Wallenstein* as a complete nullity, turning his dramatic manufacture into ridicule. Nor must it be supposed that the Schlegels stood alone in this. Herder's correspondence teems with the same ill-disguised acrimony against Schiller. Envy, from which Herder was by no means free, and wounded vanity, of which the Schlegels owned an unusual amount, had in fact a great deal more to do with this hostile attitude than any æsthetic convictions, and the opinions of the new school were far oftener dictated by personal considerations or momentary caprice than any of them cared to confess. Still the basis of this virulent opposition rested in reality on a new doctrine and a point of view entirely differing from those which at that time prevailed. "This is war against the majority," says Caroline; and even the contradictions in the works which proceeded from this school may be traced to this common source. A moral Schiller was looked down upon with disdain, while an immoral Wieland excited virtuous indignation. "Immoral Wieland," forsooth! The word is monstrous in the mouth of the author of

cinde, and addressed to one who, sixteen years before, treated all s enthusiastic admirers of *Oberon* as "obtuse minds and crazy ads"! Still we can perfectly understand how the leading principles of a new school reclaiming art for art's sake, and poetry for oetry's sake, could be hurt equally by the ideal morality, by the ategorical imperative which inspired Schiller, and by the didactic rationalism, calling itself Socratic—true inheritance of the eighteenth century—of which Wieland could not divest himself.

As for Caroline, although agreeing in the main with the young rebels, and expressing astonishment that the "purest, loftiest work of modern poetry (Dante's *Divina Commedia*) should have connected itself with that wretched Virgil," she nevertheless took care not to draw extreme conclusions with regard to reality. These new sectarians had all been seized with a violent mania for poeticising every-day life, and Caroline often had occasion to pity that poor little Fräulein Paulus—afterwards the wife of August Wilhelm himself—for being forced "into so eccentric a course" without having "a single spark of poetry in her." She rails at Clemens Brentano for "coming to present himself to Friedrich Schlegel at Jena, as he would to some high priest, in order to ascertain whether or no he be free from the slightest taint of leprosy," and for making such a fool of himself by his "unlimited impertinence." She laughs at Friedrich and his paradoxical aggressive doctor's theses, and ridicules the airs of Diogenes, which Friedrich Tieck, the sculptor, gives himself. Still, among the whole of this romantic set, who believed implicitly that Ludwig Tieck's poetry was quite on a par with Göthe's, and were in earnest when they assigned a higher place to their poor presumptuous Novalis than to robust, healthy Lessing; she alone contrived to preserve sufficient freedom of judgment and impartiality to enable her to be just, not only to their adversaries—with the solitary exception of Schiller, who, it must not be forgotten, had grossly offended her—but also to their friends, which was a good deal less easy. She never ceased to disapprove of "Lucinde," nor would this objectionable work ever have been published had she had her own way; nevertheless she was not deterred by anything of this kind from acknowledging her young brother-in-law's real superiority over the other adepts of the new creed, even after the rupture which eventually occurred between them. "Friedrich is profound," she says, "sometimes even too profound; inwardly grand, he is outwardly a fool. He carries childlike confidence and unconsciousness even into the intentional artifice of his compositions." If, on the one hand she erred in exaggerating her husband's merits as a dramatic writer more especially with regard to his *Ion*; on the other, she is surely deserving of all praise for constantly urging him to complete the work, which she herself foretells was one day to be "the pillar of

his glory"—viz., his translation of Shakespeare. Even at a time when there was no longer any reason for partiality towards him, she continued to admit that he was the only one among this set who worked hard, knew his own mind, and was ready at all times. And when at last they all begin to turn their stings against Göthe himself, she writes to Schelling: "Don't chime in chorus, nor take part in the blasphemies against Göthe;" and makes no ceremony whatever, speaking of Tieck's poems, in laughing at his "imagination, always flapping its wings and fluttering, yet unable to soar aloft!" She delights in Voltaire's tales, but as for his tragedies, she cares for them only in Göthe's harmonious translations, of which she says: "He has set Voltaire to music, as Mozart did Schickaneder," alluding to *Tancred* and the *Zauberflöte*.

Her husband knew well how to turn her eminent cleverness and perspicacity to the best possible account; and her brother-in-law would have liked to do the same, but he set about it too awkwardly. He had at that time just left Jena for Berlin, where he was starting a new periodical called the *Athenæum*, by means of which it was his intention to place the whole of contemporary German literature "in a state of siege"—from Nicolai's antiquated rationalist school, that pig-tail of Lessing's, to the epicurism of Wieland and his followers, Schiller's Idealism, the self-styled Humorists à la Hippel, and finally down to the pure classical writers, Göthe always excepted. Caroline was—to use his own inappropriate language—to assist him "in taming and drilling this young Herculean bear" (the *Athenæum*!) She was likewise requested to send direct fragmentary contributions from her own pen—for these *Romantiker*, like most people devoid of creative power, had a mania for fragments. She, however, refused to contribute, for she knew herself too well to exchange willingly the part of an Egeria for that of a Sappho. He next took to extracting passages from his brilliant sister-in-law's private letters, with a view to inserting them in his periodical; fortunately for Caroline, however, he soon convinced himself that they were altogether of too personal a nature—"too pure, too beautiful, too delicate to allow of his making her appear intentional by detaching portions of them." Finding himself unsuccessful with the mother, he then proceeded to attack the daughter. Augusta, the most charming little creature imaginable, if we are to believe our eyes in viewing the portrait which has come down to us, and the corroborative evidence of her friends and admirers, was but twelve years old in 1797, although precociously developed. It is easy to perceive by her letters, and still more by some verses addressed to Friedrich Schlegel and Tieck, that she must have been lively, bright, and childlike, yet endowed with unusual intelligence for her age. Had it been possible to spoil this wonderful child, assuredly the circle in which she grew up, and the

tone prevailing in it, would have done it. At times one hardly knows whether to smile or be indignant at certain passages of letters which were addressed to this young girl at the age of ten and twelve. Those of Caroline herself to her daughter are in a slight degree more guarded, for she is more natural and unaffected than the rest, and then she is her mother; yet both she and her husband, especially the latter, constantly allude to persons and things in their correspondence with her, which it would have been desirable she should have ignored. As for Friedrich, he jests with her in his coarse, heavy way. "Bid your mother keep an eye upon Wilhelm on account of the Paulus flirtation."¹ And soon after, "You are just twelve years old to-day, and you will no longer be allowed to sit on my knees. I see how hard this will be for you, but it is your mother's wish. . . . I promise you to keep you *au courant* if any woman should fall in love with me, for I am not likely to fall in love with any-one." He seriously proposes to this child to help him in his review. "Will you not take part in the *Attic Museum*? you shall have ten thalers a sheet for your work. Only in that case it would not be superfluous if you were to learn to treat German orthography with a little less respect."

Friedrich's adventures in Berlin are well known. He there became intimate with Schleiermacher and Henriette Herz (of whom, by the way, he speaks most disparagingly in his letters), and at last met with her whose influence was to supersede that of Caroline during his after-life, and who was to become his chief helpmate in his writings, and his assistant in translating "Faublas," or copying his "Lucinde," with her sister Henrietta. It is not my intention to enter here into the history of this daughter of Moses Mendelssohn's, who afterwards became Friedrich Schlegel's wife, and was the mother of Philip Veit.² Friedrich Schlegel was not her first nor her only love, as has been generally supposed. A somewhat enigmatical individual, the natural son of a reigning prince, who by turns led the life of a traveller, a military adventurer, and a scientific man, had succeeded in making a very deep impression upon her heart, and she had allowed this passively sensual feeling to get the better of her without offering any great resistance. At the time of young Schlegel's first appearance in Berlin, she found herself in that delicate situation in which the two greatest modern poets have chosen to place their types of the lover, Romeo and Werther, in order better to illustrate the susceptibility of their hearts for new impressions. In other words, she had not yet entirely recovered from a first wound; but it appears that it was not long in healing

(1) This alludes not to the future second wife of A. W. Schlegel, but to her mother, still youthful then.

(2) One of the most celebrated German painters of the Overbeck school.

n she once knew Friedrich; for soon after we find her,
 the characteristic indelicacy of the times, and of the set to
 ch she belonged, publishing love-letters written to her by her
 lover, Edouard D'Alton, in her fragmentary novel, "Floren-
 " Her *liaison* with Friedrich Schlegel was, as is well-known, to
 rise likewise to the publication of a novel, but this time it was
 lover who took upon himself the indiscreet mission of writing
 ucinde." "Pedantism," says an epigram of that time, "asked
 gination for a kiss, but she sent him back to Sin. Bold, though
 otent, he embraced her, and she brought forth a still-born
 pring—'Lucinde.'" It would be impossible to describe the
 k better; it was indeed one of those boxes on the ear, as the
 hor himself modestly styles them, which he was wont to adm-
 er to those "blind enough not to see that he had genius." By
 we can see that he was not disposed to be hard upon himself,
 yet he knew his own character well, for in a lucid interval he
 s—"It seems to me as though the world might again be divided,
 in the beginning of modern history, into two great categories—
 lesiastics and laymen. You" (meaning Wilhelm and Caroline)
 along to the lay folks, we" (*i.e.*, he and Dorothea) "to the clerks."
 The sensual monk and his excitable nun, however, began to feel
 mselves considerably less at ease in Berlin, after committing this
 ss *étourderie*, and to think seriously of removing elsewhere. The
 es of Dresden, where Friedrich's married sister resided, were closed
 inst them, not on account of any scruples of morality, but simply
 ause Dorothea was as yet unbaptized—just as Caroline had found
 self unable to re-enter her native town, Göttingen, although
 ally married to August Wilhelm, because she was suspected of
 obinism. Thus we see how enviable the political state of Germany
 st have been in those days of unlimited intellectual freedom.
 edrich and Dorothea finished by settling at Jena, and this was a
 at mistake. For, although the two brothers had a sincere and
 rtfelt love and admiration for each other, it was a very different
 ng with the two sisters-in-law, and consequently dissensions
 edily arose. Not that the irregularity of Dorothea Veit's con-
 stitution with Friedrich Schlegel in the least scandalized Caroline;
 had she not shown herself ready to receive even Henrietta,
 rothea's sister, in spite of her full consciousness of the "innocent
 action which existed between her and Wilhelm"? On the con-
 ry, it was the ecclesiastical nature of Dorothea which found itself
 able to chime in with Caroline's mundane tendencies. Their friends
 unanimous in attributing the initiative of the quarrel entirely
 Dorothea, and all, even Caroline herself, agreed in absolving
 iedrich from all blame in the matter excepting that of weakness.
 On their first arrival Caroline had come forward to receive his

companion with a cordial welcome, and writes to her daughter—"She has a national—(*i.e.*) Jewish look, demeanour, and countenance. I do not consider her pretty. Her eyes are large and flashing, but the lower part of her face is too careworn and heavy. She is not taller, though a little broader, than I. Her voice is the most feminine part of her." Indeed, we have every reason to suppose that Caroline quite surpassed her in womanly attractions. There still exist two portraits of Caroline and her daughter by Tischbein, which may certainly be flattering likenesses; but painters are not given to making portraits like these unless there be something about the subject which inspires them. Both are charming, and although it be difficult not to be reminded of the *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*, still the charms of the woman of thirty-six outweigh those of the girl of fourteen. The head-dress, *à la Marie Antoinette*, so exactly suits the delicate and smiling head, the eyes are so eloquently caressing, the lips seem about to utter the Siren's lay, the neck—a thing so rare in German women—is so perfectly rounded and beautifully set upon her falling shoulders. Then, again, a light veil is cast over this amiable serenity, giving it, as it were, the stamp of the century. Those eyes must assuredly have perused Ossian, and shed tears over La Nouvelle Héloïse. It is easy to understand that Dorothea should have dreaded her influence over Friedrich. Nevertheless, things went on tolerably as long as Wilhelm remained at Jena; but when he left for Berlin (1801) the storm which had been gathering broke loose. According to true German custom, of course everyone was initiated into the innermost privacy of these family dissensions; two parties formed at Jena, one for, one against, Friederich. As for August Wilhelm, he took Caroline's part against his brother at a time when he was no longer in love with her, when he was sighing after Sophie Bernhardi, and when she herself made no secret of her attachment to Schelling.

It was a great relief to Caroline when Friedrich and Dorothea left Jena at last after a stay of three years (1802). "They are gone off to France," writes she triumphantly, "to be married, *à la Republicaine*. Under Robespierre people were wont to call drowning in the Loire a 'Republican wedding.' And I must say I should not grudge one-half of this couple a wedding of that kind," she adds, with a woman's harshness, and a want of taste very rare in her. Friedrich went to pay her a visit before leaving Jena. "I thought myself obliged to call upon her," he writes to Wilhelm, "since you still consider her as your wife; but the meeting was icy, although extremely polite." Now, what could have happened to prevent August Wilhelm from considering Caroline any longer as his wife?

III.

In the autumn of 1798 a young man of twenty-three had taken out his *venia docendi* at the Jena University, and began a course of lectures on philosophy by the very side of Fichte, who at that time—and, indeed, for long after—was looked upon as Kant's successor in the philosophical empire. This young man was Schelling, who was destined to exercise so great an influence over German minds, and to fulfil in the *ecclesia triumphans* of the Romantiker that part which had been formerly sustained by Fichte in the period of their *ecclesia militans*.

Schelling came from a part of Germany eminently productive of strong obstinate wills, speculative intellects, and fervent convictions. He was the countryman of Schubarth, Schiller, and Hegel. This *præcox ingenium* had made his appearance as an author by publishing some essays on Hebrew and Christian mythology, the germ of which may be sought in Herder, while their ulterior development is to be found in D. F. Strauss. Soon, however, he relinquished theology in favour of philosophy, and at the early age of nineteen wrote a remarkable treatise, in which Fichte's inspiring influence is still vividly felt. In this and several other essays of the kind, with more or less Fichtean or Spinozist tendencies, the amazed literary world scarcely knew what to wonder at most, whether at his depth of thought, his prodigious maturity for his age, or the arrogant, supercilious, conquering tone of the young thinker. Soon we see him emancipating himself, and in 1797 he produces the first of that series of works in which he eventually exposed his own doctrine on the "Philosophy of Nature."

He had just begun to develop it in a second work when he met with A. W. Schlegel and his wife in Dresden; the latter of whom was struck at first sight by his enthusiastic energy. They were absent from Jena on his arrival there, in the autumn of the same year (1798), to lecture as a Privat Docent; but on her return Caroline received him with great cordiality, so that when her husband arrived he already found them on terms of very great intimacy, although of an entirely platonic nature. The rising, ambitious, young philosopher, who was meditating a reform not only in science and poetry, but in the world itself, by an alliance between philosophy and poetry; this ardent, enthusiastic, dreamy nature, coupled with a tenacious will, had a strange fascination for Caroline, who for the first time in her life here found her master. What weakness, what affectations, what overstraining had she not witnessed in all those who had come near her till now! Göthe alone might, in her eyes, have stood comparison advantageously with Schelling, as far as vigour, freshness, spontaneity, and facility were concerned; but, then, Göthe was no longer

young, and, moreover held her at a distance. Schelling, who was drawn towards her like the iron to the magnet, possessed the one great attraction of youth, quite irresistible, indeed, for some women, who, born with a great natural disposition towards tenderness, have never either loved nor been loved passionately. The impression made upon her by this blunt, ardent nature betrays itself every moment in her letters. "He is more interesting personally than you will allow," she writes to Friedrich Schlegel. "His is a thoroughly genuine nature, something akin to what granite is among minerals." For a long while she strives to deceive herself as to the nature of her affection for him; but in this she only half succeeds. She even meditates a future alliance between Schelling and her daughter Augusta, at that time on a visit to the family of the painter Tischbein, at Dessau; and she entreats her not to be jealous "of her mamma." Schelling, less calm, soon begins to write her the most passionate verses, wherein science and religion, poetry and love, are strangely mixed up. They all read the Italian poets together, and make sonnets after the manner of Petrarca; soon Caroline becomes the Beatrice of this new Dante, who was at that time preparing a mystical epic poem. The peace with Dorothea and her husband was as yet unbroken, and "holy Father Fritz, fervent in God," was the interpreter of the divine poet.

Afterwards, when the households of the two Schlegel brothers began to be thoroughly disunited, when August Wilhelm, attracted in a different direction, left Jena for months at a time, Schelling established his domicile in the house, and took his meals with Caroline, bringing back light and warmth to this somewhat chilly hearth. "He is the giver of joy; for he is mild, affectionate, and cheerful." And Caroline, though more enthusiastic for the philosopher than for his philosophy—Caroline, the light-hearted woman of the world—insensibly and visibly becomes a Diotima. She gradually acquires a taste for transcendent speculation. Schelling's obscure system has no obscurities for her like that of Fichte, because "Schelling has poetry in his nature, while Fichte has none." She entirely adopted Schelling's worship for nature. "Sole divinity, acknowledged by me," she writes later on, in a passage of her lover's "Clara," attributed to her; "sole divinity, whose strength I feel, good Mother Nature, let my tongue paint the images of thy words; never let the feeling within me, which is thy work, err; never allow my instinctive knowledge to become a learned one." There are some thoughts "which I cannot quite understand, yet I believe in them; and by faith and imagination I can easily be led wherever you like. Only the steps up the ladders, the demonstrations and consequences, are not made for me." It is clear that her "love has turned into philosophy, and her philosophy into love." And the stanzas addressed to

her by Schelling at Christmas, 1799—about fifteen months after their first meeting—resemble the inspiration of the writer of the *Divina Commedia*, when he invokes the aid of the blessed friend of his youth to give him courage enough to terminate his great work.

Augusta, meanwhile, was gently and sweetly budding into womanhood; but Schelling remained insensible to her growing charms; for an attraction, which is by no means uncommon with young people, irresistibly drew him towards the maturer poetry of autumn rather than that of spring. In the month of May, 1800, Caroline went with her daughter to Bocklet, a small watering-place near Bamberg, accompanied by Schelling, or rather in his suite; for he had to go to Bamberg, and she had not the heart to let him go there alone. Had she not vowed to herself that she would devote herself to him, watch over him, and, without requiring his love, at least claim the right of protecting him? This touching species of resignation is by no means rare in similar situations with tender-hearted women, nor is it the less admirable because accompanied by a strong dose of self-delusion. “You know that I shall follow you wherever you wish; for your life and your work are alike sacred to me, and ministering in the sanctuary—in the divine sanctuary—is reigning upon earth.”

A terrible blow roused Caroline from her dream. Her daughter Augusta died at Bocklet during the temporary absence of Schelling. She was but fifteen years old. Caroline's grief nearly crushed her. She never entirely recovered from the shock it gave her, and the sad recollection of her dead child returned even at the close of her life, when surrounded by peace and happiness. She came out of this supreme ordeal a changed being, hardly venturing to own to herself that, in one respect at least, it was a release. It was the one great crisis of her life; from that time forwards she was able to regain her serenity; for this seems to have been an indestructible element of her nature—but she never again recovered the giddy light-heartedness of her youth. The nine closing years of her life seem, as it were, shrouded in a veil, yet they were years of happiness, nevertheless.

Caroline immediately tore herself away from the sad scene of her cruel bereavement, and sought a refuge and retreat in her married sister's house at Brunswick, where Schlegel joined her, whilst Schelling returned to Jena. The latter had been deeply shocked by Augusta's sudden death; being thus left alone with Caroline, and attempting to console and comfort her in her sorrows, he felt as can only great crises in life make one feel, how poor and inadequate platonic love is. He began to discover the real state of his feelings, which till then he had hidden from his own sight under an enthusiastic worship. As soon as he perceived it, he also became aware of the impediments which seemed to stand in the way of his

ever possessing the being he so passionately loved. The letters of this young man, whose energy rendered him almost harsh—of this Titan, who shortly before was ready to scale the Olympus—all at once take a tender, Wertherian tone. Thoughts of voluntarily terminating his existence present themselves to his mind; his letters are a series of hysterical sobs. Caroline, herself utterly bowed down by grief, is now obliged to use all her efforts to support her young friend; for in capability of suffering, no man, however strong-minded or strong-willed, can compete with woman. She is quite inexhaustible in her protestations of a love which is not the less tender from being supposed henceforward to be of a purely maternal nature.

“My soul, my life, I love thee with my whole being. Do not doubt this under any circumstances. What a flash of exultation when Schlegel handed me your letter last night! . . . You love me, and even were the spasm of grief which is rending your bosom to lead you astray, and become hatred, you love me not the less. I deserve it too, and this universe would be but a mere trifle, if we had not, indeed, found one another for evermore.”

She sends him to Göthe, the supreme comforter, to seek counsel and strength in “his clear eye.”

In the pathetic affection felt by a maturer woman for a younger man, there always enters a touch of maternal feeling. It is just this desire to guard and protect, together with the constant unowned dread of losing their protégé when youth and nature shall begin to assert their rights, which gives a love of this kind something which is inexpressibly touching.

Still this maternal, or rather sisterly, affection which had so long served to deceive Schelling concerning the true nature of his own feelings, no longer sufficed to content him. He reproaches her with trying to avoid him, and she defends herself against his accusations:

“Even though I leave you, I do so differently from what you think. Never was I more strongly, more indissolubly attached to you than at present . . . Take our singular alliance for what it is, and cease lamenting that which never could have been. I know full well that with a nature like mine, and as a woman, this is far easier for me than for you . . . Resignation has given me depth, and a first love a serenity altogether inexplicable, although this love itself hardly belonged to reality. You also are ready to resign, if needful, but not without bitterness, while I do so with the whole treasure of my humility.”

And, again, on his persisting in his reproaches for what he calls her desertion of him, with the usual sophistry of the times she explains how she never has ceased to be true to all those she loved, because her fidelity was “inward constancy,” because she knew “the eternal equilibrium of her heart.” It would be impossible to give a preciser formula to the universal creed of that period, that religion of the heart, that reverence for the dictates of feeling, that *Ecclesia invisibilis* of sentiment. “I trust implicitly to my heart, were it to lead me to death and misery. This is my immediate science. I know this certitude to be certain; were this security ever to break

lown within me, it would be my end; nothingness would ensue." Thus does she cling to her idea of becoming a mother to her beloved one, and, like a true mother, incites him to active employment. 'Here you are again on the battle-field, dear Achilles; and already the Trojans are in flight,' she writes him when he at last plucks up courage to recommence his lectures, at the time Friedrich Schlegel was making his first appearance as a lecturer also—an attempt which was to prove a signal failure. On this occasion the delicate, refined woman, usually so remarkable for her moderation and good taste, becomes utterly unrecognisable in her ecstasies of wild triumph. Love and interest in the object of it did for her what self-interest never would have accomplished; they made her coarse and violent from sheer vehemence of feeling.

Like a good mother, she also takes bodily care of her charge; she sends to London for a great-coat (in 1800!) instead of his German cloak, to keep him warm, and "leave his arms free to embrace her." For they are soon to meet again after this long, long winter (1800 to 1801), and in this hope Caroline revives.

Her husband, who had spent great part of the winter at Brunswick with her, had left for Berlin, and did not join her again at Jena. Her connection with Schelling was no secret to him, and, as he followed the moral creed of his generation, he found it quite natural; the more so, perhaps, as his own affection for Caroline had arrived at a sufficiently low ebb to allow him to view things calmly and collectedly. With the singular frankness peculiar to these times, Caroline had declared her intention of not ceasing to see her friend at Jena.

"I shall never be able to give up Schelling; but I will never go beyond a certain limit upon which we have agreed . . . I have adopted him in my soul as the brother of my child . . . Precisely because there is nothing secret about it—for secrecy would be accusation—all will take a different appearance, firstly, in our eyes; and then this security will communicate itself to our *entourage*. Therefore I think I may safely go back to Jena." (6th of March, 1801).

It was naturally to be expected that she should encounter new storms on her arrival there with all her projects of maternal resignation. Her health was shaken. "Caroline has always something the matter with her," writes her husband, "the least thing shows how weak she is." Still the tone of their correspondence is quite friendly on both sides at the beginning. Wilhelm had been greatly attached to little Augusta, and respected the mother's grief at her loss. Caroline, on her side, felt more than mere gratitude for Wilhelm, he was more even than a comrade to her; she esteemed him as he deserved to be esteemed, and never ceased defending him against all his assailants. On his being reproached with want of sincerity, she says, "If anyone ever was irreproachable in this respect it was Schlegel, and I am quite distressed to see him so badly rewarded for it. . . .

He does not care to be insincere, and is more honest than all of you put together." Nevertheless by degrees Wilhelm's letters become scarcer, he only half answers Caroline's constant pressing invitations to Jena, or offers to join him at Berlin; evidently he is on the search for pretexts. Had he really found more powerful attractions at the Prussian capital as it was reported? Caroline ridicules these reports. On being informed that pretty Madame Unzelmann, the most admired actress in Berlin, is about to be divorced in order to marry August Wilhelm, she laughs at "the little fairy *Unzeline*," and threatens to "arrive in time to prevent the conjunction of the two luminaries," and when she hears that her husband is unusually attentive to Madame Bernhardi, Tieck's sister, she advises him to cultivate this acquaintance. It is clear that she was free from all prejudice. Still the tone of August Wilhelm's letters becomes more and more disagreeable, and as we already know that her friendship with Schelling was a matter of perfect indifference to him, there is every reason to believe that he was seeking a plausible pretext for regaining his liberty. Caroline continues indefatigable in her efforts to keep him in good humour; but it seems that she sometimes received serious rebuffs, to one of which she answers: "You take away a great deal of my simplicity and grace by intimating me in this way, and you lose most by it." "If any more naughty letters come, I shall not answer them until a nice one appears." Never had she been more amiable, more caressingly friendly; never did she bring all the resources of fraternal coquetry better into play, for the tone of these charming letters never goes beyond this mark. Still what deep interest she takes in his literary pursuits! She goes to Weimar on purpose to be present at the first representation of his *Ion*; she sits on the commoners' side of the theatre, of course, for at that time, even in Weimar, the nobility sat on one side and the burghers on the other, as there were bourgeois and noble evening parties. She espouses the author's cause to a vehement extent; she writes a review of the piece in the *Elegante Zeitung*, which, however favourable it might seem to others less interested, did not satisfy the vulnerable self-esteem of August Wilhelm Schlegel, who finds it, "Pretty and clever, but not at all to his taste." She sides entirely with Göthe "the invisible Apollo," who is the soul of the enterprise, and who is accused of tyranny for striking Schlegel's adversaries. She even returns to Weimar to ensure success to the *Ehrenpforte*, a satirical piece of doubtful taste, which her husband had directed against Kotzebue and his set. When he opened at Berlin his course of lectures upon dramatic literature—his most substantial title to glory after his translation of *Shakespeare*—she is quite proud of him and his success. She encourages him in all ways—

"At the hour when you are holding forth I am always especially near to you. Would that blue-eyed Caroline could only once in her life be changed into blue-eyed Minerva, and stand invisible by your side, placing divine discourse on your lips! As you are already charmingly perfumed and adorned, I should not be wanted in that direction, like that goddess."

Nothing, however, had the power to re-establish the lost harmony between them. Wilhelm continued silent and morose in spite of all her pretty womanly devices. When at length he makes up his mind to visit Jena, he leaves it again immediately, to follow the constellations which are his attractions at Berlin, and his answers grow colder and colder. In vain she redoubles in grace and amiability during this winter, from 1801 to 1802, and shows herself attentive, ready to forgive and forget. Wilhelm never spares her a single pin-prick, his susceptibility towards her becomes almost offensive.

We have hardly any of his letters written about this time, but hers are full of nothing but apologies and justifications in answer to petty unjust accusations. At last, unable to bear it any longer, she went herself to Berlin (April, 1802) to view the situation with her own eyes. There must have been some explanation here between them, for she left Berlin after a very few days, having obtained his consent to a divorce. To avoid delay and publicity they resolved to apply directly to Karl August, who two years before had dissolved the union of Sophie Méréau, afterwards Clemens Brentano's wife, without the intervention of justice. Caroline herself penned a letter to the Duke full of dignity and noble feeling; yet in spite of all these precautions, reports got about, and the calumnious insinuations which had circulated at the time of Augusta's death again let themselves be heard. Caroline treated all this ignominious gossip with the disdain it deserved; but Schlegel thought himself obliged to refute calumnies which she despised, and on regaining his own liberty once more became the delicate and devoted friend he had formerly been to her. As to the world's opinion concerning their grave decision, Caroline cares no more about it than before. She is conscious of having done what, in her eyes, is "right and true," and does not trouble herself about "the external appearances of what is good in itself."

She never attempted, though, as so many women similarly situated do, to hold up her own case as an example to be imitated, and to make her own line of conduct a principle. "Those who see me will hardly feel inclined to venture upon unknown ground by bold and arbitrary proceedings; and will rather pray to Heaven to give them a simple fate, engaging themselves never to violate it," she writes to a young female friend, who was one day to be her successor in Schelling's heart and home. The divorce was not pronounced till the 17th of

May, 1803, and a month afterwards Schelling's father married his son and Caroline in his little village church, the husband at that time being twenty-eight and the wife forty. In spite of so great a disparity in their age, not a cloud arose during the whole of the six years their union lasted. That peace and serenity of mind to which she had referred, already seem to pervade the close of her life. Her last years resemble the *catharsis* of a troubled drama, and her poor wearied heart seems to enjoy tranquillity after so restless an existence. She bids farewell to literature, and abjures all literary passions. She even almost gives up letter-writing, and those letters which she still consents to pen breathe forth the most complete contentment. She has sacrificed her love of liberty to the man she loves, and whom she looks up to as a superior being. She, the passionate reader of old, now scarcely opens a book, "but then I have a prophet in my companion who communicates the Word of God direct to me." No remorse came to disturb her happiness, for was she not conscious of having obeyed the dictates of her own heart, and of never having deceived anyone? In her belief "there is but one vice, and that is untruth, and the Devil is its father." This is the reason why she never condescended to exculpate or defend herself. On again meeting with her old friend Theresa Heyne, now Frau Huber, who is forever making her own apology, "I cannot understand," she says, "how people can want to open their lips to the world at large, and gratuitously call forth a kind of publicity which has always something disgraceful in it." Was she wrong, or was she right? In any rate this remarkable woman, so greatly calumniated by her contemporaries, has lost nothing in the estimation of posterity by having constantly and consciously braved appearances. For in this very correspondence, come to light sixty years after the heroine's death, bearing an essentially private character, and the publication of which it was impossible to foresee, lies just the very sort of justification and satisfaction which, of all others would have suited Caroline best, and the only one she would have wished for.

The pair after their marriage settled at Würzburg, a town recently secularised and incorporated in the Electorate of Bavaria, where the new government had recently established an university. Her sojourn in the capital of the ex-Prince-Bishop was the golden age of happiness for Caroline. The pin-pricks of envious gossips, which pursued her even here, had quite lost all power of irritating her. Full of a calm dignity she soars aloft, leaving far below her the petty surrounding atmosphere. She begins to adopt certain aristocratic airs which suit her prodigiously; you would say she had been accustomed to purple and ermine from her cradle, and it is precisely this which the malice of the virtuous could never forgive her. Her gracefulness and elegance scandalize the homely and orderly women

of the middle classes, who regarded the emancipated world of artists, *literati*, and philosophers associating with nobles on a perfect equality of footing, with a good deal more envy than indignation. Caroline, with her infallible guide by her side, gives no heed to anything of this kind.

Politics, which had formerly so great an interest for her, have now lost all their charm, like literature. She no longer sees anything in them beyond the accidental, external history of mankind; true history, for her, lies elsewhere. Up to the end of the former century she had still kept the remains of her revolutionary sympathies. "Buonaparte is in Paris," she wrote to her little daughter in May, 1799. "Oh, my dear child, only think that all is right again. The Russians have been driven out of Switzerland, the English are obliged to make a shameful capitulation in Holland, and here is Buonaparte back again to fill up the measure. Rejoice, I intreat you." Her Buonapartist enthusiasm is not destroyed by the 18th of Brumaire, and Marengo appears to have revived it entirely. On seeing Louis Buonaparte at the Brunswick theatre, she still writes, "I have seen with my own eyes some of that noble blood." Yet even at that time the coarse realities of politics and warfare had shocked her as soon as she had come into anything like close contact with them; and after seeing the conquerors of the world with her own eyes, she sighed for Thuringia's Athenians. By degrees her enthusiasm for the hero calms down, and gives way to a very different feeling. She looks forward to a Thirty Years' War just before Austerlitz; for after all "a nation, a sovereign, will yet be found to rise up against the all-devouring one." When the French march into Würzburg, she says: "This Napoleon crops up one country after another with his sharp teeth, and after that throws them to the monarch he patronises—he, the king of kings, whose neck may it please the Lord of Lords presently to break." She and her learned husband turn speedily away with disgust from contemporary history, full of nothing but "pillage and burning." On learning the fate of their friend Hegel, whose house had been ransacked, like that of so many others at Jena, "That is just where the evil lies," cries Caroline. "To think that even the quietest, most harmless existence is no longer secure. . . . Whosoever belongs to a state is liable to be shaken, and often to be pulled up by the roots." We can trace in the heart of this woman the progress of the German national mind. Patriotism is aroused even in her bosom by the disgrace of Jena. She is reading the history of the Seven Years' War during those days of mourning. "That was indeed a different struggle. How often did all appear irreparably lost, then again saved by the spirit which was imperishable!" Not so in 1806 and 1807.

"I would rather," she writes, after these disasters, "I would rather have lived in a village which lay on the line of the battle of Jena, and been crushed in the dust, than ever allow myself to be infected by this horrible confusion of all moral things. But then I am very happy in having my ægis by my side; for if, on the one hand, the conventional world is fast dying out with all its antiquated forms, on the other a different, unchangeable world is rising from a finer horizon before my eyes."

The destiny of the German people had to be fulfilled, and Germany had, like Dante, to descend to the very lowest depths before remounting again to "view the stars once more" (*per riveder le stelle*). Implacable fate appeared to Caroline, as well as to all her contemporaries, under the features of Napoleon. "For me, he never was anything but destiny personified, which I neither love nor hate, but at whose hands I await the guidance of the world."

Germany's political transformation exercised a direct influence besides over the fate of Schelling and his wife.

Shortly after the instalment of the elector-king at Würzburg, a scene described by Caroline with charming irony and a delicious humour, the philosopher was called to Munich, where those attempts at civilising ancient Bavaria were beginning to be made which we can still witness in our own days. Caroline was alarmed as much as amused with the state of intellectual culture in which she found her new place of residence. The bare names of Lessing and Göthe were, indeed, hardly known in Munich society. The amusements of the best company there were primitive in their simplicity, the *naïveté* of which would make her laugh, were it not that its coarseness is such as to revolt the delicate tastes of this northern plant. The only man who apparently belonged to his age and his country, though transplanted to this inclement soil, was Jacobi, always the same "good, honest, but at the bottom vain," individual whom Göthe knew thirty years earlier at Pempelfort, "finding it convenient to have less wits and more complaisance than formerly" in that material world to which he had allowed himself to be attracted, letting himself be spoilt and petted by his two crabbed old-maid sisters.

If Caroline made but few new acquaintances, she came across a good many of her old friends in time, and not only met again with Theresa, but with her comrades of 1797 and 1798, the chiefs and champions of romanticism. The Tiecks and Brentanos passed through Munich on their return from a pilgrimage to Rome, and related the words and deeds of those among their brethren whom they had left behind them in the Eternal City. From their description, these Germans living in Rome had run themselves into a perfectly "inextricable chaos of intrigues, folly, and adventures." Humboldt was at that time Prussian minister at Rome, and it may be easily imagined that neither he nor his wife entered into the extravagant eccentricities

the romantic set. There existed, indeed, two distinct factions—"the Pagan and Christian party," in which ladies played a very prominent part, Madame de Humboldt having declared herself in favour of the goddess Venus, while Madame Bernhardi (Tieck's sister) adhered to "the Virgin Mary." "It is true," Caroline maliciously adds, "the beauty of the one and the purity of mind of the other counterbalance each other pretty nearly. . . . The piety and sanctity of all this parish is little more than mere form and outward manner. In the best of them (L. Tieck, for instance) they must only be taken in a poetical sense." It was reported that the Tiecks had gone over to Catholicism, as Friedrich and Dorothea Schlegel, Zacharias Werner, and so many others were about to do. In Caroline's eyes this fact has but small importance. It would be but a form more, for in the main L. Tieck, the best and cleverest of the whole set, would remain what he was before, "a graceful, respectable vagabond." His sister, the Roman Madonna, had also returned to Germany, to plead in the divorce court against Bernhardi, for she was about to marry Herr von Knorring, another devotee; and the whole family, accompanied by Zacharias Werner, the pious renegade, gave themselves highly political airs. They pretended to see the salvation both of Germany and Christendom in the house of Hapsburg; but, as Caroline observes with her usual clear perception and good sense, "all these hopes, beliefs, and loves must be taken in a merely allegorical sense; for in reality they care very little about the powers above or the world below, provided they lead a jolly life, and have their purses well filled. I never saw people less pious or less resigned to the will of heaven than these. . . . These three brothers and their sister, each one possessing eminent talents, born in an artisan's hut among the sands of the Mark of Brandenburg, might form a splendid phenomenon, were it not for an immorality corruptive both of body and soul, and an entire want of religious feeling;" and in a very cutting sonnet, which of course remained unpublished, she ridiculed the whole school, which had become a brotherhood.

These tendencies and the tone of this set had become so general, that even young recruits, such as the Baron von Rumohr—the greatest art critic, by the way, whom Germany has brought forth in this century—adopted them. "I know of no more distressing sight than this baron without the smallest dignity. He did intend to settle here, to leave all his terrestrial goods, and to follow Christ; but I think he will soon take wing again, for there is no seafish to be had at Munich, and he does not like our cookery. . . . What a pity that he should be so unreasonable, so tiresome, and play the fool to such a degree; for heaven has bestowed upon him one sense—that of art, which no one else has in the same degree. It is true that the sense of eating and drinking is equally strongly developed in him,

and that he never allows his culinary opinions to be disputed. But it is very disgusting to hear a man talk in exactly the same strain of a lobster and of a Madonna and Child." This singular mixture of sensuality and devotion, which formed the chief characteristic of Friedrich Schlegel himself, the head of the romantic school, seems to have communicated itself likewise to his followers. Zacharias Werner had it in the highest degree, nor were the Brentanos by any means free from it. They also came to Munich during the winter of 1808-9; Savigny, already famous as a writer, and brother-in-law to Clemens; Clemens himself, whom Caroline had nicknamed "Demens," with the young wife who carried him off—she whom he had carried off six years before having since died; finally, Bettina, "looking like a little Berlin Jewess, and racking her brain for wit. Not that she is by any means wanting in intelligence; *tout au contraire*. But it is so sad to see how she strains, distends, and distorts that which she has." "All these Brentanos," she again says, "are such thoroughly unnatural natures!" Nevertheless, Bettina was, of all the Brentanos, the one least distasteful to Caroline. She even likes the crazy pilgrim,¹ in spite of all her freaks and eccentricities, :—

"She is a strange little creature," she writes; "a real Bettina,² by bodily suppleness and flexibility; inwardly sensible, outwardly crazy; decent and yet beyond all decency. Unfortunately she suffers from the family disease of the Brentanos; she is not quite natural in what she is or does, and still she cannot be otherwise; however, she pleases me better than the others."

She had come to take care of Tieck, already gouty, although but thirty-four, and the gossip to which this juvenile sick-nurse gave rise may be easily imagined. She stood on no ceremony whatever with him :—

"Coquetting with her invalid charge in word and gesture, using the familiar *thou*, kissing him, and then again harshly telling him unpleasant truths; — she has her eyes wide open to his failings, and is not in love with him."

"She passes whole days in his company quite alone, and several persons are afraid of going there on account of her; for she does not always succeed in being witty, and can at times become coarse and disagreeable. She is, moreover, oftener to be found under than upon the table, and never by any chance upon a chair. You are, I daresay, curious after all this to know whether she be young and pretty; but there lies the point. She is neither young nor old, neither pretty nor ugly; she looks neither like a man nor a woman."

Before her end Caroline was to see some one again who had stood so far nearer to her than the Tiecks and Brentanos, and all the rest. Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant came to spend a fortnight at Munich, accompanied by August Wilhelm Schlegel. "He was well and cheerful, and our intercourse was quite friendly and entirely without embarrassment. He and Schelling were inseparable."

(1) The title of one of Göthe's tales in Wilhelm Meister's "Wanderjahre."

(2) In his *Venetian Epigrams*, written in 1791, Göthe gives the name of Bettina to the little gipsy girl who was to become the model of Mignon.

Caroline allowed neither B. Constant nor Madame de Staël to impose upon her; she saw that the first understood nothing about German poetry, and could only appreciate the moral side of her countrymen. His companion seemed to her "a phenomenon of vital power, selfishness, and incessant intellectual activity. Her exterior is transfigured by her interior, and has great need of it, for there are moments, or rather dresses, in which she looks like a sutler, and in which, nevertheless, one can quite well imagine her capable of representing Phædra in the most elevated tragical sense." No jealousy whatever appears to have dictated this judgment, for Caroline is quite ready to acknowledge that Schlegel owes more to the petulant Frenchwoman than she to him. In the midst of this false Catholicism of the romantic school "Wilhelm remains Protestant under his own shield, or rather that of his Pallas, . . . for after all he is the purest of them all. . . . Alas! how they have erred from the right road, and how they have allowed themselves to be led astray by destinies which they have prepared for themselves." This last remark is especially addressed to Friedrich Schlegel, just then at Vienna enjoying Alicante and biscuits, as, ten years previously, he had appreciated liqueurs and sausages at Berlin. He also had gone over to the house of Austria and to the Catholic Church at the same time, and showed a strong disposition to "become a persecutor of heretics. They say he is already as fat, lazy, and sensual as a monk. . . . I knew them all in better times in the age of their innocence. Then came discord and sin. . . . How firm he has remained, relying on himself; how good, open, childlike, and entirely dignified that friend (alluding to her husband, Schelling) whom I need not name."

Let us end with these words which are the chorus of all Caroline's letters concerning him who, during the time of her happiness, had "melted all her existence in sweetness." This feeling was not to last long. She died almost suddenly on a journey in Würtemberg, where she was going to pay a visit to Schelling's aged parents. The same disease which had carried off her child nine years before put an end to her own life on the 7th of September, 1809, at the age of forty-six. As she had foreseen and prophesied, she "closed her eyes in peace and serenity of mind."

In the beginning of this essay I quoted those words of grief and passionate admiration which escaped Schelling's lips a few weeks after losing "this singular being, whose equal will not appear again on earth." He remained true to this feeling, and more than ten years afterwards, when the daughter of that Louise Gotter, who had been Caroline's oldest and best friend, again gave him pure domestic happiness, he evidently still had before him the image of the wife of his youth when he exclaims in his Platonic dialogue, *Clara*, "Let me recall to mind the transfigured friend who was my life's guardian angel; let me remember how, at the approach of the Shadow of

Death, a celestial radiance illuminated her whole being to such a degree that I thought I had never seen her more beautiful than at the very moment when she was about to breathe her last, nor even imagined that death could present so much grace. Let me remember how her accents, at all times melodious, became divine music, spiritual sounds which even now resound in the depths of my heart."

Caroline was not the only superior woman of those times whose life presents a tissue of romantic vicissitudes, errors, and grand sides. On her track we have already met with the daughters of Heyne and Moses Mendelssohn. If we wished to widen our range how many others besides, such as Charlotte von Kalb, Caroline von Wolzogen, Sophie Méréau, Emilie von Berlepsch, Frau von Knorring, and Madame de Krüdner, would have to be placed within it, as forming inherent parts of the literary society of that memorable period! Yet we should be mistaken were we to judge of the general morality of their age by their example; for in this Germany presents an analogous spectacle to France, England, and Italy during their greatest literary periods. The higher classes sought eagerly to free themselves from the trammels of a social order, to which the middle ranks still scrupulously adhered. The world of art and literature was essentially addressed to the higher orders of society, adopted and cherished by them, and partook of their social privileges and "freedom from all prejudice." There is much said about the corruption of France under Louis XV., and of England under Charles II.; if we look at things somewhat closer, however, we may detect here, as elsewhere, below a licentious court, nobility, and literary coterie, an orderly, steady, and even pious middle class. Thus beside and below the free society of Berlin and Weimar, an honest, laborious class of citizens existed, who, incapable of comprehending what was going on above them, were only too ready to look upon all this set as a species of gipsy company devoid of all principles, and to censure its freaks and immorality with a species of equivocal charity only to be found among the virtuous. It would be a great error were we to suppose that the high intellectual culture of Weimar penetrated to the mass of the nation or even to the middle classes. An abyss separated the two worlds, and a *bourgeoisie* which devoutly crossed itself at the bare mention of *Wilhelm Meister's* wild associates and at the thought of the subversive principles of the *Elective Affinities*, when it did not content itself with the Bible and Gellert's fables, read the novels of Auguste Lafontaine. It always has been so; Raphael and Shakespeare were not more moral in the *bourgeois* sense of the word than Diderot and Göthe.

K. HILLEBRAND.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said Miss Macnulty. "I don't suppose Mr. Emilius had any idea of the kind." Upon the whole, however, Miss Macnulty liked it.

On the Saturday nothing especial happened. Mr. Nappie was out on his grey horse, and condescended to a little conversation with Lord George. He wouldn't have minded, he said, if Mr. Greystock had come forward; but he did think Mr. Greystock hadn't come forward as he ought to have done. Lord George professed that he had observed the same thing; but then, as he whispered into Mr. Nappie's ear, Mr. Greystock was particularly known as a bashful man. "He didn't ride my 'orse anyway bashful," said Mr. Nappie; all of which was told at dinner in the evening, amidst a great deal of laughter. There had been nothing special in the way of sport, and Lizzie's enthusiasm for hunting, though still high, had gone down a few degrees below fever heat. Lord George had again coached her; but there had been no great need for coaching, no losing of her breath, no cutting down of Lucinda, no river, no big wall,—nothing, in short, very fast. They had been much in a big wood; but Lizzie, in giving an account of the day to her cousin, had acknowledged that she had not quite understood what they were doing at any time. "It was a blowing of horns, and a galloping up and down all the day," she said; "and then Morgan got cross again and scolded all the people. But there was one nice paling, and Dandy flew over it beautifully. Two men tumbled down, and one of them was a good deal hurt. It was very jolly;—but not at all like Wednesday."

Nor had it been like Wednesday to Lucinda Roanoke, who did not fall into the water, and who did accept Sir Griffin when he again proposed to her in Sarkie wood. A great deal had been said to Lucinda on the Thursday and the Friday by Mrs. Carbuncle, which had not been taken at all in good part by Lucinda. On those days Lucinda kept as much as she could out of Sir Griffin's way, and almost snapped at the baronet when he spoke to her. Sir Griffin swore to himself that he wasn't going to be treated that way. He'd have her, by George! There are men in whose love a good deal of hatred is mixed;—who love as the huntsman loves the fox, towards the killing of which he intends to use all his energies and intellects. Mrs. Carbuncle, who did not quite understand the sort of persistency by which a Sir Griffin can be possessed, feared greatly that Lucinda was about to lose her prize, and spoke out accordingly. "Will you, then, just have the kindness to tell me what it is you propose to yourself?" asked Mrs. Carbuncle.

"I don't propose anything."

"And where will you go when your money's done?"

"Just where I am going now," said Lucinda. By which it ma

be feared that she indicated a place to which she should not on such an occasion have made an allusion.

"You don't like anybody else?" suggested Mrs. Carbuncle.

"I don't like anybody or anything," said Lucinda.

"Yes you do;—you like horses to ride, and dresses to wear."

"No I don't. I like hunting because, perhaps, some day I may break my neck. It's no use your looking like that, Aunt Jane. I know what it all means. If I could break my neck it would be the best thing for me."

"You'll break my heart, Lucinda."

"Mine's broken long ago."

"If you'll accept Sir Griffin, and just get a home round yourself, you'll find that everything will be happy. It all comes from the dreadful uncertainty. Do you think I have suffered nothing? Carbuncle is always threatening that he'll go back to New York, and as for Lord George, he treats me that way I'm sometimes afraid to show my face."

"Why should you care for Lord George?"

"It's all very well to say, why should I care for him. I don't care for him, only one doesn't want to quarrel with one's friends. Carbuncle says he owes him money."

"I don't believe it," said Lucinda.

"And he says Carbuncle owes him money."

"I do believe that," said Lucinda.

"Between it all, I don't know which way to be turning. And now, when there's this great opening for you, you won't know your own mind."

"I know my mind well enough."

"I tell you you'll never have such another chance. Good looks isn't everything. You've never a word to say to anybody; and when a man does come near you, you're as savage and cross as a bear."

"Go on, Aunt Jane."

"What with your hatings and dislikings, one would suppose you didn't think God Almighty made men at all."

"He made some of 'em very bad," said Lucinda. "As for some others, they're only half made. What can Sir Griffin do, do you suppose?"

"He's a gentleman."

"Then if I were a man, I should wish not to be a gentleman; that's all. I'd a deal sooner marry a man like that huntsman, who has something to do and knows how to do it." Again she said, "Don't worry any more, Aunt Jane. It doesn't do any good. It seems to me that to make myself Sir Griffin's wife would be impossible; but I'm sure your talking won't do it." Then her aunt left

her, and, having met Lord George, at his bidding went and made civil speeches to Lizzie Eustace.

That was on the Friday afternoon. On the Saturday afternoon Sir Griffin, biding his time, found himself, in a ride with Lucinda, sufficiently far from other horsemen for his purpose. He wasn't going to stand any more nonsense. He was entitled to an answer, and he knew that he was entitled, by his rank and position, to a favourable answer. Here was a girl who, as far as he knew, was without a shilling, of whose birth and parentage nobody knew anything, who had nothing but her beauty to recommend her,—nothing but that and a certain capacity for carrying herself in the world as he thought ladies should carry themselves,—and she was to give herself airs with him, and expect him to propose to her half a dozen times! By George!—he had a very good mind to go away and let her find out her mistake. And he would have done so,—only that he was a man who always liked to have all that he wanted. It was intolerable to him that anybody should refuse him anything. “Miss Roanoke,” he said; and then he paused.

“Sir Griffin,” said Lucinda, bowing her head.

“Perhaps you will condescend to remember what I had the honour of saying to you as we rode into Kilmarnock last Wednesday.”

“I had just been dragged out of a river, Sir Griffin, and I don't think any girl ought to be asked to remember what was said to her in that condition.”

“If I say it again now, will you remember?”

“I cannot promise, Sir Griffin.”

“Will you give me an answer?”

“That must depend.”

“Come;—I will have an answer. When a man tells a lady that he admires her, and asks her to be his wife, he has a right to an answer. Don't you think that in such circumstances a man has a right to expect an answer?”

Lucinda hesitated for a moment, and he was beginning again to remonstrate impatiently, when she altered her tone, and replied to him seriously. “In such circumstances a gentleman has a right to expect an answer.”

“Then give me one. I admire you above all the world, and I ask you to be my wife. I'm quite in earnest.”

“I know that you are in earnest, Sir Griffin. I would do neither you nor myself the wrong of supposing that it could be otherwise.”

“Very well then. Will you accept the offer that I make you?”

Again she paused. “You have a right to an answer,—of course; but it may be so difficult to give it. It seems to me that you have hardly realised how serious a question it is.”

“Haven't I though. By George, it is serious!”

"Will it not be better for you to think it over again?"

He now hesitated for a moment. Perhaps it might be better. Should she take him at his word there would be no going back from it. But Lord George knew that he had proposed before. Lord George had learned this from Mrs. Carbuncle, and had shown that he knew it. And then, too,—he had made up his mind about it. He wanted her, and he meant to have her. "It requires no more thinking with me, Lucinda. I'm not a man who does things without thinking; and when I have thought I don't want to think again. There's my hand;—will you have it?"

"I will," said Lucinda, putting her hand into his. He no sooner felt her assurance than his mind misgave him that he had been precipitate, that he had been rash, and that she had taken advantage of him. After all, how many things are there in the world more precious than a handsome girl. And she had never told him that she loved him.

"I suppose you love me?" he asked.

"H'sh!—here they all are." The hand was withdrawn, but not before both Mrs. Carbuncle and Lady Eustace had seen it.

Mrs. Carbuncle, in her great anxiety, bided her time, keeping close to her niece. Perhaps she felt that if the two were engaged, it might be well to keep the lovers separated for awhile, lest they should quarrel before the engagement should have been so confirmed by the authority of friends as to be beyond the power of easy annihilation. Lucinda rode quite demurely with the crowd. Sir Griffin remained near her, but without speaking. Lizzie whispered to Lord George that there had been a proposal. Mrs. Carbuncle sat in stately dignity on her horse, as though there were nothing which at that moment especially engaged her attention. An hour almost had passed before she was able to ask the important question, "Well;—what have you said to him?"

"Oh;—just what you would have me."

"You have accepted him?"

"I suppose I was obliged. At any rate I did. You shall know one thing, Aunt Jane, at any rate, and I hope it will make you comfortable. I hate a good many people; but of all the people in the world I hate Sir Griffin Tewett the worst."

"Nonsense, Lucinda."

"It shall be nonsense, if you please; but it's true. I shall have to lie to him,—but there shall be no lying to you, however much you may wish it. I hate him!"

This was very grim, but Mrs. Carbuncle quite understood that to persons situated in great difficulty things might be grim. A certain amount of grimness must be endured. And she knew, too, that Lucinda was not a girl to be driven without showing something of

an intractable spirit in harness. Mrs. Carbuncle had undertaken the driving of Lucinda, and had been not altogether unsuccessful. The thing so necessary to be done was now effected. Her niece was engaged to a man with a title, to a man reported to have a fortune, to a man of family, and a man of the world. Now that the engagement was made the girl could not go back from it, and it was for Mrs. Carbuncle to see that neither should Sir Griffin go back. Her first steps must be taken at once. The engagement should be made known to all the party, and should be recognised by some word spoken between herself and the lover. The word between herself and the lover must be the first thing. She herself, personally, was not very fond of Sir Griffin; but on such an occasion as this she could smile and endure the bear. Sir Griffin was a bear,—and so also was Lucinda. “The rabbits and hares All go in pairs; And likewise the bears In couples agree.” Mrs. Carbuncle consoled herself with the song, and assured herself that it would all come right. No doubt the she-bears were not as civil to the he-bears as the turtle doves are to each other. It was, perhaps, her misfortune that her niece was not a turtle dove; but, such as she was, the best had been done for her. “Dear Sir Griffin,” she said on the first available opportunity, not caring much for the crowd, and almost desirous that her very words should be overheard, “my darling girl has made me so happy by what she has told me.”

“She hasn’t lost any time,” said Sir Griffin.

“Of course she would lose no time. She is the same to me as a daughter. I have no child of my own, and she is everything to me. May I tell you that you are the luckiest man in Europe?”

“It isn’t every girl that would suit me, Mrs. Carbuncle.”

“I am sure of that. I have noticed how particular you are. I won’t say a word of Lucinda’s beauty. Men are better judges of that than women; but for high, chivalrous spirit, for true principle and nobility, and what I call downright worth, I don’t think you will easily find her superior. And she is as true as steel.”

“And about as hard, I was beginning to think.”

“A girl like that, Sir Griffin, does not give herself away easily. You will not like her the less for that now that you are the possessor. She is very young, and has known my wish that she should not engage herself to any one quite yet. But, as it is, I cannot regret anything.”

“I daresay not,” said Sir Griffin.

That the man was a bear was a matter of course, and bears probably do not themselves know how bearish they are. Sir Griffin, no doubt, was unaware of the extent of his own rudeness. And his rudeness mattered but little to Mrs. Carbuncle, so long as he acknowledged the engagement. She had not expected a lover’s raptures from the

one more than from the other. And was there not enough in the engagement to satisfy her? She allowed, therefore, no cloud to cross her brow as she rode up alongside of Lord George. "Sir Griffin has proposed, and she has accepted him," she said in a whisper. She was not now desirous that any one should hear her but he to whom she spoke.

"Of course she has," said Lord George.

"I don't know about that, George. Sometimes I thought she would, and sometimes that she wouldn't. You have never understood Lucinda."

"I hope Griff will understand her,—that's all. And now that the thing is settled, you'll not trouble me about it any more. Their woes be on their own head. If they come to blows Lucinda will thrash him, I don't doubt. But while it's simply a matter of temper and words, she won't find Tewett so easy-going as he looks."

"I believe they'll do very well together."

"Perhaps they will. There's no saying who may do well together. You and Carbuncle get on à merveille. When is it to be?"

"Of course nothing is settled yet."

"Don't be too hard about settlements, or, maybe, he'll find a way of wriggling out. When a girl without a shilling asks very much, the world supports a man for breaking his engagement. Let her pretend to be indifferent about it;—that will be the way to keep him firm."

"What is his income, George?"

"I haven't an idea. There never was a closer man about money. I believe he must have the bulk of the Tewett property some day. He can't spend above a couple of thousand now."

"He's not in debt, is he?"

"He owes me a little money,—twelve hundred or so, and I mean to have it. I suppose he is in debt, but not much, I think. He makes stupid bets, and the devil won't break him of it."

"Lucinda has two or three thousand pounds, you know."

"That's a flea-bite. Let her keep it. You're in for it now, and you'd better say nothing about money. He has a decent solicitor, and let him arrange about the settlements. And look here, Jane;—get it done as soon as you can."

"You'll help me?"

"If you don't bother me, I will."

On their way home Mrs. Carbuncle was able to tell Lady Eustace. "You know what has occurred?"

"Oh dear, yes," said Lizzie, laughing.

"Has Lucinda told you?"

"Do you think I've got no eyes? Of course it was going to be.

I knew that from the very moment Sir Griffin reached Portray. I am so glad that Portray has been useful."

"Oh, so useful, dear Lady Eustace! Not but what it must have come off anywhere, for there never was a man so much in love as Sir Griffin. The difficulty has been with Lucinda."

"She likes him, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, of course," said Mrs. Carbuncle with energy.

"Not that girls ever really care about men now. They've got to be married, and they make the best of it. She's very handsome, and I suppose he's pretty well off."

"He will be very rich indeed. And they say he's such an excellent young man when you know him."

"I dare say most young men are excellent,—when you come to know them. What does Lord George say?"

"He's in raptures. He is very much attached to Lucinda, you know." And so that affair was managed. They hadn't been home a quarter of an hour before Frank Greystock was told. He asked Mrs. Carbuncle about the sport, and then she whispered to him, "An engagement has been made."

"Sir Griffin?" suggested Frank. Mrs. Carbuncle smiled and nodded her head. It was well that everybody should know it.

CHAPTER XLII.

SUNDAY MORNING.

"So, miss, you've took him?" said the joint abigail of the Carbuncle establishment that evening to the younger of her two mistresses. Mrs. Carbuncle had resolved that the thing should be quite public. "Just remember this," replied Lucinda, "I don't want to have a word said to me on the subject." "Only just to wish you joy, miss." Lucinda turned round with a flash of anger at the girl. "I don't want your wishing. That'll do. I can manage by myself. I won't have you come near me if you can't hold your tongue when you're told." "I can hold my tongue as well as anybody," said the abigail with a toss of her head.

This happened after the party had separated for the evening. At dinner Sir Griffin had, of course, given Lucinda his arm; but so he had always done since they had been at Portray. Lucinda hardly opened her mouth at table, and had retreated to bed with a headache when the men, who on that day lingered a few minutes after the ladies, went into the drawing-room. This Sir Griffin felt to be almost an affront, as there was a certain process of farewell for

night which he had anticipated. If she was going to treat him like that, he would cut up rough, and she should know it. "Well, Griff, so it's all settled," said Lord George in the smoking-room. Frank Greystock was there, and Sir Griffin did not like it.

"What do you mean by settled? I don't know that anything is settled."

"I thought it was. Weren't you told so?"—and Lord George turned to Greystock.

"I thought I heard a hint," said Frank.

"I'm ——— if I ever knew such people in my life!" said Sir Griffin. "They don't seem to have an idea that a man's own affairs may be private."

"Such an affair as that never is private," said Lord George. "The women take care of that. You don't suppose they're going to run down their game, and let nobody know it."

"If they take me for game——"

"Of course you're game. Every man's game. Only some men are such bad game that they ain't worth following. Take it easy, Griff; you're caught."

"No; I ain't."

"And enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that she's about the handsomest girl out. As for me, I'd sooner have the widow. I beg your pardon, Mr. Greystock." Frank merely bowed. "Simply, I mean, because she rides about two stone lighter. It'll cost you something to mount Lady Tewett."

"I don't mean that she shall hunt," said Sir Griffin. It will be seen, therefore, that the baronet made no real attempt to deny his engagement.

On the following day, which was a Sunday, Sir Griffin having ascertained that Miss Roanoke did not intend to go to church, stayed at home also. Mr. Emilius had been engaged to preach at the nearest episcopal place of worship, and the remainder of the party all went to hear him. Lizzie was very particular about her Bible and Prayer-book, and Miss Macnulty wore a brighter ribbon on her bonnet than she had ever been known to carry before. Lucinda, when she had heard of the arrangement, had protested to her aunt that she would not go down-stairs till they had all returned; but Mrs. Carbuncle, fearing the anger of Sir Griffin, doubting whether, in his anger, he might not escape them altogether, said a word or two which even Lucinda found to be rational. "As you have accepted him, you shouldn't avoid him, my dear. That is only making things worse for the future. And then it's cowardly, is it not?" No word that could have been spoken was more likely to be efficacious. At any rate, she would not be cowardly.

As soon then as the wheels of the carriage were no longer heard

grating upon the road, Lucinda, who had been very careful in her dress,—so careful as to avoid all appearance of care,—with slow majestic step descended to a drawing-room which they were accustomed to use on mornings. It was probable that Sir Griffin was smoking somewhere about the grounds, but it could not be her duty to go after him out of doors. She would remain there, and, if he chose, he might come to her. There could be no ground of complaint on his side if she allowed herself to be found in one of the ordinary sitting-rooms of the house. In about half an hour he sauntered upon the terrace, and flattened his nose against the window. She bowed and smiled to him,—hating herself for smiling. It was perhaps the first time that she had endeavoured to put on a pleasant face wherewithal to greet him. He said nothing then, but passed round the house, threw away the end of his cigar, and entered the room. Whatever happened, she would not be a coward. The thing had to be done. Seeing that she had accepted him on the previous day, had not run away in the night or taken poison, and had come down to undergo the interview, she would undergo it at least with courage. What did it matter, even though he should embrace her? It was her lot to undergo misery, and as she had not chosen to take poison, the misery must be endured. She rose as he entered and gave him her hand. She had thought what she would do, and was collected and dignified. He had not, and was very awkward. “So you haven’t gone to church, Sir Griffin,—as you ought,” she said, with another smile.

“Come; I’ve gone as much as you.”

“But I had a headache. You stayed away to smoke cigars.”

“I stayed to see you, my girl.” A lover may call his lady love his girl, and do so very prettily. He may so use the word that she will like it, and be grateful in her heart for the sweetness of the sound. But Sir Griffin did not do it nicely. “I’ve got ever so much to say to you.”

“I won’t flatter you by saying that I stayed to hear it.”

“But you did;—didn’t you now?” She shook her head; but there was something almost of playfulness in her manner of doing it. “Ah, but I know you did. And why shouldn’t you speak out, now that we are to be man and wife? I like a girl to speak out. I suppose if I want to be with you, you want as much to be with me; eh?”

“I don’t see that that follows.”

“By —, if it doesn’t, I’ll be off.”

“You must please yourself about that, Sir Griffin.”

“Come; do you love me? You have never said you loved me.” Luckily perhaps for her he thought that the best assurance of love was a kiss. She did not revolt, or attempt to struggle with him;

but the hot blood flew over her entire face, and her lips were very cold to his, and she almost trembled in his grasp. Sir Griffin was not a man who could ever have been the adored of many women, but the instincts of his kind were strong enough within him to make him feel that she did not return his embrace with passion. He had found her to be very beautiful;—but it seemed to him that she had never been so little beautiful as when thus pressed close to his bosom. “Come,” he said, still holding her; “you’ll give me a kiss?”

“I did do it,” she said.

“No;—nothing like it. Oh, if you won’t, you know——”

On a sudden she made up her mind, and absolutely did kiss him. She would sooner have leaped at the blackest, darkest, dirtiest river in the county. “There,” she said, “that will do,” gently extricating herself from his arms. “Some girls are different, I know; but you must take me as I am, Sir Griffin;—that is if you do take me.”

“Why can’t you drop the Sir?”

“Oh yes;—I can do that.”

“And you do love me?” There was a pause, while she tried to swallow the lie. “Come;—I’m not going to marry any girl who is ashamed to say that she loves me. I like a little flesh and blood. You do love me?”

“Yes,” she said. The lie was told; and for the moment he had to be satisfied. But in his heart he didn’t believe her. It was all very well for her to say that she wasn’t like other girls. Why shouldn’t she be like other girls? It might, no doubt, suit her to be made Lady Tewett;—but he wouldn’t make her Lady Tewett if she gave herself airs with him. She should lie on his breast and swear that she loved him beyond all the world;—or else she should never be Lady Tewett. Different from other girls indeed! She should know that he was different from other men. Then he asked her to come and take a walk about the grounds. To that she made no objection. She would get her hat and be with him in a minute.

But she was absent more than ten minutes. When she was alone she stood before her glass looking at herself, and then she burst into tears. Never before had she been thus polluted. The embrace had disgusted her. It made her odious to herself. And if this, the beginning of it, were so bad, how was she to drink the cup to the bitter dregs? Other girls, she knew, were fond of their lovers,—some so fond of them that all moments of absence were moments, if not of pain, at any rate of regret. To her, as she stood there ready to tear herself because of the vileness of her own condition, it now seemed as though no such love as that were possible to her. For the sake of this man who was to be her husband, she hated all men. Was not everything around her base, and mean, and sordid? She

had understood thoroughly the quick divulgings of Mrs. Carbuncle's tidings, the workings of her aunt's anxious mind. The man, now that he had been caught, was not to be allowed to escape. But how great would be the boon if he would escape. How should she escape? And yet she knew that she meant to go on and bear it all. Perhaps by study and due practice she might become as were some others,—a beast of prey, and nothing more. The feeling that had made these few minutes so inexpressibly loathsome to her might, perhaps, be driven from her heart. She washed the tears from her eyes with savage energy, and descended to her lover with a veil fastened closely under her hat. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting," she said.

"Women always do," he replied, laughing. "It gives them importance."

"It is not so with me, I can assure you. I will tell you the truth. I was agitated,—and I cried."

"Oh, ay; I dare say." He rather liked the idea of having reduced the haughty Lucinda to tears. "But you needn't have been ashamed of my seeing it. As it is I can see nothing. You must take that off presently."

"Not now, Griffin." Oh, what a name it was. It seemed to blister her tongue as she used it without the usual prefix.

"I never saw you tied up in that way before. You don't do it on hunting. I've seen you when the snow has been driving in your face, and you didn't mind it,—not so much as I did."

"You can't be surprised that I should be agitated now."

"But you're happy;—ain't you?"

"Yes," she said. The lie once told must of course be continued.

"Upon my word I don't quite understand you," said Sir Griffin. "Look here, Lucinda, if you want to back out of it, you can, you know."

"If you ask me again I will." This was said with the old savage voice, and it at once reduced Sir Griffin to thralldom. To be rejected now would be the death of him. And should there come a quarrel he was sure that it would seem to be that he had been rejected.

"I suppose it's all right," he said, "only when a man is only thinking how he can make you happy, he doesn't like to find nothing but crying." After this there was but little more said between them, before they returned to the castle.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LIFE AT PORTRAY.

ON the Monday Frank took his departure. Everybody at the castle had liked him except Sir Griffin, who, when he had gone, remarked to Lucinda that he was an insufferable legal prig, and one of those chaps who think themselves somebody because they are in Parliament. Lucinda had liked Frank, and said so very boldly. "I see what it is," replied Sir Griffin, "you always like the people I don't." When he was going, Lizzie left her hand in his for a moment, and gave one look up into his eyes. "When is Lucy to be made blessed?" she asked. "I don't know that Lucy will ever be made blessed," he replied, "but I am sure I hope she will." Not a word more was said, and he returned to London.

After that Mrs. Carbuncle and Lucinda remained at Portray Castle till after Christmas, greatly overstaying the original time fixed for their visit. Lord George and Sir Griffin went and returned, and went again and returned again. There was much hunting and a great many love passages, which need not be recorded here. More than once during these six or seven weeks there arose a quarrel, bitter, loud, and pronounced, between Sir Griffin and Lucinda; but Lord George and Mrs. Carbuncle between them managed to throw oil upon the waters, and when Christmas came the engagement was still an engagement. The absolute suggestion that it should be broken, and abandoned, and thrown to the winds, always came from Lucinda; and Sir Griffin, when he found that Lucinda was in earnest, would again be moved by his old desires, and would determine that he would have the thing he wanted. Once he behaved with such coarse brutality that nothing but an abject apology would serve the turn. He made the abject apology, and after that became conscious that his wings were clipped, and that he must do as he was bidden. Lord George took him away, and brought him back again, and blew him up;—and at last, under pressure from Mrs. Carbuncle, made him consent to the fixing of a day. The marriage was to take place during the first week in April. When the party moved from Portray, he was to go up to London and see his lawyer. Settlements were to be arranged, and something was to be fixed as to future residence.

In the midst of all this Lucinda was passive as regarded the making of the arrangements, but very troublesome to those around her as to her immediate mode of life. Even to Lady Eustace she was curt and uncivil. To her aunt she was at times ferocious. She told Lord George more than once to his face that he was hurrying her to perdition. "What the d—— is it you want?" Lord George said to her. "Not to be married to this man." "But you have accepted him. I

didn't ask you to take him. You don't want to go into a workhouse, I suppose?" Then she rode so hard that all the Ayrshire lairds were startled out of their propriety, and there was a general fear that she would meet with some terrible accident. And Lizzie, instigated by jealousy, learned to ride as hard, and as they rode against each other every day there was a turmoil in the hunt. Morgan, scratching his head, declared that he had known "drunken rampaging men, but had never seed ladies so wicked." Lizzie did come down rather badly at one wall, and Lucinda got herself jammed against a gate-post. But when Christmas was come and gone, and Portray Castle had been left empty, no very bad accident had occurred.

A great friendship had sprung up between Mrs. Carbuncle and Lizzie, so that both had become very communicative. Whether both or either had been candid may, perhaps, be doubted. Mrs. Carbuncle had been quite confidential in discussing with her friend the dangerous varieties of Lucinda's humours, and the dreadful aversion which she still seemed to entertain for Sir Griffin. But then these humours and this aversion were so visible, that they could not well be concealed;—and what can be the use of confidential communications if things are kept back which the confidante would see even if they were not told? "She would be just like that whoever the man was," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"I suppose so," said Lizzie, wondering at such a phenomenon in female nature. But, with this fact understood between them to be a fact,—namely that Lucinda would be sure to hate any man whom she might accept,—they both agreed that the marriage had better go on.

"She must take a husband some day, you know," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Of course," said Lizzie.

"With her good looks, it would be out of the question that she shouldn't be married."

"Quite out of the question," repeated Lizzie.

"And I really don't see how she's to do better. It's her nature, you know. I have had enough of it, I can tell you. And at the pension, near Paris, they couldn't break her in at all. Nobody ever could break her in. You see it in the way she rides."

"I suppose Sir Griffin must do it," said Lizzie, laughing.

"Well;—that, or the other thing, you know." But there was no doubt about this;—whoever might break or be broken, the marriage must go on. "If you don't persevere with one like her, Lady Eustace, nothing can be done." Lizzie quite concurred. What did it matter to her who should break, or who be broken, if she could only sail her own little bark without dashing it on the rocks? Rocks there were. She didn't quite know what to make of Lord George,

who certainly was a Corsair,—who had said some very pretty things to her, quite à la Corsair. But in the meantime, from certain rumours that she heard, she believed that Frank had given up, or at least was intending to give up, the little chit who was living with Lady Linlithgow. There had been something of a quarrel,—so, at least, she had heard through Miss Macnulty, with whom Lady Linlithgow still occasionally corresponded in spite of their former breaches. From Frank Lizzie heard repeatedly, but Frank in his letters never mentioned the name of Lucy Morris. Now, if there should be a division between Frank and Lucy, then, she thought, Frank would return to her. And if so, for a permanent holding rock of protection in the world, her cousin Frank would be at any rate safer than the Corsair.

Lizzie and Mrs. Carbuncle had quite come to understand each other comfortably about money. It suited Mrs. Carbuncle very well to remain at Portray. It was no longer necessary that she should carry Lucinda about in search of game to be run down. The one head of game needed had been run down, such as it was,—not, indeed, a very noble stag; but the stag had been accepted; and a home for herself and her niece, which should have about it a sufficient air of fashion to satisfy public opinion,—out of London,—better still, in Scotland, belonging to a person with a title, enjoying the appurtenances of wealth, and one to which Lord George and Sir Griffin could have access,—was very desirable. But it was out of the question that Lady Eustace should bear all the expense. Mrs. Carbuncle undertook to find the stables, and did pay for that rick of hay, and for the cart-load of forage which had made Lizzie's heart quake as she saw it dragged up the hill towards her own granaries. It is very comfortable when all these things are clearly understood. Early in January they were all to go back to London. Then for a while,—up to the period of Lucinda's marriage,—Lizzie was to be Mrs. Carbuncle's guest at the small house in Mayfair;—but Lizzie was to keep the carriage. There came at last to be some little attempt, perhaps, at a hard bargain at the hand of each lady, in which Mrs. Carbuncle, as the elder, probably got the advantage. There was a question about the liveries in London. The footman there must appertain to Mrs. Carbuncle, whereas the coachman would as necessarily be one of Lizzie's retainers. Mrs. Carbuncle assented at last to finding the double livery,—but, like a prudent woman, arranged to get her quid pro quo. "You can add something, you know, to the present you'll have to give Lucinda. Lucinda shall choose something up to forty pounds." "We'll say thirty," said Lizzie, who was beginning to know the value of money. "Split the difference," said Mrs. Carbuncle, with a pleasant little burst of laughter,—and the difference was split. That the very neat and

even dandified appearance of the groom who rode out hunting with them should be provided at the expense of Mrs Carbuncle was quite understood ; but it was equally well understood that Lizzie was to provide the horse on which he rode every third day. It adds greatly to the comfort of friends living together when these things are accurately settled.

Mr. Emilius remained longer than had been anticipated, and did not go till Lord George and Sir Griffin took their departure. It was observed that he never spoke of his wife ; and yet Mrs. Carbuncle was almost sure that she had heard of such a lady. He had made himself very agreeable, and was, either by art or nature, a courteous man,—one who paid compliments to ladies. It was true, however, that he sometimes startled his hearers by things which might have been considered to border on coarseness if they had not been said by a clergyman. Lizzie had an idea that he intended to marry Miss Macnulty. And Miss Macnulty certainly received his attention with pleasure. In these circumstances his prolonged stay at the castle was not questioned ;—but when towards the end of November Lord George and Sir Griffin took their departure, he was obliged to return to his flock.

On the great subject of the diamonds Lizzie had spoken her mind freely to Mrs. Carbuncle early in the days of their friendship,—immediately, that is, after the bargainings had been completed. “Ten thousand pounds!” ejaculated Mrs. Carbuncle, opening wide her eyes. Lizzie nodded her head thrice in token of reiterated assurance. “Do you mean that you really know their value?” The ladies at this time were closeted together, and were discussing many things in the closest confidence.

“They were valued for me by jewellers.”

“Ten thousand pounds! And Sir Florian gave them to you?”

“Put them round my neck, and told me they were to be mine,—always.”

“Generous man!”

“Ah, if you had but known him!” said Lizzie, just touching her eye with her handkerchief.

“I daresay. And now the people claim them. I’m not a bit surprised at that, my dear. I should have thought a man couldn’t give away so much as that,—not just as one makes a present that costs forty or fifty pounds.” Mrs. Carbuncle could not resist the opportunity of showing that she did not think so very much of the coming thirty-five pound “gift” for which the bargain had been made.

“That’s what they say. And they say ever so many other things besides. They mean to prove that it’s an—heirloom.”

“Perhaps it is.”

"But it isn't. My cousin Frank, who knows more about law than any other man in London, says that they can't make a necklace an heirloom. If it was a brooch or a ring it would be different. I don't quite understand it, but it is so."

"It's a pity Sir Florian didn't say something about it in his will," suggested Mrs. Carbuncle.

"But he did;—at least not just about the necklace." Then Lady Eustace explained the nature of her late husband's will, as far as it regarded chattels to be found in the Castle of Portray at the time of his death; and added the fiction, which had now become common to her, as to the necklace having been given to her in Scotland.

"I shouldn't let them have it," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"I don't mean," said Lizzie.

"I should—sell them," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"But why?"

"Because there are so many accidents. A woman should be very rich indeed before she allows herself to walk about with ten thousand pounds upon her shoulders. Suppose somebody broke into the house, and stole them. And if they were sold, my dear, so that some got to Paris, and others to St. Petersburg, and others to New York, they'd have to give it up then." Before the discussion was over, Lizzie tripped up-stairs and brought the necklace down, and put it on Mrs. Carbuncle's neck. "I shouldn't like to have such property in my house, my dear," continued Mrs. Carbuncle. "Of course, diamonds are very nice. Nothing is so nice. And if a person had a proper place to keep them, and all that——"

"I've a very strong iron case," said Lizzie.

"But they should be at the bank, or at the jewellers, or somewhere quite—quite safe. People might steal the case and all. If I were you, I should sell them." It was explained to Mrs. Carbuncle on that occasion that Lizzie had brought them down with her in the train from London, and that she intended to take them back in the same way. "There's nothing the thieves would find easier than to steal them on the way," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

It was some days after this that there came down to her by post some terribly frightful documents, which were the first results, as far as she was concerned, of the filing of a bill in Chancery;—which hostile proceeding was, in truth, effected by the unaided energy of Mr. Camperdown, although Mr. Camperdown put himself forward simply as an instrument used by the trustees of the Eustace property. Within eight days she was to enter an appearance, or go through some preliminary ceremony, towards showing why she should not surrender her diamonds to the Lord Chancellor, or to one of those satraps of his, the Vice-Chancellors, or to some other terrible myrmidon. Mr. Camperdown in his letter explained that the service of

this document upon her in Scotland would amount to nothing,—even were he to send it down by a messenger; but that, no doubt, she would send it to her attorney, who would see the expediency of avoiding exposure by accepting the service. Of all which explanation Lizzie did not understand one word. Messrs. Camperdown's letter and the document which it contained did frighten her considerably, although the matter had been discussed so often that she had accustomed herself to declare that no such bugbears as that should have any influence on her. She had asked Frank whether, in the event of such missiles reaching her, she might send them to him. He had told her that they should be at once placed in the hands of her attorney;—and consequently she now sent them to Messrs. Mowbray and Mopus, with a very short note from herself. "Lady Eustace presents her compliments to Messrs. Mowbray and Mopus, and encloses some papers she has received about her diamonds. They are her own diamonds, given to her by her late husband. Please do what is proper, but Mr. Camperdown ought to be made to pay all the expenses."

She had, no doubt, allowed herself to hope that no further steps would be taken in the matter; and the very name of the Vice-Chancellor did for a few hours chill the blood at her heart. In those few hours she almost longed to throw the necklace into the sea, feeling sure that, if the diamonds were absolutely lost, there must be altogether an end of the matter. But, by degrees, her courage returned to her, as she remembered that her cousin had told her that, as far as he could see, the necklace was legally her own. Her cousin had, of course, been deceived by the lies which she had repeated to him; but lies which had been efficacious with him might be efficacious with others. Who could prove that Sir Florian had not taken the diamonds to Scotland, and given them to her there, in that very house which was now her own?

She told Mrs. Carbuncle of the missiles which had been hurled at her from the London courts of law, and Mrs. Carbuncle evidently thought that the diamonds were as good as gone. "Then I suppose you can't sell them?" said she.

"Yes I could;—I could sell them to-morrow. What is to hinder me? Suppose I took them to jewellers in Paris."

"The jewellers would think you had stolen them."

"I didn't steal them," said Lizzie; "they're my very own. Frank says that nobody can take them away from me. Why shouldn't a man give his wife a diamond necklace as well as a diamond ring? That's what I can't understand. What may give her so that men shan't come and worry her life out of her this way? as for an heirloom, anybody who knows anything, knows that it can't be an heirloom. A pot or a pan may be an heirloom;

—but a diamond necklace cannot be an heirloom. Everybody knows that, that knows anything.”

“I daresay it will all come right,” said Mrs. Carbuncle, who did not in the least believe Lizzie’s law about the pot and pan.

In the first week in January Lord George and Sir Griffin returned to the castle with the view of travelling up to London with the three ladies. This arrangement was partly thrown over by circumstances, as Sir Griffin was pleased to leave Portray two days before the others and to travel by himself. There was a bitter quarrel between Lucinda and her lover, and it was understood afterwards by Lady Eustace that Sir Griffin had had a few words with Lord George;—but what those few words were, she never quite knew. There was no open rupture between the two gentlemen, but Sir Griffin showed his displeasure to the ladies, who were more likely to bear patiently his ill-humour in the present circumstances than was Lord George. When a man has shown himself to be so far amenable to feminine authority as to have put himself in the way of matrimony, ladies will bear a great deal from him. There was nothing which Mrs. Carbuncle would not endure from Sir Griffin,—just at present; and, on behalf of Mrs. Carbuncle even Lizzie was long-suffering. It cannot, however, be said that this Petruchio had as yet tamed his own peculiar shrew. Lucinda was as savage as ever, and would snap and snarl, and almost bite. Sir Griffin would snarl too, and say very bearish things. But when it came to the point of actual quarrelling, he would become sullen, and in his sullenness would yield.

“I don’t see why Carruthers should have it all his own way,” he said, one hunting morning, to Lucinda.

“I don’t care twopence who have their own way,” said Lucinda. “I mean to have mine;—that’s all.”

“I’m not speaking about you. I call it downright interference on his part. And I do think you give way to him. You never do anything that I suggest.”

“You never suggest anything that I like to do,” said Lucinda.

“That’s a pity,” said Sir Griffin, “considering that I shall have to suggest so many things that you will have to do.”

“I don’t know that at all,” said Lucinda.

Mrs. Carbuncle came up during the quarrel, meaning to throw oil upon the waters. “What children you are!” she said laughing. “As if each of you won’t have to do what the other suggests.”

“Mrs. Carbuncle,” began Sir Griffin, “if you will have the great kindness not to endeavour to teach me what my conduct should be now or at any future time, I shall take it as a kindness.”

“Sir Griffin, pray don’t quarrel with Mrs. Carbuncle,” said Lizzie.

"Lady Eustace, if Mrs. Carbuncle interferes with me, I shall quarrel with her. I have borne a great deal more of this kind of thing than I like. I'm not going to be told this and told that because Mrs. Carbuncle happens to be the aunt of the future Lady Tewett,—if it should come to that. I'm not going to marry a whole family; and the less I have of this kind of thing the more likely it is that I shall come up to scratch when the time is up."

Then Lucinda rose and spoke. "Sir Griffin Tewett, she said, 'there is not the slightest necessity that you should come up, 'to scratch.' I wonder that I have not as yet been able to make you understand that if it will suit your convenience to break off our match, it will not in the least interfere with mine. And let me tell you this, Sir Griffin,—that any repetition of your unkindness to my aunt will make me utterly refuse to see you again."

"Of course, you like her better than you do me."

"A great deal better," said Lucinda.

"If I stand that I'll be——," said Sir Griffin, leaving the room. And he left the castle, sleeping that night at the inn at Kilmarnock. The day, however, was passed in hunting; and though he said nothing to either of the three ladies, it was understood by them as they returned to Portray that there was to be no quarrel. Lord George and Sir Griffin had discussed the matter, and Lord George took upon himself to say that there was no quarrel. On the morning but one following, there came a note from Sir Griffin to Lucinda,—just as they were leaving home for their journey up to London,—in which Sir Griffin expressed his regret if he had said anything displeasing to Mrs. Carbuncle.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

SOMETHING as to the jewels had been told to Lord George;—and this was quite necessary, as Lord George intended to travel with the ladies from Portray to London. Of course, he had heard of the diamonds, as who had not? He had heard too of Lord Fawn, and knew why it was that Lord Fawn had peremptorily refused to carry out his engagement. But, till he was told by Mrs. Carbuncle, he did not know that the diamonds were then kept within the castle, nor did he understand that it would be part of his duty to guard them on their way back to London. "They are worth ever so much; ain't they?" he said to Mrs. Carbuncle, when she first gave him the information.

"Ten thousand pounds," said Mrs Carbuncle, almost with awe-

"I don't believe a word of it," said Lord George.

"She says that they've been valued at that, since she's had them."

Lord George owned to himself that such a necklace was worth having,—as also, no doubt, were Portray Castle and the income arising from the estate, even though they could be held in possession only for a single life. Hitherto in his very chequered career he had escaped the trammels of matrimony, and among his many modes of life had hardly even suggested to himself the expediency of taking a wife with a fortune, and then settling down for the future, if submissively, still comfortably. To say that he had never looked forward to such a marriage as a possible future arrangement, would probably be incorrect. To men such as Lord George it is too easy a result of a career to be altogether banished from the mind. But no attempt had ever yet been made, nor had any special lady ever been so far honoured in his thoughts as to be connected in them with any vague ideas which he might have formed on the subject. But now it did occur to him that Portray Castle was a place in which he could pass two or three months annually without ennui. And that if he were to marry, little Lizzy Eustace would do as well as any other woman with money whom he might chance to meet. He did not say all this to anybody, and therefore cannot be accused of vanity. He was the last man in the world to speak on such a subject to any one. And as even Lizzie certainly bestowed upon him many of her smiles, much of her poetry, and some of her confidence, it cannot be said that he was not justified in his views. But then she was such an—"infernal little liar." Lord George was quite able to discover so much of her.

"She does lie, certainly," said Mrs. Carbuncle, "but then who doesn't?"

On the morning of their departure the box with the diamonds was brought down into the hall just as they were about to depart. The tall London footman again brought it down, and deposited it on one of the oak hall-chairs, as though it were a thing so heavy that he could hardly stagger along with it. How Lizzie did hate the man as she watched him, and regret that she had not attempted to carry it down herself. She had been with her diamonds that morning, and had seen them out of the box and into it. Few days passed on which she did not handle them and gaze at them. Mrs. Carbuncle had suggested that the box, with all her diamonds in it, might be stolen from her,—and as she thought of this her heart almost sank within her. When she had them once again in London she would take some steps to relieve herself from this embarrassment of carrying about with her so great a burthen of care. The man, with a vehement show of exertion, deposited the box on a chair, and then groaned aloud. Lizzie knew very well that she could lift the box

by her own unaided exertions, and that the groan was at any rate unnecessary.

"Supposing somebody were to steal that on the way," said Lord George to her, not in his pleasantest tone.

"Do not suggest anything so horrible," said Lizzie, trying to laugh.

"I shouldn't like it at all," said Lord George.

"I don't think it would make me a bit unhappy. You've heard about it all. There never was such a persecution. I often say that I should be well pleased to take the bauble and fling it into the ocean waves."

"I should like to be a mermaid and catch it," said Lord George.

"And what better would you be? Such things are all vanity and vexation of spirit. I hate the shining thing." And she hit the box with the whip she held in her hand.

It had been arranged that the party should sleep at Carlisle. It consisted of Lord George, the three ladies, the tall man servant, Lord George's own man, and the two maids. Miss Macnulty, with the heir and the nurses, were to remain at Portray for yet a while longer. The iron box was again put into the carriage; and was used by Lizzie as a footstool. This might have been very well, had there been no necessity for changing their train. At Troon the porter behaved well, and did not struggle much as he carried it from the carriage on to the platform. But at Kilmarnock, where they met the train from Glasgow, the big footman interfered again, and the scene was performed under the eyes of a crowd of people. It seemed to Lizzie that Lord George almost encouraged the struggling, as though he were in league with the footman to annoy her. But there was no further change between Kilmarnock and Carlisle, and they managed to make themselves very comfortable. Lunch had been provided;—for Mrs. Carbuncle was a woman who cared for such things, and Lord George also liked a glass of champagne in the middle of the day. Lizzie professed to be perfectly indifferent on such matters; but nevertheless she enjoyed her lunch, and allowed Lord George to press upon her a second, and perhaps a portion of a third glass of wine. Even Lucinda was roused up from her general state of apathy, and permitted herself to forget Sir Grey for a while.

During this journey to Carlisle Lizzie Eustace almost made up her mind that Lord George was the very Corsair she had been expecting ever since she had mastered Lord Byron's great poem. He had a way of doing things and of saying things, of proclaiming himself to be master, and at the same time of making himself thoroughly agreeable to his dependents,—and especially to the one dependent whom he most honoured at the time,—which exactly suited Lizzie's

ideas of what a man should be. And then he possessed that utter indifference to all conventions and laws, which is the great prerogative of Corsairs. He had no reverence for aught divine or human,—which is a great thing. The Queen and Parliament, the bench of bishops, and even the police, were to him just so many fungi and parasites, and noxious vapours, and false hypocrites. Such were the names by which he ventured to call these bugbears of the world. It was so delightful to live with a man, who himself had a title of his own, but who could speak of dukes and marquises as being quite despicable by reason of their absurd position. And as they became gay and free after their luncheon he expressed almost as much contempt for honesty as for dukes, and showed clearly that he regarded matrimony and marquises to be equally vain and useless. “How dare you say such things in our hearing!” exclaimed Mrs. Carbuncle.

“I assert that if men and women were really true, no vows would be needed;—and if no vows, then no marriage vows. Do you believe such vows are kept?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Carbuncle enthusiastically.

“I don’t,” said Lucinda.

“Nor I,” said the Corsair. “Who can believe that a woman will always love her husband because she swears she will? The oath is false on the face of it.”

“But women must marry,” said Lizzie. The Corsair declared freely that he did not see any such necessity.

And then, though it could hardly be said that this Corsair was a handsome man, still he had fine Corsair’s eyes, full of expression and determination, eyes that could look love and bloodshed almost at the same time; and then he had those manly properties,—power, bigness, and apparent boldness,—which belong to a Corsair. To be hurried about the world by such a man, treated sometimes with crushing severity, and at others with the tenderest love, not to be spoken to for one fortnight, and then to be embraced perpetually for another, to be cast every now and then into some abyss of despair by his rashness, and then raised to a pinnacle of human joy by his courage,—that, thought Lizzie, would be the kind of life which would suit her poetical temperament. But then, how would it be with her, if the Corsair were to take to hurrying about the world without carrying her with him;—and were to do so always at her expense! Perhaps he might hurry about the world and take somebody else with him. Medora, if Lizzie remembered rightly, had had no jointure or private fortune. But yet a woman must risk something if the spirit of poetry is to be allowed any play at all! “And now these weary diamonds again,” said Lord George,

by her own unaided exertions, and that the groan unnecessary.

"Supposing somebody were to steal that on f George to her, not in his pleasantest tone.

"Do not suggest anything so horrible," laugh.

"I shouldn't like it at all," said Lord G

"I don't think it would make me a b about it all. There never was such a I should be well pleased to take th ocean waves."

"I should like to be a mermaid for a moment or two

"And what better would you for that moment thin and vexation of spirit. I ha' x should go to her own the box with the whip she hel Mr. Camperdown might

It had been arranged th The porter and the tall consisted of Lord George ag under their load, and the Lord George's own man. bed-room of the Carlisle inn.

the heir and the nurse was spent very pleasantly. Th longer. The iron box not dress,—but of course they dic by Lizzie as a footstr Lizzie made herself to look very

been no necessity the gown in which she came down behaved well, and during the journey. Pointing this

carriage on to accused Mrs. Carbuncle and Lucinda the train from they had not adhered to any vestige of t

scene was per But the rancour was not vehement, to Lizzie t passed pleasantly. Lord George was i

though he three Houris around him, and Lizzie called there wa his face. "And you are the Medora," said M

they m been That is your place,—certainly," said Lizzie.

such What a pity Sir Griffin isn't here," said Mrs. Carbunc mid What call him the Giaour." Lucinda shuddered, with

sur might at concealing her shudder. "That's all very well, I think Sir Griffin would make a very good Giaour."

Pray don't, aunt. Let one forget it all just for a momer I wonder what Sir Griffin would say if he was to hea

and Lord George.

Late in the evening Lord George strolled out, and of co had discussed his character in his absence. Mrs. Carbu

chared that he was the soul of honour. In regard to her own for him, she averred that no woman had ever had a truer

Any other sentiment was of course out of the question,—for not a married woman? Had it not been for that accide

Carbuncle really thought that she could have given her

she was alone, bolted both the doors on the inside, and then quickly retired to rest. Some short prayer she said, with her knees close to the iron box. Then she put certain articles of property under her pillow,—her watch and chain, and the rings from her fingers, and a packet which she had drawn from her travelling-desk,—and was soon in bed, thinking that, as she fell away to sleep, she would revolve in her mind that question of the Corsair;—would it be good to trust herself and all her belongings to one who might perhaps take her belongings away, but leave herself behind? The subject was not unpleasant, and while she was considering it, she fell asleep.

It was, perhaps, about two in the morning when a man, very efficient at the trade which he was then following, knelt outside Lady Eustace's door, and, with a delicately-made saw, aided, probably, by some other equally well-finished tools, absolutely cut out that portion of the bed-room door on which the bolt was fastened. He must have known the spot exactly, for he did not doubt a moment as he commenced his work; and yet there was nothing on the exterior of the door to show where the bolt was placed. The bit was cut out without the slightest noise, and then, when the door was opened, was placed, just inside, upon the floor. The man then with perfectly noiseless step entered the room, knelt again,—just where poor Lizzie had knelt as she said her prayers,—so that he might the more easily raise the iron box without a struggle, and left the room with it in his arms without disturbing the lovely sleeper. He then descended the stairs, passed into the coffee-room at the bottom of them, and handed the box through an open window to a man who was crouching on the outside in the dark. He then followed the box, pulled down the window, put on a pair of boots which his friend had ready for him; and the two, after lingering a few moments in the shade of the dark wall, retreated with their prize round a corner. The night itself was almost pitch-dark, and very wet. It was as nearly black with darkness as a night can be. So far, the enterprising adventurers had been successful, and we will now leave them in their chosen retreat, engaged on the longer operation of forcing open the iron safe. For it had been arranged between them that the iron safe should be opened then and there. Though the weight to him who had taken it out of Lizzie's room had not been oppressive, as it had oppressed the tall serving-man, it might still have been an encumbrance to gentlemen intending to travel by railway with as little observation as possible. They were, however, well supplied with tools, and we will leave them at their work.

On the next morning Lizzie was awakened earlier than she had expected, and found, not only Patience Crabstick in her bedroom,

out also a chambermaid, and the wife of the manager of the hotel. The story was soon told to her. Her room had been broken open, and her treasure was gone. The party had intended to breakfast at their leisure, and proceed to London by a train leaving Carlisle in the middle of the day; but they were soon disturbed from their rest. Lady Eustace had hardly time to get her slippers on her feet, and to wrap herself in her dressing-room, to get rid of her dishevelled night-cap, and make herself just fit for public view, before the manager of the hotel, and Lord George, and the tall footman, and the boots were in her bedroom. It was too plainly manifest to them all that the diamonds were gone. The superintendent of the Carlisle police was there almost as soon as the others;—and allowing him very quickly came the important gentleman who was the head of the constabulary of the county.

Lizzie, when she first heard the news, was awe-struck, rather than outwardly demonstrative of grief. "There has been a regular lot," said Lord George. Captain Fitzmaurice, the gallant chief, nodded his head. "Plot enough," said the superintendent,—who did not mean to confide his thoughts to any man, or to exempt any man being from his suspicion. The manager of the hotel was very angry, and at first did not restrain his anger. Did not everybody know that if articles of value were brought into an hotel they would be handed over to the safe keeping of the manager? He most seemed to think that Lizzie had stolen her own box of diamonds. "My dear fellow," said Lord George, "nobody is saying a word against you, or your house."

"No, my lord;—but—"

"Lady Eustace is not blaming you, and do not you blame anybody else," said Lord George. "Let the police do what is right."

At last the men retreated, and Lizzie was left with Patience and Mrs. Carbuncle. But even then she did not give way to her grief, but sat upon the bed awe-struck, and mute. "Perhaps I had better get dressed," she said at last.

"I feared how it might be," said Mrs. Carbuncle, holding Lizzie's hand affectionately.

"Yes;—you said so."

"The prize was so great."

"I always was a-telling my lady——" began Crabstick.

"Hold your tongue!" said Lizzie angrily. "I suppose the police will do the best they can, Mrs. Carbuncle?"

"Oh yes;—and so will Lord George."

"I think I'll lie down again for a little while," said Lizzie. "I feel so sick I hardly know what to do. If I were to lie down for a little I should be better." With much difficulty she got them to leave her. Then, before she again undressed herself, she bolted the

door that still had a bolt, and turned the lock in the other. Having done this, she took out from under her pillow the little parcel which had been in her desk,—and, untying it, perceived that her dear diamond necklace was perfect, and quite safe.

The enterprising adventurers had, indeed, stolen the iron case, but they had stolen nothing else. The reader must not suppose that because Lizzie had preserved her jewels, she was therefore a consenting party to the abstraction of the box. The theft had been a genuine theft, planned with great skill, carried out with much ingenuity, one in the perpetration of which money had been spent,—a theft which for a while baffled the police of England, and which was supposed to be very creditable to those who had been engaged in it. But the box, and nothing but the box, had fallen into the hands of the thieves.

Lizzie's silence when the abstraction of the box was made known to her,—her silence as to the fact that the necklace was at that moment within the grasp of her own fingers,—was not at first the effect of deliberate fraud. She was ashamed to tell them that she brought the box empty from Portray, having the diamonds in her own keeping because she had feared that the box might be stolen. And then it occurred to her, quick as thought could flash, that it might be well that Mr. Camperdown should be made to believe that they had been stolen. And so she kept her secret. The reflections of the next half-hour told her how very great would now be her difficulties. But, as she had not disclosed the truth at first, she could hardly disclose it now.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

SOME CRITICAL NOTICES.

Essays and Lectures, Political and Social. By HENRY FAWCETT, M.P., and
MILLICENT G. FAWCETT. Macmillan.

EVERY student of contemporary questions will welcome this collection of the essays of two thoughtful and influential political workers, whose theory of politics is no vulgar one, and with whom the social ends both of political practice and economic theory are present and paramount. What will be read with the most interest are the two that open the volume, under the titles "Modern Socialism" and "State Intervention." They are introductory to a professional course at Cambridge, delivered last Lent term; and to the same course belongs number V. of the present volume, on "The Regulation of the Hours of Labour by the State." Those who consult these lectures for anything like an exhaustive account or detailed criticism of the theories and experiments of Socialism communistic or other, either in France or England, will be disappointed. Professor Fawcett scarcely does more than allude to these and their past failure, and passes to that aspect of Socialism which our own country presents to him to-day, in the increasing tendency of labour to look for State interference between itself and capital. His point is to trace this tendency to the natural dissatisfaction of labour at finding itself no better off before than after the increased production arising from free commerce, while capital gets the gain and is far better off; and to show that the tendency is a mistaken one, and the remedy which it asks for dangerous, by the instance of the "thoroughly Socialistic institution" of the old English Poor-Law and its disastrous working. Neither does the writer touch that other form, comprehended under the wide word of Socialism, which looks to a modification of the existing economic relations between capital and labour by the introduction into economics of a new moral factor—by moralising capital with a sense of its responsibilities, and tempering the reign of competition with the establishment in universal public opinion of a raised standard of minimum human necessities. The economical section of Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett's book, in truth, is directed almost exclusively to this question of State intervention in various applications. Of course, Professor Fawcett is of the school which tends to limit and not to extend the province of State action on the whole; and his own essay on "The Regulation of Hours of Labour by the State," and his wife's on "Free Education by the State," are both in the direction of restricting interference within very narrow bounds. No portion of the book is more valuable than Mrs. Fawcett's four contributions on the educational and electoral claims of women. Under both heads the injustice and mischief of existing arrangements are argued with moderation and cogency, and, if anything, with too rigorous an excess of reason over sentiment. There scarcely exists elsewhere a more irrefragable pleading for the two allied causes, or one which in style and temper gives so little handle to taunts of the familiar class with which the organs of culture and champions of chivalry, after they have found their arguments crumble about them, continue, and will continue, to entertain and discredit themselves in sickening iteration.

J. H. Newman's Discussions and Arguments. Pickering.

THIS is "a fresh contribution," says its distinguished author, "towards a uniform edition of his publications,"—an edition of a type and style in which one will be glad to have incorporated the work of this most finished artist in literature and speculation. That is the ultimate impression which every fresh reading of Dr. Newman, in the work of whatever date or phase of his career, must leave upon the mind; not the impression of his devout earnestness, his life-long disinterested absorption in the things of the spirit and intellect, not even that of his marvellous mental subtlety allied with marvellous distinctness, a casuistry the most conscientious, lucid, and refined that has existed; but that of his amazing proficiency in the art of literature—how cunning of fence he is, with what a tact in his simplicity, what liberal persuasion in his tone, what adroit ironic grace, what a courtesy in his obeisance, and what death in his thrust. The constituent parts of the present volume range over thirty years, from the "Home Thoughts Abroad" (here republished under the title of "How to Accomplish it") of 1836 down to an "Internal Argument for Christianity," contributed to the *Month* magazine of 1866. For the general reader the most interesting section of the volume—more interesting than the critical learning and dexterous presentment of such comparatively dogmatic and technical subjects as the "Patristical Idea of Antichrist" and "Holy Scripture in its Relation to the Catholic Creed"—will be the famous letters of remonstrance addressed to the *Times* on Sir Robert Peel's speech at the opening of the Tamworth Reading Room in 1841. Of all satiric pieces it is the most provoking and most admirable, in that vein which Mr. Matthew Arnold alone endeavours to work among our contemporaries, and which, with an air of perfect candour, assumes the whole issue in an epithet, determines the conviction by the reader of a phrase, and takes advantage of that conviction to do the enemy to pieces with every artifice of irrelevant ingenuity, every attitude of respectful ridicule and contemptuous humility in exposure. Impossible to conceive that the preposterous assumption of the Church's hereditary dogma in its most absolute form being the one saving unconditional necessity of the human spirit, beside which all other acquisitions take the rank of "useful and entertaining knowledge"—and the more preposterous floundering, without once really approaching it, of the idea that a knowledge of fact and law may do as much towards "fortifying the reason" as can be done by the most fervent cleaving to hypotheses which is asserted by the mind because they suit it—impossible, one would have said, that all this should have been made to look so reasonable in our modern age, so much a matter of course and of mere liberal breeding and common sense, as Dr. Newman contrived to make it look. How dexterously he anon deserves assent in order that he may anon command it without deserving; how he mixes up the preposterous with the obvious, the just with the unjust, and hits the real blots in our mechanical ideas of progress, our ampullated self-congratulations over sterile gain, at the same moment as he reverses all order of history and all hope of human nature. How delightedly he strikes and smiles when he gets at his real butts and versions—over the body of Sir Robert Peel at Bentham, and at Lord Brougham. And how one wishes for a talent of this mastery, this height and exquisiteness to range itself with instead of against the true forces and wholesome forces of the world. That a Toledo of such temper should be thrown away in trying to stop a dray-wheel in rolling!—the dray will roll on, and the Toledo must fly.

Civilisation before and after Christianity. By the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.
Macmillan.

THIS little pamphlet contains two lectures by the eloquent author of the *Life of St. Anselm*, which are part of the series opened by Mr. Gregory and Dr. Liddon, and delivered in St. Paul's on Thursday evenings to an audience of "intelligent young men who follow their business around" that edifice. The fact to be faced being, as Dean Church boldly puts it to his hearers, that "Society is debating whether it shall remain Christian or not," these deliverances have naturally flowed into the form of a vindication of Christianity; and it is the easy business of the present lectures to present the broad phenomena of Roman civilisation and the civilisation of the converted West in the familiar light which shall throw the total ruin of the one and the progress, or at worst survival, of the other to be due to the difference of non-Christianity and Christianity. It is needless to say that the thing is done with learning and openness of mind, and with clauses of a fire and rhythm that remind one who it is that speaks, and recall the famous style of a certain essay on Dante. And here and there are historical summaries, luminous and comprehensive. Dean Church is not to be impugned when he puts it that the two great principles out of which Roman civilisation grew, and which it cherished "with singular distinctiveness and tenacity," were first "that the work of the community should be governed by law;" and next, that "public interest and public claims were paramount to all others." But when he comes to defining what was the principle of decay on the one hand, and the principle of durability on the other, then it is needless to say that the subject becomes full of assumptions. The fundamental question whether religion is a creation of imaginative morality or morality a creation of practical religion, is of course passed by. It is assumed that morality without the "prospect of the judgment" has nothing to keep it alive, nothing to rekindle it, nothing to suggest and nourish its improvement, and hence that the best morality and institutions of the ancients could not but go down, while the worst of ours contain the seeds of restoration and perpetuity. The conception of those who hope that morality, having at one time needed the stimulus of everlasting reward to keep it going, has by this time become moral enough to go of itself, and who in that hope find the true principle of social progress, is not so much as glanced at. Neither, if any intelligent young man in the audience, at the constantly-repeated phrase of "Christian times," had asked himself, whether modern reforms were in truth emanations from the old idea, whether modern reformers were really inspired by that which is in strictness Christianity, or whether the "St. Bernards, Savonarolas, Luthers, the Jansenists and Puritans" of our times were not rather those who had turned their back upon the specific doctrines which inspired their prototypes, would he have found an answer from the source before us. That may be because the course is incomplete, having been interrupted by the official preparations for our Thanksgiving.

Historical Essays. By E. W. ROBERTSON. Edmonston and Douglas.

MR. ROBERTSON'S book is not one for the general reader, but for the technical and scientific student of early English history. He has devoted an elaborate research to little-explored matters of ancient usage and institution, and sets forth the results of a learning only to be tested by the expert in a somewhat

loosely-arranged introduction, which deals chiefly with the land laws of the Saxons and the constitution of the territorial "community," and in subsequent chapters and sections which deal with the history of coinage, currency, weights and measures, land-measurement, the calendar, and many minor, and as we have said technical details of law, customs and society, tending to illustrate the history of English, land, folk, and church in their origins.

A Manual of English Prose Literature. By WILLIAM MINTO, M.A. Blackwood.

A JUST suspicion always fastens upon any book of which the design seems to encourage the purpose of "cram;" and it is hard not to connect this book with the idea of competitive examinations. But, useful as it must undoubtedly prove to the generation of candidates and to their trainers, this stout "Manual" has general and independent excellences constituting a claim to respect from which books of cram proper are too commonly exempt. Mr. Minto in part goes over the same ground as Messrs. Seeley and Abbott have lately gone over in their "English Lessons for English Readers;" but his book is original in its plan, which is more comprehensive (except in so far as it excludes poetical literature) and more systematic than theirs. It is that of a complete survey of English prose literature according to a standard of partly technical or mechanical analysis which is set forth in the introduction. This analysis of prose Style into its elements—of vocabulary, sentence, paragraph, figures of speech; its Qualities—intellectual qualities, emotional qualities, and elegancies; and of Composition into its Kinds—descriptive, narrative, expository, and persuasive—this may not be the best and is certainly not the only form of classification possible; but it will serve; and it is according to this that the student is invited to test each successive writer and ticket him. First there comes a more elaborate and exhaustive account of three writers chosen specially to represent the English prose of this century—De Quincey, Carlyle, and Macaulay; then we go back to the fifteenth century, from which the interval is divided into periods, and the prominent writers of each period are introduced with a brief biography, and their characteristics passed under review. There are one or two unaccountable exceptions in the list—for instance, no mention is made either of Sterne or Southey. But, on the whole, the work is done with great thoroughness and great intelligence; the writing is of a close and business-like style without tediousness, and the writer has enough sympathy and insight of the spiritual kind to prevent his use of mechanical analysis from becoming sterile. The biographical portions are careful and accurate to a degree quite unusual in such compilations: nor is it too much to say that we do not know where so much well-arranged information as to the structure and history of English prose-writing is to be got in so small a compass.

The Stanhope Miscellanies. Collected and Edited by EARL STANHOPE. Second Series. Murray.

THIS series of historical and biographical letters and documents, of which Lord Stanhope's connections and pursuits have put him in possession, follows its predecessor at an interval of nine years, and is not so valuable as it—containing indeed no piece of capital importance. But it has items which will be found of interest to glance over—correspondence with Lord Wharncliffe bearing on, but not

clearing up, the ten years' detention of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, which has been variously interpreted as scandal or hardship, by a Count of the Bergamasco; some more, brushing away a fictitious version spread by Miss Anna Seward concerning the part played by Washington in the affair of André's execution; some letters exchanged between intelligent Frenchmen and the then Lord Stanhope as one of the English *Amis de la Révolution*, in the beginning of 1792; a lively series from Lady Hester Stanhope during her attendance upon Pitt at Walmer Castle not long before his death; a letter of Louis Napoleon to Sir Robert Peel after his escape from Ham; a correspondence of the editor while still Lord Mahon, with Sismondi; another with Hallam. And the volume is augmented with a lecture on the Mediæval Arab Philosophy and its influence in Europe, and an article on the legends of the Charlemagne cycle reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*.

Edwin William Field. By Dr. SADLER. Macmillan.

THIS little autobiographical sketch, published within less than a year of the death of its object, will be welcome to many who knew only by reputation the great æsthetic solicitor—if solicitors were spoken of as great—the enthusiastic amateur, the genial friend of art and artists, an eager and amiable spirit, who found time not only for immense work in his profession, but for careful schemes, efforts, writings towards its reform, and for a universal interest in things outside of it; who was the untiring friend of all whom he employed and of almost all who came across his path—one of the best loved and most active gentlemen of his time. Dr. Sadler has done his work very unpretendingly and affectionately; and the original fragments and letters of his friend which the work contains give a vivid enough notion of the poetical beneficent temperament of one whose activity was exceptionally well directed, his enjoyments exceptionally high and keen, in the midst of the society from which he has just been removed. He did nothing of a scale for which posterity will remember him; his exertions having had for their chief practical issue the organization of floating endeavours in the direction of legal reform and copyright reform. Lovers of art and nature will remember him not only as one of the most enthusiastic of themselves, but as having helped, next to Miss Denman and Crabb Robinson, in securing a home for the Flaxman collections in University College.

Erewhon; or, Over the Range. Trübner.

"EREWHON" is a country of which the name should be read backwards, and where life is conducted on peculiar principles; and its anonymous discoverer belongs to the brotherhood of Appuleius and Lemuel Gulliver. A little while ago we had another not unnoticed contribution to the literature of voyages and travels in parable; and "Erewhon" may naturally suggest some reminiscences of "The Coming Race." But I think this is in truth the more original book of the two, and it contains in its handy compass of two hundred and fifty pages some spirited inventions enough. The hero is a squatter in some nameless colony (of which the phrases and customs, however, point without disguise to an Australian experience); he goes an exploring expedition on his own account "over the range" which separates the colonised seaboard from the unknown interior, and arrives after a series of hair-breadth adventures among a physically beautiful population, who receive him kindly on the whole, only taking

umbrage at his possession of a watch. Many things puzzle him, until in time he gets to know the institutions of the country; of which the chief is this, that physical faults are regarded by the Erewhonians as other people regard moral faults, and *vice versa*. Illness is repressed by a stringent penal code; you are indicted before the magistrate for a cold or headache, and imprisoned for life for consumption; you accordingly adopt all sorts of devices to disguise as well as to avoid ill health; you allege intemperance rather than lose liberty and good name by a confession of dyspepsia; there is not the least shame about owning to a vice or delinquency, but the utmost about owning to a complaint. A thief has to be pitied, and prescribed for by a public functionary called the straightener; but a sick man must be punished according to the aggravation of his offence.

It is a curious and not unentertaining farrago, which the author seems to have the capacity, if he had taken the pains, to make much better than it is. The various threads of parable and satire seem to have little to do with one another, and the result is an impression of plenty of good points in detail, but no particular point on the whole. The idea of putting viciousness in the place of sickness, as the more congenital and constitutional misfortune of the two, is worked out with much ingenuity; but if the author, as one suspects, would signify that to be the rational plan, he misses his aim in making the Erewhonians distinguished for beauty more than goodness; their system does not render them specially innocent and exempt from vice, but specially healthy, and exempt from all except clandestine illness.

In a word, the book is one of satire and unmistakable ingenuity; it is written with a certain humorous vividness that does not suggest much literary practice, but considerable fondness of the writer for his own inventions. It is a pity that he could not give more time and pains to get structure and coherency into the fabric in which he has interwoven them, and which at present has too much of puzzle in its picturesqueness.

The Bacchæ of Euripides. Translated, with a Preface, by J. E. THOROLD ROGERS. Parker.

MR. ROGERS has a new idea about this play, which is worth considering. Everybody knows how of all the plays of Euripides it is one of the most exciting, full of fire, movement, poetical intensity, and intoxication; how it has unsurpassed passages both of descriptive energy and choric sweetness, and has in consequence been commented, admired, and translated on many hands. Dean Milman's translation with introductions is well known among ourselves. A peculiarity of the play is its pious tone. The king who resists the strange god is made a signal example of; the chorus is full of maxims of orthodoxy—*τὸ σόφον δ' οὐ σοφία*—and like sayings, as opposite as possible to the rationalising and sophistical mind of the poet. The consent of commentators—Lobeck, Müller, and all—has seen in this a palinode or recantation—a penitence of the free-thinker in his old age. Mr. Rogers will not have this. "The peculiar habit of free thought," he contends, "which Euripides represents is the most unchangeable of mental states, provided only the intellect and moral faculties remain unimpaired." And if Euripides at seventy-five was going to recant on his own account at all, it would not be to the outlandish gods and orgiastic cult of Macedonian hill-populations. Our author thinks he can see another explanation. Euripides, living and writing at the court of the bad Macedonian tyrant

Archelaus, where he was patronised, but where he would have carried nevertheless the true Hellenic hatred of autocracy, wishes to point a moral against the dangers of arbitrary power to its holder and its victims. The only way of doing this is to show the holder that there is something stronger than he—a caprice to which even his own must bow, and that is the caprice of the gods. Show a tyrant that he must resist his country's gods, or any gods, even if it be without meaning harm, at his peril, and there will be a better chance both for his people and himself. That is ingenious, and no doubt more gratifying to think of than a weak lapse into superstition on the grave's brink. But it would take more space and more facts than Mr. Rogers has given to make it more than a hypothesis. Note the somewhat unsupported dogma which we have quoted. For the translation, Mr. Rogers is certainly nearer to the original, if in a less finished English style, than Dean Milman; he shows a quite remarkable vigour and terseness of language, and gets the play into fewer English lines than it contains Greek lines in the original. In endeavouring to retain the metres of the Greek for rhymeless choric passages, we cannot say that he is to our ear more successful than his predecessors in the same experiment have been.

Olrig Grange. Glasgow: Maclehose.

AN anonymous writer here throws an intellectual novel of the hour into the form of rather pointed and sprightly verse. There is a German professor, of prosaic but estimable character, who acts as a sort of chorus or prologue between the parts, each of which is put into the mouth of a personage more actively implicated in the story than he. The scene is in Scotland and London—an old seaside home, where an orphan brother and sister grow up, and where by-and-by the brother comes back to die of consumption; and in the interval, a fashionable house in London, where the young lady whom this young gentleman wants to wife is scolded by her parents, and has to tell her lover that she is very sorry, but it is money and not genius which she must marry. That is all, and it is all told in six lyrical monologues, besides the blank verse interpolations by the professor. The unlucky appendage of an anapaestic verse to a stanza of different movement has hampered what is otherwise in this writer a very neat and effective turn for metrical epigram and metrical pathos; and the reader who cares for poetry of this pitch, and for a good deal of social wit and sense of character, as well as of honest feeling, well-placed indignation, and intelligent reflection upon things which occupy the contemporary mind, will get out of "*Olrig Grange*" one hour or two's very palatable reading—besides an occasional savour of Tennyson, Browning, and George Eliot, all three, a note or two of original insight and tenderness that he may be glad to hold in memory.

The Bride, and other Poems. By the Author of "*Angel Visits.*" Smith & Elder.

THIS is a singular volume of religious verse, by a writer who commands no small positive amount of fluency and command of language, with one most portentous negative quality—a deficit in the sense of humour which after a little affects the reader with nothing less than consternation. The main poem of the book is a long allegorical one in the metre of Tennyson's "*Dream of Fair Women*," of the simplest pious invention and construction. But it is when we come to the shorter poems that we encounter the peculiar quality of this

writer. There is one in three parts on the laying of the Atlantic cable, which it is at first impossible to believe that we ought to take seriously. When we read—

“Then lent America her ship Niagara
To bring the cable half the ocean o'er;
And the Agamemnon, sent from the English side, was meant
To conduct it to the shore,”

we fancy we are reading a humorous ballad by Thackeray or Barham; we put on a brogue, and prepare to enjoy the fun. Soon there occurs this lofty image—

“Darkly rolled up in her hold lay the Cable, fold on fold,
As in God the years untold lay from their prime,”

and we begin to suspect it can be no joke after all. No more it is. Mr. Barney Maguire's vein, it appears, is one which this poet adopts for the most elevated occasions, and by-and-by we encounter it in this consolatory strain—

“After the biting gales follow the nightingales;
After keen sorrows the chorus of heaven;
After anxiety, angel's society,
Joys in variety there shall be given.”

We have never met another singer who rejoiced quite in this accent on the strength of his salvation.

A Man's Thoughts. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Sampson Low.

THESE lucubrations by the author of the “Gentle Life” are not so ungentle as those former notorious criticisms, of which the title proclaimed that they were “honest,” and the contents proved that they were compounded in equal parts of ignorance and blundering offence—most offensive where it was intended for compliment. They are only a waste of time to have written, and will be a worse waste of it to him that reads, unless he is of a cast to be edified by hearing of “Xerxes swelling and bourgeoining in the fumes of his power,” and learning how the French *chic* is much the same as the German *geist*, and how we in this country are badly in want of both. Seriously, it is a difficult thing to understand, and a painful to contemplate, how any gentleman of liberal professions and promiscuous information should have meddled so much with books and ideas, ancient and modern, as this gentleman appears to have done, and should so totally have misapprehended or misquoted, vulgarised, spoilt, and turned upside down, everything which he has heard or read of, and that with an air of vivacious amiability, and an unmistakable desire to be intellectual as well as moral. So much for the vanity of human wishes! It should be added that the author thinks his title a modest one, since, whatever else he is or is not, he may at least “claim to be a MAN.” If Mr. Friswell's conscience further, and with equal emphasis, testifies that his thoughts are without egotism to be called thoughts, the outsider, though he would of himself have judged differently, can have no more to say.

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THE MONARCHY.

ONE of the most cool and sagacious of the dignitaries of Oxford is wont to speak of the Republican Club which flourishes in that loyal University as "The Society for the Encouragement of the Day after To-morrow." Thoughtful men, of whatever party, have long been quietly of the same mind. They see that the ultimate adoption of the republican form by both branches of the English race is as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. But as a thing of a much more indefinite future, all practical men have agreed to await its coming; and the rival claims of monarchies and republics have been decided only in the bloodless arena of debating clubs, or by the fearless logic of essay societies.

It occurred, however, in the dull season to some very experienced publicists to force this topic into one of public interest. They seized hold of a few questions about the Civil List, which had been raised by a Member of Parliament; and then these inspired journalists, these self-elected beadles of the British Constitution, roared and scolded like Bumble when some one had asked "for more." There followed the auspicious recovery of a popular prince, which our good-natured public were gravely assured they witnessed with transports of delirious joy. Thereupon the beadles set up a chorus of maudlin adulation, which turned the whole matter into a farce. In sober truth, there was never a sillier cry than that of monarchy in danger. The only danger it runs is that of being made ridiculous by officious sycophants. The Bumble of journalism has long been showing undoubted signs of age. His want of common sense, his bullying temper, his passion for being asked to tea, unfit him for filling parochial office. And what with his blundering, and what with his toadyism, we are fairly tired of the creature. Altogether the world never saw a more laughable sight than that of this shocking old man—this old women's oracle and man-scold—grovelling on his knees in his scarlet plush breeches.

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To bring the cable half the ocean o'er;
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We have never met another Club which is the object of his wit
strength of his salvation encouraging the day after to-morrow, but

A Man's Th more yesterday. In the truest sense of the word

THESE lucubrations have long been, a republic, though a most imperfect one. These former notoriety must be allowed. The republican form, the object of
"honest," and the kind of such fears, is important enough; but it is, after
of ignorance and of administrative adjustment. The republican substance

compliment. if we wish to speak of our system with scientific accuracy,
worse waste frame a definition as complex as its own history. England
ing of "Y" an aristocratic republic, with a democratic machinery and an
learning primary grand master of the ceremonies.

we in what is a republic? It is an abuse of language to make
to u republic synonymous with democracy. There is no necessary connec-
pro between republic and ballot-boxes, stump oratory, and the rule
br of the masses. Nothing is more mindless than the common assump-

tion that there is no republic possible but that of our American
brethren. Every sinister feature of their public life is due to the
fact of their national origin, not to the fact of their having a republic.

We, however, here at the outset entirely repudiate that as the type
of the republic, of which it is in many respects a very inferior
example. The United States happen to be a democratic republic;
but there have been republics without one of their peculiar institu-
tions, or even a trace of democracy. Some of the most typical
republics in history have been permanently ruled by popular nobles
or popular soldiers. The Venetian system was republican, though a
little liable to mob-rule as an Eastern despotism. The Rome of the
Metelli and of the Scipios was a state directed by birth, wealth, and
the sword of dictators; yet it is still the type of the republic, and

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justly so. The idea of the republic, the only one which answers to all its forms in history, by no means implies direct government by the masses, much less anarchy, change, or personal license. The world has never seen governments of more simple energy and self-assertion than those directed by Cromwell in his struggle with feudalism, by Danton in his struggle with royalty, by Lincoln in his struggle with slavery. The typical republics have often been swift, silent, and inexorable; and no monarchs have ever shown themselves more truly kings of men than many of those republican chiefs, who in the height of their power bore themselves as only servants of the commonwealth.

What then is the real meaning of republic? The republic is that state, the principle of which is not privilege but merit, where all public power is a free gift, and is freely intrusted to those who seem able to use it best. In the republic no authority is legitimate but that which claims as its tenure capacity, working in the interest of all, with the active co-operation of all. These are the tests of the really republican system—(1) that power rests on fitness to rule, (2) that its sole avowed object is the public good, (3) that it is maintained by public opinion, and not by force. Government is then a public function, and not a private property; it rests on consent, not on fear or right. Where this is the settled point of view of governors and governed, it is idle to deny to a community the name of republic, because it has not eliminated from government all notions of privilege and property; because in the midst of republican realities it retains a monarchic pageant. Anomalies of the kind are common in nature, where an otiose tail may still be found in *bimana*, and rudimentary organs abound which are atrophied from want of use.

The definition above given exactly fits that character which the imagination presents as the typical republic of history. The majesty of Rome in its early centuries recalls but a commonwealth of citizens, each of whom owed his life and labour to the State; where no one was master as of right, where capacity to serve the State was the sole kingship. And the same halo of civic duty lights up the story of the Dandolos and the Dorias, the Winkelrieds, the De Witts, the Cromwells, the Washingtons, and the Dantons. No one can justly deny the name of commonwealth to the societies for which they lived and died, because in some of them wealth or birth retained great but undefined power—because in some of them the will of the community was centred in one iron hand. All held their power as of merit by consent. They were the servants, not the masters, of their fellow-citizens, and were sustained in their high duties by public opinion. On the other hand, in the true monarchies and aristocracies, the idea of hereditary right overpowers that of public convenience. The monarch says, *L'état c'est moi*. He is the head of the family, the

proprietor of an estate; he exercises power, sometimes well and sometimes ill; sometimes in person, sometimes by deputy; but always as of right, not as the most fit. And, however he exercises it, the people cannot legally call him to account, much less can they dismiss him. At the very least a monarchy implies that the monarch is the organ of public opinion.

Apply this test to our own system. We shall find that, in the reality of power, we strictly conform to the republican, not to the monarchic type. It is the most tiresome of commonplaces, "that in this free country the will of the people is supreme." Parliament, are daily reminded, is omnipotent; and the House of Commons in practice is the sovereign authority. Power is, in fact, exclusively exercised by its delegates; and, though one smiles to say it, in theory at least its delegates are believed to be the most capable men it can find. The whole public resources are avowedly used in the service of the community—the public good is the paramount consideration. But all this is the definition of a republic, not of a monarchy. No doubt we have our throne, the most ancient and historic in Europe. But a sovereign who is wholly without influence in the action of the State is simply an hereditary president—or rather a titular appendage, an historic relic like the Rex Sacrificulus at Rome, or our own hereditary champion of England. For everything that is not mere pageant the country is administered precisely as a republic. The king here holds levees and drawing-rooms, in person or by proxy; once or twice in a reign is dragged about in a motley procession; when he chooses to do it, performs a mass of state routine, and, when equal to it, reads a royal speech. But it is part of the unwritten code of the constitution that he is to do nothing serious. The king cannot insert a sentence or a phrase in his own speech. The "Old Whigs" would rend their garments in sacred indignation at such profanity; the Tories would prophesy in the market-place. He cannot add a clause to a bill in Parliament. The very thought would raise a smile; to act on it would be revolution. The most silent member of Parliament has more legislative power than the Crown. The exercise of its legal veto would not be permitted in practice. A public attempt to affect legislation against the will of the nation would be the end of the dynasty. The British Crown exactly fills in the State the part which our ignorant ancestors assigned to the pretty woman. She was to reign in her own drawing-room, where no compliment could be extreme, and no homage unmanly. But she was not expected to meddle in things outside it.

There is only one moment in the practical working of our system when the sovereign has even in appearance the slightest legislative power. That moment is when a change of ministry occurs. But it is perfectly well understood that an outgoing minister really

nominates his successor under forms more or less circumlocutory. Mr. Disraeli once explained the formalities employed with that delicious sense of humour in which, without moving a muscle, he contrives to quiz the British constitution. In extreme cases a venerable peer—a sort of family lawyer—is confidentially called in. Even if we could conceive a sovereign so old-fashioned as to insist on personally nominating a minister, the House of Commons would sharply call him to order. Shades of “the wise and good Lord Somers,” of Blackstone, of Hallam and Macaulay, what radical speeches would re-echo again from the benches of the Lords! The cause “for which Hampden perished on the field, and Sidney on the scaffold,” would cease to rest and be thankful, and would begin to rub its eyes. The very lawn of the bishops would ruffle in wrath. We may, however, be perfectly tranquil. No sovereign is likely to attempt any gambols with the constitution, any more than the cream-coloured horses are likely to kick to pieces the ginger-bread coach.

The sovereign here, as we repeat with serious pride, has no part in government. Every official is, directly or indirectly, the appointed servant of the public, as completely, though not so directly, as in the United States. There are hardly half-a-dozen posts (those about the person of the sovereign not excepted) which are not actually in the sole appointment of the ministry. Every question in Parliament, every detail of administration, is discussed with reference to the national welfare. There is not an institution, not a law, not a right, in existence which is not, both by the theory of the constitution and the practice of public opinion, the mere creature of the Legislature—that is, ultimately and in principle the creature of the people. Nor is there one which is defended on any other ground than that it conduces to the public well-being. The notion that any person, any family, any order of men have rights paramount to the public good, or titles superior to parliamentary and national authority, or any existence or privilege not amenable to that authority, is never heard out of a boys’ debating club.

It cannot be too often insisted that the throne itself is no exception to this principle. It is now frankly submitting itself to public discussion on the ground of its public utility. The subject is a very wide one; it will have to submit to a great deal more of discussion still. The position, functions, and existence of the throne, like those of the Church or the army, are as much within the jurisdiction of public opinion as the unpaid magistracy. If it were not so, the omnipotence of Parliament would be only a phrase, for there is nothing to tell us what part of our system is, and what is not open to change. And yet, with all this, there are persons found to tell us that we live under a monarchy.

That is no monarchy where the throne itself exists by parliamentary sufferance, and all power is exercised by parliamentary choice. Yet Parliament would not be omnipotent if anything existed contrary to its will, or any one held power which it had not given. The notion that the throne, like every office in the State, is the creature of public opinion is not yet sufficiently familiar to us; for, as politicians, we are rather impervious to logic. But the principle has lately been asserted over an institution which people once thought no less above discussion than the monarchy itself. The Irish Church Act, the abolition of that Established Church by the will of Parliament, "by and with the consent of the nation and of public opinion, and by the authority of the same," has finally disposed of the dream that there is any institution in these islands constitutionally sacred, any privilege which transcends law, and the law-making power. The most ancient title, the most venerable office, and what many called the interests and rights of God himself, were formally set aside, when the question became one of satisfying the people of these islands. After that signal proof of the utilitarian nature of all political institutions, the monarchy would be a flea-bite to the omnipotence of the national will. The statesman who designed and carried out that great revolutionary act is still, as he has since been, the real head of the English republic, as completely as President Grant is the head of the American republic. It is true that our English president has far less power as a ruler. He is weighted with a gilt court dress, and bound in parliamentary chains. Still he rules us by a tenure of office even more popular, because more revocable than that of his American rival, and avows, like him, as his sole purpose the general welfare of the commonwealth. Mr. Gladstone, like General Grant, chooses the chief officials, is responsible for the entire administration, is master of the collective public action of his country, within and without. Like General Grant he is, somewhat less directly, but still as truly, elected by the people; like him, he professes to hold this great power only by their good-will, and to use it only in their service. He is somewhat harassed by having to run backwards and forwards to Balmoral or Osborne, and to go through various obeisances and hyperbolic circumlocutions which, he seems to think, add to his dignity. But though these little ceremonials may chafe his temper and lessen his authority, they do not seriously destroy his power. And it would be continuing the farce to pretend that a government like this is anything but a parliamentary republic. The United States would not cease to be a republic if the framers of the constitution had designed the government of the republic to be carried on in the name of Princess Pocahontas, whose orders the president was supposed to receive in some distant recess of the Rocky Mountains.

The case is more difficult when we are told that, after all, England is an aristocracy. It is certainly true that it has an aristocratic administration; and it is an exceedingly aristocratic republic. It would be an error to overlook the immense influence possessed by hereditary wealth. But it will not do to exaggerate it. In what human society has not wealth influence; and in what settled state is not hereditary wealth certain to be potent? But the political influence of wealth does not constitute a state, an aristocracy. A society governed by bank directors is not an aristocracy. Wealth is everywhere power, and, in a low sense of the word, merit. In an industrial society wealth is usually the creation of energy, foresight, and judgment. And it is not very long held together without some of these qualities in those who possess it. Those who accidentally inherit or acquire wealth amongst us have a better start for political power than other men, but neither wealth nor birth can maintain a man long in political power. Birth, indeed, without wealth or capacity is politically a cipher. And the fatuous and needy heir of a hundred earls has little open to him but a wealthy match. But a society in which birth as such is a cipher, in which even hereditary wealth only gives a good start, in which middle-class ability exercises almost all the real power, is not an aristocracy, however much it may lose in self-respect by retaining a privileged order. The prime minister and the majority of the ministers belong by origin, and by every instinct of their natures, to the great order of middle-class traders. They are bourgeois even in their faults, down to their passion for petty economy. They are men of the caste of Necker or Peel, glorified bankers' clerks, with a happy turn for debating. Useful and valuable gifts, but in no sense those of a true aristocracy; rather the type of a superior order of aldermen. No aristocracy in the world would ever have stooped to our base commercial wars in the East, and our yet baser commercial peace in Europe, *cauponantes bellum, cauponantes pacem*.

So thoroughly is this commercial conception of statesmanship established, that the genuine aristocrats who enter into it rather overplay the part. The foreign minister, a really capable man, familiar by birth and education with the transparencies of Europe, is conspicuous for an almost cynical deference to the majesty of British commerce. He almost upset the colonies out of respect to the memory of the late Mr. Cobden. In the great transformation of Europe which we have just witnessed he threw away every tradition of British statesmanship, every instinct of a politician, and thought of nothing but keeping a market open for British industry. He sees preparing for Europe an era of bloodshed, and congratulates his Quaker friends on the rise of the price of iron. The very Genius of War to him is but a new subject for compliments, a new customer to deal

with. He sees a commission in supplying him with swords; he meets him with smiles, and solicits orders.

With such men for our actual rulers—men really chosen by the tradesmen as those who display tradesmanlike qualities—it is as preposterous to call this country an aristocracy because it still maintains a very select club called the House of Lords, as it is to call it a monarchy because there are court balls. The House of Lords, like the Crown, is not expected to exercise even its legal veto beyond the point of complimentary delay. And the ablest men in it are chafing at the farce in which they are condemned to take part. Lord Salisbury may yet become a dangerous man if our reformers go too fast; and, “by raising him to” the commonalty, lift him back into the chamber which holds the real power. The House of Lords is no doubt one of the many causes of the deadlock which seems destined to be the ignoble end of Parliamentary Government. But as all true power is vested in the elected and not in the hereditary chamber, the country has long ceased to be an aristocracy, though it keeps up the name by giving titles to a number of rich men. The governing class really possesses nothing which any rich man cannot buy, and excludes no man of brains unless his brains chance to look some other way. The present generation has witnessed, amongst the most remarkable chiefs of the State, the son of an actress, the son of a cotton spinner, the son of an ingenious author, and the son of a provincial merchant. These men were not mere servants or agents of any king or any aristocracy. They were masters of the whole governing class, and the real rulers of the country. They were indeed the fountain of honour for the time being, a tap which they and their colleagues turned on rather freely. Indeed, the *Grandes Eaux* of honour are wont to play on the least occasion—bankers, mill-owners, useful “whips” and smart electioneers, peers who, according to Burke, came in with the Conquest, and peers who, according to Dod, came in with reform, have to shake down together. They all stand on much the same footing—acres and three per cents. *Non tali auxilio non defensoribus istis*, were the true aristocracies of history maintained. Our political system is possibly a plutocracy, but it is certainly—thank Cromwell!—not a real aristocracy.

There are hardly any States which are entirely simple examples. — All have traditional influences and institutions within them. Turkey is a pure theocratic monarchy; and the United States a real democratic republic. Between these extremes the forces are variously mixed; and what we have to consider are the really essential features. Of all States England is, at first sight, the most curiously hybrid; but its real genus and species are quite unmistakable. It has at once an hereditary monarchy, which is only meant to be looked

at; and a powerful aristocracy, which has long been entirely bourgeois; in all the essential features it is a republic; to which it has added some of the worst vices of a democracy. Its democratic suffrage was never intended to be free, and perfectly fulfils its design; its historic doge is only for exhibition on high days, and is fully equal to its part; the real government, in the meantime, rests with a moneyed caste, who, accepting the republican substance, do what they can to debase it. England is, therefore, a republic which, with a make-believe democracy and a wax-work sovereign, is governed by a sort of counting-house aristocracy.

Those who imagine that the retention of the historic pageant of royalty in the English republic—a pageant which may have sundry uses—gives them the unspeakable blessing of living under a monarchy, must be of the mood which is thankful for small mercies. They might as well look on the beefeaters as saviours of society. The advantages of a monarchy—and they are very real in societies fitted for them—are that they secure permanence and unity in government, prevent the perpetual struggle of ambition, of parties, of classes, and the wear and tear of political agitation. The head of the State is not personally exposed to the attacks of rivals, the policy of government is not being perpetually debated, and those who exercise it are not being continually tripped up by partisan opponents. There is also a real sense of devotion to the monarch, as representing the public interest, and a rallying round him when his will is distinctly exerted. He becomes the mouthpiece of the common feeling, the organ of public opinion. In Russia, for instance, these advantages are manifest. The Russian people are not engaged in continually tinkering the constitution, and when their father, the Czar, really sets his will to a thing, instinctively the mass of the people gets it done. If he decides to abolish serfdom, it is abolished; his government pursues a silent, permanent course which our statesmen regard with uncomfortable awe. The will of the sovereign is a rough substitute for public opinion, which it partly forms and partly expresses. In Prussia and in Austria, though the monarchy there is far less real, still it is the effective centre round which the governing machine revolves—the authorised exponent of the public feeling. As we saw during the war, and see now since the peace, the Emperor William is not altogether a phantasm-captain, and in great national moments his will and name call up in the mass of the people a real spirit of loyal co-operation with the government of which he is in some intelligible sense the head. The average Prussian really thinks in a way that he is bound to back up the Emperor's rule, and loyalty there still counts as a distinct element in carrying on the national administration. In Russia all this is true in a much higher degree. These are, in a tangible

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 governing class remains. The scramble for power here is as fierce as
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 some other way of this party, and the "stumping out" of that, go
 most remarkable of this party, and the "stumping out" of that, go
 a cotton spin of patriotism and public spirit can make them go in
 provincial race, without the slightest reference to the fact that
 of any kind is not an amiable lady of rank living a life of seclusion
 governi-lands. People must be true disciples of Gamaliel who
 indeed up their eyes and thank God that we are spared the political
 and which afflicts republics.
 Emperor is the throne even apparently the centre of the national admini-
 stration. The sovereign here is in no rational sense the organ of
 public opinion. On the contrary, it is indelicate, and even dishonest,
 for a minister to pretend that the sovereign has the smallest part
 ibility for any measure or any men. When Mr. Disraeli threw what
 was thought to be an intentional unctio into the accepted language
 of homage, he was very justly rebuked. It is the first axiom of the
 constitution that the sovereign's name is never mixed up in politics.
 What occurred in former generations is impossible now. It is ill-
 mannered to suggest that he would ever allow a personal opinion to
 betray itself. It would be a breach of decorum to do so; for the
 sovereign is as much bound to keep his feelings to himself as any
 well-bred young lady. In consequence, the influence of the throne,
 whatever it may be socially, is nothing politically. Measures and
 administrations derive not the least authority or help from it in the
 way that Bismarck does from his Emperor or Gortschakoff from his
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of homage, he was very justly rebuked. It is the first axiom of the

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What occurred in former generations is impossible now. It is ill-

mannered to suggest that he would ever allow a personal opinion to

betray itself. It would be a breach of decorum to do so; for the

sovereign is as much bound to keep his feelings to himself as any

well-bred young lady. In consequence, the influence of the throne,

whatever it may be socially, is nothing politically. Measures and

administrations derive not the least authority or help from it in the

way that Bismarck does from his Emperor or Gortschakoff from his

Czar. The sovereign has as little to do with strengthening the

ever fighting over ours, it is a little illogical to assert that our monarchy preserves us from evils which in fact we have got, and they, republicans, have not.

The example of France is rather misleading. France is in a seething state because its class and religious feuds have reached a frightful pitch of intensity, not because it is a republic. In face of the conspicuous stability of the American republic or of the Swiss republics, it would be ridiculous to attribute the spasms of France to that cause. They are mainly due to the fact that monarchy in France, as in Spain, is a mere conspiracy. When the struggle between labour and capital, intelligence and superstition, has reached the same white heat here, if it were unhappily to reach it, our monarchy would crumble up like paper in the blaze. It is quite clear, as we see in Ireland, that it does nothing whatever to modify the great labour questions, or to reconcile the bitterness of religious war. It might very easily be converted into a distinct aggravation of them. The immunity from revolution, and the prosperity of England, are due entirely to the fact that the aristocratic bourgeoisie who govern it have not yet lost the control of power; and that they have wisely averted or diverted some of the most formidable questions which hang over society. But in this result the monarchy has had no active share; or not more than the mace of Parliament, the ermine of the judges, or some other great historic pageants.

They have always taught us that the throne was a venerable fetish, wholly without active functions, and as such we must always regard it. It is a little too much that we should now be told that it is a real engine for solving political problems. Hallam and Macaulay, "under the most distinguished patronage," have hammered into us a faith in the innate wickedness of kings, and the dangers of allowing them a particle of real power; and it is a little too late, now that discontent is felt at the incompetent management of the State, to call out the venerable idol, and to tell us that it is alive and that we are to bow down and worship it. Whig statesmen have themselves deliberately, by their own acts and the teaching of their official schoolmasters, destroyed any vestige of real efficiency that the monarchy ever had in the political system. They have taught us to regard it politically as a sort of Original Sin. Venerable idol they have made it, and venerable idol it is. We read in Livy that whenever the Roman Senate was utterly puzzled or very much frightened, it straightway decreed a *Lectisternium*—a ceremony in which the old images were solemnly paraded. It is a little too late to repeat that sublime hocus; and if they did, the augurs would laugh so immoderately that they could hardly go through the ceremony. The present generation can remember the slights which some of our most noisy royalists have from time to time cast on the

sovereign. Bumble has talked quite coarsely of "the Board" in the hearing of the whole parish. None can forget their tone to the late Prince Consort during his life. His ability, rectitude, and earnestness ought at least to have protected him from that, as her personal qualities and her difficult position ought equally to have protected the Queen. Our tradesmen now rally round the throne, and advertise themselves well at a loyal procession. To them the throne is the symbol of order and internal peace. So was the empire to the shopkeepers of Paris. It is the symbol, but it is not the source. To secure that peace and order it is absolutely powerless; and some most intemperate conservatives are now doing much to make it quite the contrary. The tradesman will soon find out, if this goes on, that the throne is really a constant menace to order; and the moment he does, he will throw it over as readily as his Parisian *confrère* pulled down the imperial arms.

As for the aristocracy, hereditary or monetary, they have a great spirit of political compromise. Whenever they find that the throne guarantees themselves against revolution, much as gongs and tomtoms are sovereign cures for an eclipse, they will be the first to let it go. Our governing classes, like the beaver or coon of our youth, will always satisfy the hunter when they are hard-pressed. "Colonel," they cry when the game is up, "we are coming down." And down they come with a really good grace, wagging their tails as if they were simply tired of sitting up aloft. In the same sense the real governing classes will hold on by House of Lords, Church, and Throne, until they see that they are doing them more harm than good. Comte always said that they had a remarkable instinct of self-modification. They made England in 1688 a disguised republic, and since that date they have been slowly stripping off the disguise. It would be a pretty piece of political speculation which of the three garments, Church, House of Lords, or Throne, they will unbutton last. In an age when politics exhibit no social principle whatever, anything is possible, and marvellous transformations of opinion seize our people as if by special revelation. In a brisk session or so, the Peers would be ready to take the plunge, throw out the bill for shutting up their House two years running, and in the next glide into real power as county M.P.'s. So with the Crown. There is no family in Europe which can yield so gracefully as the House of Brunswick. Its princes, with their goodness of heart and homely tastes, would take their place naturally at the head of the aristocracy, a process already commenced by a recent happy alliance. Like the Princes of Orleans, they would easily pass into first citizens (by courtesy), remarkable, let us hope, for their industrious and high-toned lives. Who at Lord Palmerston's death dreamt of an attack on Established Churches? The handwriting was seen upon the wall with the

signature of a well-known statesman; the Chaldeans trembled; and all was over. An age of profound political unbelief accepts the smallest signs. And, possibly even after some special revelation, having "thought twice," and avowing a "sneaking kindness" for the institution, Mr. Gladstone or one of his successors will be rising in a crowded House to propose more famous resolutions "that in the opinion of this House, the time has arrived when the highest interests of the nation, and the dignity and prosperity of the country, &c. &c., demand in fact a well-considered scheme—with due regard for vested interests—for the disestablishment of the British monarchy."

To return to more practical things. Political hypocrisy has grown to that pitch, that free discussion of the institutions of our country is supposed to be sacrilege or personal outrage. To the silly and cowardly charge of disloyalty, temperate republicans show an open front. Those to whom the establishment of a real government is all-important are not the men to be disloyal in the just sense of that term. They are loyal in that they respect the laws of their country, be they made by them or not: they will abide by them until they are changed; but their right to change them is the condition of their loyal abiding. They respect all public functionaries who honestly fulfil the public duties of their office. They repudiate all attacks on public functionaries in the discharge of their public duties—for each is the representative of the common weal—be that functionary sovereign on his throne, magistrate on his bench, or policeman on his beat. It is not we republicans who narrow down into a sinecure the noble spirit of loyalty, the life-blood of societies. We are for strengthening the dignity of the ruler, not for reducing it; for vitalising government, not for paralyzing it. As to the idle or professional slanderer, it would be as profitable to answer him as to brush away bluebottles and flies in the dog days. Truant curates who snigger in the *Saturday Review*, fiery Bardolphs and Bohemians who swagger in Sunday or in week-day prints—buzz on! But it may be as well to put on record for any one whom it may concern, that this present writer at least has never confounded republic with democracy. It is not he or his friends who would teach the people the Gospel of Equality, or the revelation of Universal Suffrage. It is not they who have held up the United States as the eternal model of a republic; for in many things we hold it to be one of the worst. We ask for nothing better than a strong government clothed with all majesty, provided the majesty be that of the nation. So far from proscribing loyalty, it is to loyalty we look to put fresh life into the commonwealth.

And as to the lady who now holds the royal office, it is certainly not we who would drag her name into a political controversy. They who can speak of that office without affectation, see perhaps best

some of the difficulties by which it is beset. One who occupies the throne of the great Normans, of the Edwards, of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of William of Orange, the successor and kinswoman of heroes, receives a halo from the glories of that historic seat. She, who by a tragic fate working with special circumstance, is widowed as few women are, by a life of communion with the dead, has sanctified again the sacred name of widow. We are not the last to honour that purpose which has made her life a lifelong widowhood. Men who reject the cant of conventional homage may best judge that thankless task of routine which is the solid fact beneath so much lip-mockery. No! it is not we who are disloyal to the person of the sovereign, not we who are lacking in respect for the woman who, cut off from that private life which is the glory of other women, devoted by destiny to a life of public drudgery, in a sphere which is one long phantasmagoria, has left society to its dance of fashion, and toils on silently at her melancholy office.

But whilst discouraging any disturbance of the constitution, and offering personal respect to the first magistrate under it, we are certainly not to be debarred from this amongst other political topics. The air of holy mystery which it is usual to throw round it is one of the drollest bits of our social affectation. If we think the office an encumbrance in itself, however well it may be filled, we have a right to say so. And when certain persons think to awe us into silence with a tone of bullying pomposity, it is a little too much for our patience. Are a few jaded clubmen and the liveried parasites of the official world to brag about the throne like Jeames de la Pluche about his "gracious sovarinx," are they to scold all round as if they were hall-porters to the entire peerage, whilst plain men are not to discuss the institutions they live under? What! are they to bluster about the privilege of eating dirt, and air their ridiculous topknots and staves as if it were something manly and great, are they to wallow in the mud and beslobber the very frippery of the throne, their backs resplendent with menial plush, their mouths crammed with pickings from the courtly platter, and we poor people not so much as to laugh? Take notice, all ye superannuated beadies of the British constitution, all well-lined beefeaters and gorgeous lackeys of King Snob, we mean to laugh. Never did you do anything so silly as when you tried to bully and brag about your own loyalty to the dynasty of your choice. There is but one throne, that of King Snob the Great! and ye are of his Privy Council. With a healthier generation all this is irresistibly droll. We see how entirely political argument loses its sense when it loses its self-respect. If the governing orders, who are practical men, desire a serious advocacy of the *status quo* (for which there is a good deal to be said), they must not leave it in the hands of their own

toadies and trenchermen. To see them come strutting into the presence of their mistress with grotesque genuflexions and preposterous simperings reminds us only of Malvolio the cross-gartered. And they talk of a respected functionary of the British constitution like the laureate Blackmore in a birthday ode. It will not do. These outrageous seniors must be put away. When we hear their apostrophes to monarchy, we cannot but laugh. Nay, we get rather grim when we see the fascination it has for the meaner natures. We are perfectly loyal; and we wish to remain so. We want to be able to think of the monarchy without bursting out laughing. And we never can whilst these egregious pantaloons are whining and grovelling before it. We will do whatever is civil. But we are not Japanese kotowing to a Mikado, or Chinamen licking the dust to the brother of the sun and moon. A serious and somewhat melancholy interest is the feeling we wish to entertain in dealing with this ancient institution. We are proud of it as a curious relic of the past; we are touched by it; we feel a soft antiquarian sentiment creep over us; when we chance to meet it we look on it with all that respectful and good-humoured interest which we feel for any other of our quaint reminiscences of the course of time—for the Tower of London or Temple Bar. We want a calm and harmonious sense of studious appreciation—unbroken by the antics of these blatant showmen. Take notice, beadles, beefeaters, and all other serving-men, gartered or cross-gartered, that we desire to contemplate our ancient monuments without your help; nor shall all your menial jargon prevent us from studying them with common sense and independence.

We are not blind to such positive advantages as we may fairly attribute to our own quasi-monarchy. They are not very numerous, and not very easy to state with precision. Still they ought to have every weight given to them. It may, for instance, be fairly said that, in the absence of higher cultivation, the monarchy for some people embodies and carries on the traditions of the country, and gives a unity to our historical life very favourable to order and internal development. It might cause an abrupt gulf in our history, as is too often seen in France, if the republic was not felt to be the natural successor of the monarchy. And our actual form of disguised republic is perhaps doing much to educate us up to a peaceable and natural transformation of society. Again, perhaps the fiction that there is above all parties an ultimate arbiter with authority and with interests entirely aloof from theirs, does a good deal to keep alive, in the most desperate hours of party conflict, the notion of a public beyond and above them. There is in the sovereign a visible symbol of the nation which the most frantic partisans are obliged to treat with the semblance of deference. This is a real good. But we must not over-estimate its efficiency. That English parties in the main

respect that symbol, conventional as it is, is rather due to the relative healthiness of English parties than to the native force of the symbol itself. They have a constitutional monarch in Spain who stands wringing his hands in the midst of Zorillists and Sagastists. When parties here have got into that mood our crown will count for as little. And it must not be forgotten that in this as in all other functions, the part of the crown is utterly unreal, resting on a transparent fiction. The sovereign for the time being is probably no more really fit to act as arbiter in a crisis, and perhaps does not more act as arbiter, than any chance man or woman out of the street. The danger of relying on fictions which all know to be fictions is that in times of excitement they are utterly vain. It may be that our people altogether are not yet trained to feel the existence of the nation except under the material effigy of a monarchy. But this gilt image of the public good can never produce that instinctive rally of the citizens round the republic which we may see sometimes burst forth in the United States to control the recklessness of party, a spirit which in yet higher forms rose into a religion in many of the heroic republics of history.

It is often said, and it will be said again, that the monarchy gives a high tone to public life, inspires it with sentiments of honour, and secures an efficient and cheap administration. There is no doubt that English public life exhibits a fairly high standard of personal dignity, an almost unexampled standard of pecuniary honesty, and much faithful and gratuitous service. The monarchy may count for an element in this result, but it is only a very trifling element. The fact is due to the general character of the governing class, who, whatever their defects, are on the whole honourable in private life, singularly pure as to money, and with a fair sense of public duty. We need not make too much of the cockcrowing and caterwauling and other eccentricities of a few mischievous youths in either House. But all this is only saying that the powerful orders in England have still the personal self-respect of a ruling caste. It is in a very minor degree the result of our having a monarchy. To set it all down to the throne is one of those saws in schoolboy themes—*post hoc ergo propter hoc*—which show the class of mind for which these apologies for Royalty are intended. The same schoolboy themes might have shown how all these virtues shone ten times as brightly under the ancient republics. Indeed, our types, the eternal types, of civic honesty and public devotion all come from those heroic commonwealths. And are they absent from the story of the early mediæval republics, of Genoa, of Venice, of Bruges and Ghent, from the early story of the Swiss and American Constitutions? And if the United States are struggling now with some of the worst vices of democracy, their history can show most honourable types of patriotism and duty.

sense, some of the true "blessings of monarchy," which in backward populations is the only possible representative of the nation.

Which of these have we? From which of the evils of democracy does our dogedom preserve us? We have surely our fair share of political agitation, party faction, and personal rivalry. People used to imagine that monarchy averted the struggle for the first place in the State, and spared us from unseemly agitations. We were not like other men, they said—like those Americans, for instance. It surely does nothing of the kind. The first place in the State is that of the head of the ministry, and the struggle for it is as keen as if the title were president instead of premier. If Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli were rival candidates for the office held by General Grant, could there be more wire-pulling, more caucusing, more demagogism than we have in a grand general election? The election of President in the United States is direct, and our own chief magistrate is elected indirectly by Parliament, and so far there is less unmixed democracy. But that is only an accident, which would cease if the President of the American, like the President of the French Republic were elected by a chamber. The scramble for power here is as fierce as ambition and recklessness can make it, and the meetings and stumpings, the jobberies and the buncombe, the "platforms," the "tickets," the "cornering" of this party, and the "stumping out" of that, go on as briskly as patriotism and public spirit can make them go in our phlegmatic race, without the slightest reference to the fact that there is or is not an amiable lady of rank living a life of seclusion in the Highlands. People must be true disciples of Gamaliel who can lift up their eyes and thank God that we are spared the political turmoil which afflicts republics.

Nor is the throne even apparently the centre of the national administration. The sovereign here is in no rational sense the organ of public opinion. On the contrary, it is indelicate, and even dishonest, for a minister to pretend that the sovereign has the smallest partiality for any measure or any men. When Mr. Disraeli threw what was thought to be an intentional unction into the accepted language of homage, he was very justly rebuked. It is the first axiom of the constitution that the sovereign's name is never mixed up in politics. What occurred in former generations is impossible now. It is ill-mannered to suggest that he would ever allow a personal opinion to betray itself. It would be a breach of decorum to do so; for the sovereign is as much bound to keep his feelings to himself as any well-bred young lady. In consequence, the influence of the throne whatever it may be socially, is nothing politically. Measures and administrations derive not the least authority or help from it in the way that Bismarck does from his Emperor or Gortschakoff from his Czar. The sovereign has as little to do with strengthening

hands of the real government as the belle of the season or the winner of the Derby. Rallying round the throne here means intriguing for cards to a court ball, waving a handkerchief in a grand stand, or a holiday and extra beer. The throne has certain social purposes, and some indirectly political; but it does absolutely nothing, like the throne in Russia, and even in Prussia, to give unity and force to the central administration. In the way of democracy it saves us nothing; and to attribute our political condition to the beneficent rule of a monarch is as rational as to set it down to our living under the mild sway of a lord mayor.

Does the monarchy again secure us from perpetually criticizing and recasting the constitution? Nothing of the kind. There exist no people but the French who are so constantly occupied as we in remodelling the machinery of government. Now a real monarchy does guarantee a people against this, which is, at the very best, a waste of power; a sham monarchy provokes it. The Russian, and even the Prussian, system presupposes that the people on the whole accept the general framework of the State; of all people, the French alone excepted, we seem the most dissatisfied with ours. Our internal political history of a hundred years now has been one interminable history of reform bills and reform acts; attacks on the House of Lords, on the Established Church; struggles of class with class, and one order with another, to get power, and recast the constitution; ballot agitations, charters, reform leagues, manhood suffrage, single chamber, and woman suffrage agitations succeed in weary round. Almost the whole of our really serious struggles have turned on the persons by whom, not the way in which, power was to be exercised. It is one long series of constitutional amendments, in which every element and fixed point in the constitution has been attacked and defended, undermined, revised, botched, amended, and re-amended again, like the Bankruptcy Acts. The substance of the constitution has evaporated away in the fumes of talk; and though many of the great features still in form survive, how many years' purchase are they still worth, and what is the chance of the rising tide of criticism and attack being stemmed back? Now Russia, which is an acknowledged monarchy, is free from all this; and the United States, which is an acknowledged republic, is free from it. They have in America their own political vices which we are the first to denounce; but they have the immense advantage of an indefeasible republic. Slavery, their special curse, apart, during the hundred years that we have been tinkering our constitution they have been making and discussing hardly any changes in theirs. The American people are not only satisfied with their system, but have an intense devotion for it, because it is a republic. And if they with their republic rest content with their constitution, whilst we with our monarchy are

ever fighting over ours, it is a little illogical to assert that our monarchy preserves us from evils which in fact we have got, and they, republicans, have not.

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And as to the lady who now holds the royal office, it is certainly not we who would drag her name into a political controversy. They who can speak of that office without affectation, see perhaps best

some of the difficulties by which it is beset. One who occupies the throne of the great Normans, of the Edwards, of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of William of Orange, the successor and kinswoman of heroes, receives a halo from the glories of that historic seat. She, who by a tragic fate working with special circumstance, is widowed as few women are, by a life of communion with the dead, has sanctified again the sacred name of widow. We are not the last to honour that purpose which has made her life a lifelong widowhood. Men who reject the cant of conventional homage may best judge that thankless task of routine which is the solid fact beneath so much lip-mockery. No! it is not we who are disloyal to the person of the sovereign, not we who are lacking in respect for the woman who, cut off from that private life which is the glory of other women, devoted by destiny to a life of public drudgery, in a sphere which is one long phantasmagoria, has left society to its dance of fashion, and toils on silently at her melancholy office.

But whilst discouraging any disturbance of the constitution, and offering personal respect to the first magistrate under it, we are certainly not to be debarred from this amongst other political topics. The air of holy mystery which it is usual to throw round it is one of the drollest bits of our social affectation. If we think the office an encumbrance in itself, however well it may be filled, we have a right to say so. And when certain persons think to awe us into silence with a tone of bullying pomposity, it is a little too much for our patience. Are a few jaded clubmen and the liveried parasites of the official world to brag about the throne like Jeames de la Pluche about his "gracious sovarinx," are they to scold all round as if they were hall-porters to the entire peerage, whilst plain men are not to discuss the institutions they live under? What! are they to bluster about the privilege of eating dirt, and air their ridiculous topknots and staves as if it were something manly and great, are they to wallow in the mud and beslobber the very frippery of the throne, their backs resplendent with menial plush, their mouths crammed with pickings from the courtly platter, and we poor people not so much as to laugh? Take notice, all ye superannuated beadles of the British constitution, all well-lined beefeaters and gorgeous lackeys of King Snob, we mean to laugh. Never did you do anything so silly as when you tried to bully and brag about your own loyalty to the dynasty of your choice. There is but one throne, that of King Snob the Great! and ye are of his Privy Council. With a healthier generation all this is irresistibly droll. We see how entirely political argument loses its sense when it loses its self-respect. If the governing orders, who are practical men, desire a serious advocacy of the *status quo* (for which there is a good deal to be said), they must not leave it in the hands of their own

toadies and trenchermen. To see them come strutting into the presence of their mistress with grotesque genuflexions and preposterous simperings reminds us only of Malvolio the cross-gartered. And they talk of a respected functionary of the British constitution like the laureate Blackmore in a birthday ode. It will not do. These outrageous seniors must be put away. When we hear their apostrophes to monarchy, we cannot but laugh. Nay, we get rather grim when we see the fascination it has for the meaner natures. We are perfectly loyal; and we wish to remain so. We want to be able to think of the monarchy without bursting out laughing. And we never can whilst these egregious pantaloons are whining and grovelling before it. We will do whatever is civil. But we are not Japanese kotowing to a Mikado, or Chinamen licking the dust to the brother of the sun and moon. A serious and somewhat melancholy interest is the feeling we wish to entertain in dealing with this ancient institution. We are proud of it as a curious relic of the past; we are touched by it; we feel a soft antiquarian sentiment creep over us; when we chance to meet it we look on it with all that respectful and good-humoured interest which we feel for any other of our quaint reminiscences of the course of time—for the Tower of London or Temple Bar. We want a calm and harmonious sense of studious appreciation—unbroken by the antics of these blatant showmen. Take notice, beadles, beefeaters, and all other serving-men, gartered or cross-gartered, that we desire to contemplate our ancient monuments without your help; nor shall all your menial jargon prevent us from studying them with common sense and independence.

We are not blind to such positive advantages as we may fairly attribute to our own quasi-monarchy. They are not very numerous, and not very easy to state with precision. Still they ought to have every weight given to them. It may, for instance, be fairly said that, in the absence of higher cultivation, the monarchy for some people embodies and carries on the traditions of the country, and gives a unity to our historical life very favourable to order and internal development. It might cause an abrupt gulf in our history, as is too often seen in France, if the republic was not felt to be the natural successor of the monarchy. And our actual form of disguised republic is perhaps doing much to educate us up to a peaceable and natural transformation of society. Again, perhaps the fiction that there is above all parties an ultimate arbiter with authority and with interests entirely aloof from theirs, does a good deal to keep alive, in the most desperate hours of party conflict, the notion of a public beyond and above them. There is in the sovereign a visible symbol of the nation which the most frantic partisans are obliged to treat with the semblance of deference. This is a real good. But we must not over-estimate its efficiency. That English parties in the main

respect that symbol, conventional as it is, is rather due to the relative healthiness of English parties than to the native force of the symbol itself. They have a constitutional monarch in Spain who stands wringing his hands in the midst of Zorillists and Sagastists. When parties here have got into that mood our crown will count for as little. And it must not be forgotten that in this as in all other functions, the part of the crown is utterly unreal, resting on a transparent fiction. The sovereign for the time being is probably no more really fit to act as arbiter in a crisis, and perhaps does not more act as arbiter, than any chance man or woman out of the street. The danger of relying on fictions which all know to be fictions is that in times of excitement they are utterly vain. It may be that our people altogether are not yet trained to feel the existence of the nation except under the material effigy of a monarchy. But this gilt image of the public good can never produce that instinctive rally of the citizens round the republic which we may see sometimes burst forth in the United States to control the recklessness of party, a spirit which in yet higher forms rose into a religion in many of the heroic republics of history.

It is often said, and it will be said again, that the monarchy gives a high tone to public life, inspires it with sentiments of honour, and secures an efficient and cheap administration. There is no doubt that English public life exhibits a fairly high standard of personal dignity, an almost unexampled standard of pecuniary honesty, and much faithful and gratuitous service. The monarchy may count for an element in this result, but it is only a very trifling element. The fact is due to the general character of the governing class, who, whatever their defects, are on the whole honourable in private life, singularly pure as to money, and with a fair sense of public duty. We need not make too much of the cockcrowing and caterwauling and other eccentricities of a few mischievous youths in either House. But all this is only saying that the powerful orders in England have still the personal self-respect of a ruling caste. It is in a very minor degree the result of our having a monarchy. To set it all down to the throne is one of those saws in schoolboy themes—*post hoc ergo propter hoc*—which show the class of mind for which these apologies for Royalty are intended. The same schoolboy themes might have shown how all these virtues shone ten times as brightly under the ancient republics. Indeed, our types, the eternal types, of civic honesty and public devotion all come from those heroic commonwealths. And are they absent from the story of the early mediæval republics, of Genoa, of Venice, of Bruges and Ghent, from the early story of the Swiss and American Constitutions? And if the United States are struggling now with some of the worst vices of democracy, their history can show most honourable types of patriotism and duty.

The worst of their jobbers and hirelings in office are not worse than those who in different ages have polluted our own and other monarchies. Washington and Franklin may hold their own against Walpole and Bute. And then for the converse. The most corrupt of all European administrations is said to be the Russian, the most essentially monarchic of States, as in the last century was that of the Louises in France, where monarchy and corruption became convertible terms. The French administration and army have hardly lost in exchanging empire for republic. Spain and Greece are constitutional monarchies, yet no one would cite any one of these as high types of unselfishness in public life. Certainly the administration of Switzerland would most justly compete with them, whilst nothing, even in the vices of the United States, could sink below them. The fact is, that the honesty of public servants depends on the tone of the class which furnishes those servants, and has nothing to do with the fact that they are the servants of a republic, or the servants of a monarchy. Parliamentary or public supervision may have much to do with it, but monarchy little or nothing. There are abundant instances of monarchies, the servants of which have been thoroughly corrupt and servile, and there have been republics, the servants of which have displayed the loftiest public virtues. But the argument itself is somewhat childish, and only half serious. A man of genius who has to stand on his head to amuse a Lancashire mob may use it for want of another, and able editors have to sell it at 1*d.* or 3*d.* a sheet. But it is a pretty clear proof that apologies for hereditary monarchies are no longer attempted in earnest by thoughtful men.

It is indeed true that the monarchy appears to close the highest place in the State to ambition and faction, by reserving as it were a supreme neutral ground to which neither can aspire. So far this is a good. But as we have already shown, it is only nominally and not really the highest place of power which is closed. The place of real power is the prize of popular election. The place of unreal power is a wearisome sinecure. And every year and every struggle diminishes the importance of the sham function and increases that of the true function. It is, however, unquestionable that the existence of an historic monarchy, wisely used, may be favourable for the time to a rational conservatism, and instinctively divert minds from thoughts of violent revolution. At present it is so. And this in our eyes, as in those of all genuine conservatives, is a good so long as it lasts. But then we are republican conservatives, and we cannot help seeing that an historic republic does precisely the same thing, and in a far more complete way. It is quite certain that the Swiss Republic or the American Republic is far less likely to degenerate into a monarchy than our monarchy is to expand into a republic. Both of these republics offer far greater securities to order and permanence. And

whilst the conservative force of these republics grows with the enlightenment of each generation, the conservative force of our monarchy by the same ratio diminishes. In fact, we already see it entering on the stage in which it will become a disturbing element. If there are advantages in filling up the first place in the State by a figure-head, there are disadvantages if your State chances to need a real head!

When we come to press home the positive arguments in favour of a monarchy-in-buckram, they are too fine to be visible without straining, or too gross to discuss without a smile. They are too much of the sort to which Falstaff treats us as his reasons for respecting the king, only they are sadly less amusing. We have had elegant essayists assuring us that the people must have a pageant—which might be a plea for Lord Mayor's show or the revival of tournaments, but hardly for making the entire constitution culminate in pasteboard. Certainly if the people must have a pageant, they get exceedingly little of it. We are told that monarchy is the theatric part of the constitution, though why a nation should need a theatric part to its constitution more than a man is not so apparent. And theatric is an unlucky phrase, when we remember the growing affinity of the stage for burlesque. Monarchy, we are told, gives a tone to society and domestic life, which is possibly true. But what that tone is, entirely depends on the monarch. It is happily now the tone that is given by an irreproachable lady, *esto perpetua!* but it is sometimes that of a debauched booby. When we reflect on the perils which surround virtue on a throne, it is perhaps almost as likely to be one as the other; so that particular feature is about as broad as it is long. The topic is one on which it would be easy to enlarge; but by no means savoury. And on the whole it is an argument which it might be better to drop.

But there are others at hand. As we all know, the monarchy is good for trade. This is a very powerful argument, and was always used by the press when the court was long absent from London. The late French empire also was good for trade—on the whole with doubtful success. Again, Royalty encourages art, fosters science; has given us South Kensington and the Hall of Arts. Ah! we were forgetting the inspiration which loyalty gives to art and thought. See the sun of royalty beam upon the world of letters. Eureka! A king amongst us! A king, a king! "Sire, what happy boldness!" "He has crossed the channel!" Was it Leopold, was it William the Conqueror? Hush, he speaks. "Il aura raison," as the chamberlains say in *Zadig*. He has spoken! "Il a raison."¹ The sternest

(1) "Le dîner dura trois heures; dès qu'il ouvrit la bouche pour parler, le premier chambellan dit: Il aura raison. A peine eut-il prononcé quatre paroles que le second chambellan s'écria: Il a raison. Les deux autres chambellans firent de grands éclats de rire des bons mots qu'il avait dits ou qu'il avait dû dire."

republican must be staggered when he dwells (as who that ever held a pen can refuse to dwell?) on the air of high-toned manliness, on that fine spiritual dignity which beneath the sunshine of the crown flows upwards like a sap into the fibres of the intellectual world. Turn to our Royal Academies, our Royal Literary Funds, our Royal Associations, our infinite Royal Shoe-blackening and Platter-licking Societies. Let us watch them in their annual celebrations, in their festivals to the sister muses. What Athenian nights! what Attic salt mixed with what Spartan pride! How the grace of the courtier but stimulates the genius of the man! Artist, critic, singer, are transfigured into loftier forms, and make a truly royal chorus singing one hymn—"It were better to be a doorkeeper in the house of my king than a citizen of the republic of letters!"

"Que son mérite est extrême!
Que de grâces! que de grandeur!
Ah! combien Monseigneur
Doit être content de lui-même!" (*Zadig.*)

It is reported, likewise, that monarchy refines the people by accustoming their minds to tasteful display. A most valuable office in any nation! But a nation rich in Lothairs has almost a superfluity of this special form of culture. Lastly, we are positively assured that it gives a general tone to society, which seems to be the quality that secures it the valuable patronage of Mr. Edwin James "on his return," as the court newsman would say, "from a visit to the United States." But these virtues have all been summed up by another James—Mr. Jeames de la Pluche, the zenith of whose career he assures us was reached at his first appearance at a levee. During the eventful night which preceded it, he tells us that "Corts, erls, presntations, Goldstix, gracious Sovarinx mengled in my dreembs unceasnly." And so do these refining visions still "mengle" to a considerable extent in the "dreembs" of the plushocracy. *O Richard! O, mon Roi!* Who would wake them from that simple enjoyment?

To turn from the cackle of society to political argument. It will appear, in fact, that the serious arguments for monarchy all resolve themselves into this—that it is there. And this is a very strong argument indeed; in truth, it is a conclusive argument against any wanton meddling with it. It is the old argument which has so long saved Temple Bar. There it is. No one would now put it there; no one can see any particular use in it; every one can see we should be better without it. But still the associations round it are so great, and the shock its absence would cause is so grave, that it is as well to let it stand. The monarchy, although a political nullity, is indeed associated with every phase of English society. It is the embodiment of the *status quo*. It is the keystone of our social system. Thus, though of very small account in itself, it is

a most potent symbol. To the governing classes it is the sign of their right to govern. It is more than the sign, it is their consecration, the holy oil with which they are anointed. To them, it is what the Sacrament of the mass is to the Catholic priesthood. As the priest is sanctified to his congregation, who "see God made and eaten all day long," so the governing orders fresh from the actual presence of Majesty seem to acquire a power to rule the common. They come forth to the public gaze with a halo like an Aaronite who has entered into the holy of holies, or like Moses when he came down with horns from the fiery mount. This is the reason why, whilst treating the throne with real disdain, they have contrived, by certain high-polite circumlocutions, to throw round it an air of sacred mystery. In fact, the governing orders in England could no more manage the plebeians without the mystical rites of monarchy than the Roman aristocracy could have ruled without augurs and sacred chickens.

To the wealthy orders, again, the monarchy is the symbol of respect for wealth, respect for luxury, and respect for an idle class. Not that it is itself very rich, or very luxurious, or at present at all idle. Personally, the sovereign now drudges like a head examining clerk at dull, though perfectly useless, tasks. From real work the office is debarred by custom and law. But a society which still maintains a purely sinecure monarchy consecrates dignity without responsibility, wealth without toil, and display for its own sake. They feel therefore, whilst the monarchy lasts, that their own lives and their own position are abundantly defensible, for they are but its faint image and copy. By a ceremonial crown the whole hierarchy of society, its artificial dignities, its religion of display, and its claim to enjoy itself for the good of the rest of mankind are all consecrated. It would be irrational to strain at the gnat of Lothair whilst swallowing the camel of the Civil List. The vulgar idea of a sovereign is that of a sort of Apis or sacred bull whom it is a solemn duty to fatten and make sleek for a blessing on the people. And the idle rich are but too ready to suppose themselves local avatars of Apis; and most conscientiously do they seek the good of their fellow-creatures by growing fatter and sleeker. To the whole order of the wealthy and the luxurious, the crown is therefore a *sine quâ non*. It serves them at once with their type and their ideal—the symbol of their life—their justification and *raison d'être*.

To the entire middle class, in a word, from the capitalist down to the smallest tradesman, the monarchy at present represents prosperity because it represents the existing order of things. To them it is an institution to touch which would be to touch Diana of the Ephesians, the temple whereout they suck no small advantage. It is true all this

is not because it is a monarchy: not because it at all produces that prosperity, but simply because it is there. In the United States the republic is just as much the palladium of the existing state, and just as favourable, indeed is even more favourable to the art of making fortunes. There the entire industrial and money-making class rallies round the republic with an even deeper jealousy than does our moneyed class round the throne as the symbol of the *status quo*; and it has the advantage of being entirely in harmony with all their other tendencies and interests, which cannot be said for the monarchy here.

Monarchy, in a word, is the social *status quo*. Politically it has no tangible importance, socially it is the consecration of the present. The monarchy is therefore not a political question at all, but a social question. And since social questions cannot be settled by external revolutions, any violent attack on the monarchy as an institution would fail to secure its object. It would be like attempting to abolish luxury or suppress wealth by Act of Parliament or popular plebiscite. For a formal political change it would risk a critical social convulsion. The time may come when political problems of paramount moment have stifled all minor interests; when one of those mysterious revulsions of mind have silently transformed our practical people; and then the paraphernalia of the crown may awaken as little emotion as John Doe and Richard Roe. But without one of those moments of political transfiguration of which a great people are occasionally capable, without a fuller and more conscious mental preparation, without a real republican patriotism, the official disestablishment of monarchy would be no very mighty affair. It would not dethrone wealth, idleness, servility. The menial loyalty to display would be as loyal as ever. Lothairs would mount the vacant throne, and scramble for the regalia. The symbol might be discarded, but the thing would be cherished.

For these and many such reasons, there is little need for Republican agitation. A bald movement against the monarchical formulas, even on strictly constitutional bases, would have no adequate object. It would be to attack the reaction on their chosen battlefield. It would create a factitious interest in the throne, and give it the dead weight of the indifferent mass. As a matter of fact, no republican agitation has ever been projected. Amidst masses of republicans there is no republican programme. Or if one is forming, it is simply in answer to the menacing extravagancies of the new party of Beefeaters.

Sensible people will, however, be careful not to confound practical acceptance of a *status quo* with enthusiasm for a cause. He would be a very idle observer who attached too much importance to what our young lions are fond of calling "demonstrations." The royal

personages are themselves popular, and homage is felt for the Queen as a woman as well as titular sovereign. Our people are not insensible to the merits of a holiday, and as to a show, it is difficult to say what trumpery would not content them, or what personage they would not cheer. We see millions roused out of their vacant and dismal lives by a boat-race or a horse-race, though they do not know the difference of a row-lock from a fetlock. With the press stunning their ears with its everlasting gong, the hucksters shouting out "to buy, to buy," and the showmen with brass bells and trumpets dinning into them "to walk up," the poor public get as mazed as a bumpkin at a fair, and will walk up to any booth and gaze on any lion or any wax-work. The truth is that the vast development of the cheap press has given a new stimulus to all idle crowding. If "the Wandering Jew," "the Great Panjandrum," or "the Prince of Darkness" could be induced to visit us, he would be dogged by special correspondents, receive "stupendous ovations," and be the centre of "magnificent demonstrations." It is only the other day that vast multitudes gathered to stare at a youth on his wedding-day, about whom they knew nothing but that he abandoned his religion before he was of age and is a great millionaire. It is difficult to see the principle on which the poor should shout round the carriage-wheels of a young gentleman who has paid them the compliment of being enormously rich; but it is a pleasing trait of sensibility in the British public. One who quietly reflects on the vacancy of mind, on the spaniel-like instinct which was shown by the crowds who gathered to shout at Lothair's wedding, can hardly take for political sentiment the mere booby tendency to stare and throw up caps. Given notoriety, the credit of wealth, something to simper over, and the press to beat gongs and bawl one deaf—and any imaginable crowd will gather to see any imaginable thing. No rational being can draw any political argument from "demonstrations." We might as well study the public opinion of sheep jamming through a gate. Whole droves of these baa-lambs might be turned by two resolute men. They can teach us nothing—except it may be the growing vulgarity of wealth, the low state of general education, and the tendency of Lothair-olatry to become a state religion, with the monarchy, as its Melchisedek, its prophet, priest, and king.

This high attribute of monarchy to elevate the vulgar to the adoration of wealth ought not to blind responsible persons to facts. Now, whilst there is a general desire in England to maintain public order, and a general acceptance of the monarchic form as a convenient *status quo*, there is a very wide and deep republican feeling more or less definite and conscious. In London and the great cities the bulk of the working-classes are republican by conviction, unless where they are perfectly indifferent. There are a score of towns in

the north and centre where the republican feeling is at fever-heat, as honourable members may soon be somewhat "surprised to learn." Through the body of the smaller shopkeeping class, loyalty to the throne finds its highest expression in royal footmen and portraits of a princess: nor is it likely to take a more solid form. The heir to the crown is "popular," but he is just as popular in the United States, where huzzaing a notability can hardly be mistaken for political principle. And popularity is a vague term. It may be applied to the "Claimant," to a comic singer, and to a racehorse. In Ireland they are raising a statue to a beloved greyhound.

As we all know, amongst the educated classes there is a quiet pooh-poohing of monarchy as a living institution, with a tacit understanding to keep things as they are. We read gushing articles in a morning, which we trust may impress the people; but no man of sense speaks to another as if it were a thing to care about. We have perhaps a sneaking weakness for it; but a sneaking weakness is not a strong thing. We are all conscious around us of perfectly settled though perfectly well-behaved republican convictions. In fact, with most men of foresight the republic is to them what it is to our Oxford dignitary, "the day after to-morrow," or, it may be, "the middle of next week." It is a question of time, about which, as practical men, we do not concern ourselves. An effective faith in hereditary monarchy as a reality, and not an etiquette, would, in fact, be an effective repudiation of modern civilisation. Our whole cast of action and of life is now so essentially republican, that to any thoughtful mind hereditary monarchy as a principle can present itself only as a conspiracy or a mummery.

As to the *tableau vivant* which sentimentalists are pleased to call our English monarchy, we can take off our hat decently when it passes our way, as judicious Voltaireans do to the Host. We must all allow that it seldom gives us that trouble. To us it is a bit of bread; to some of our fellow-citizens it is an incarnate deity. If you took it from them, they would fall on their knees to something else, possibly less harmless and not so time-honoured. In short, with all the social, intellectual, and moral consequences of monarchy, gross as these may be, politicians, as such, have nothing to do. These cannot be eradicated by acts of Parliament, abolitions, or even revolutions. Social, moral, and intellectual remedies alone can touch them; and for these we must look, we suppose—to the development of the school boards.

Practical politicians then, to repeat, have every ground to disclaim an attack on the established monarchic form. We must accept the *status quo*. As in all other cases, it is a balance of advantages and disadvantages, and as things now stand, the balance is on the side of the *status quo*. But in tolerating a *status quo* we ought not to delude

ourselves; for, quite apart from the crop of social fungi which springs out of that soil, there is in the purely political sphere a *vis inertiae* in mock royalty which heavily weights our English republic. In the growing problem of executive government, the one thing needful is to bring some living personality out of the hubbub of jarring voices. Each session, Parliament is growing more of a scramble, a free fight, a game of blindman's-buff. The great Parliamentary Babel is hopelessly stricken with confusion of tongues. Each year our ministers, like Flimnap, the Treasurer of Lilliput, have to take more desperate leaps, and govern us gasping by indefatigable capers. But the contortions of Flimnap are of less consequence when his tenure of the treasury rests with the imperial will, and when, if he meet with a nasty tumble, at most it is the fall of a servant. But our Flimnap is the practical and effective emperor himself. This fact is entirely obscured to us by the veil of the throne—a veil, we must always remember, which has nothing behind it. Accordingly, with us the practical chief of the State is, almost for the first time in history, a mere gladiator in a mob of rhetoricians, the plaything of a tangle of factions, of necessity a demagogue, by office a stop-gap. In all history there is hardly an example of the real chief of the State, the absolute head of the executive, being exposed to daily and hourly rebuffs, liable to dismissal by a single vote of an assembly as fickle as the Chops of the Channel. President Grant is not liable to instant fall if he fail in a single division to persuade or frighten a majority. Certainly he has not to stand up night after night, and wrangle over the details of every trumpery administrative act. Something of the kind was, indeed, tried in France the other day, till the absurdity of the situation forced them (infatuated republicans as they are!) to separate the chief of the State a little from the bear-fights of Parliament; and France has only had a government since the head of the executive has ceased to be a "minister." Indeed, since the days when Cleon and Alcibiades perorated to critical crowds, like actors, for popular applause, and ruled alternately by catching votes, the world has never seen an executive so utterly democratic—in a word, so delirious—as that of our present parliamentary system. The sole head of the State has to caper nightly, like a tight-rope dancer, for the applause of a talking, intriguing, lounging assembly, while the entire executive apparatus and the whole government machine are liable to instant overthrow by a biting tongue or a dexterous whip. It is not thus in America; it is not thus in France—republics though they be. It was not thus in any rational republic or in any respectable State. The cause of it is, that with full-blown republican habits and ideas, with a republic which is a second nature to us all, we choose to travestie our whole political system by a monarchic figment; that we shut our eyes to facts, and

refuse to see that the real master of power must be the head of the State.

The whirligig of time verily brings about its revenges; and it is a cruel mockery of our love of antiquated compromise that the very means by which our forefathers, in different circumstances, sought to preserve us from this evil have been the very means of producing it. It once seemed the acme of skill when they invented the dogma that "the King reigns, but does not govern," and they thought that the rule of ministerial responsibility for ever preserved the executive from the democratic assaults of Parliament. They thought it a stroke of wisdom when they enabled Parliament to control affairs, without actually administering them; to dictate a policy, without overthrowing the head of the State; to limit his power, without destroying his dignity. Good, short-sighted, worthy forefathers, ye were wise in your generation, but not wiser than it! Ye could not see the day when your wisdom should be turned into foolishness, when all your pains would tend to undo your work! Had you seen that you have made ours the most democratic of all executives, the least stable and the least dignified of all governments! Could you have foretold the day when Parliament and its creature, the mere breath of its nostrils, should be the true, the only executive, when the head of the State should be of necessity the nearest approach to a demagogue centuries have seen! Ye could not foresee that by inevitable laws society would become to its heart's core a republic and that then your devices would make its president the least dignified and the least established of all the presidents! It was not given you to foresee that the day would come when the monarchy would neither reign nor govern, but live in retirement in the Highlands; when the true monarch of England would be wrangling like an Old Bailey advocate before an adverse jury. The elaborated imposture of the British constitution has closed our eyes to these things—closes the eyes of those concerned. But the facts are indestructible, and the truth comes back to us in each wild demagogic *mêlée*. "Ministers of the Crown" they call themselves; "The servants of his gracious Majesty," they repeat with unctious. And the Majesty of England, they say with bated breath and upturned eyes, reigns like a deity above these sublunary storms. Alas! too far above, like the gods of Epicurus; so far above as to be a mere legal formula; and for any practical purpose, so far above, that it signifies little if it be there at all. Such are the phrases, such is the letter of the law; but the spirit and the fact remain that the sovereign executive of this country is the hourly shuttlecock of faction, and is stricken with a chattering palsy: and the real ruler of England, neither claiming nor receiving his just dignity nor armed with his due authority and majesty, stands daily

like a bull at a stake, to be baited by a chorus of eager rivals. Such is the reality of democracy under the masquerade of royalty.

It is impossible for a mere "Minister" accustomed to speak of himself, and to be treated in the tone in which ministers were once used to be addressed by real kings, ever to realise the responsibility of his high office, now that he is the true chief of the republic. The cant of "His Majesty's Favour" blinds both him and us to the actual facts. And downward from the Prime Minister (and we say the same thing, be his name Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, we are not party zealots), through the lower offices of State, the radical falsity of the conventional language confuses and deteriorates their service. The cramped and obsolete notion of loyalty to the crown chokes the abiding sense of loyalty to the public. There were ages once, and there are States now, where loyalty to a king has power to ennoble and strengthen the entire governing machine. But only is this possible in times, or in nations, where that governing body is crowned with a living and conscious head. Where, in place of a conscious head there is only a symbolical figure-head, it is impossible; where the highest office is a sinecure, the principle of sinecures is dangerously fostered; where the highest office is hereditary, all offices will tend to be hereditary; where the highest office is a thing of property, and not a thing of merit, merit labours with a cruel dead weight, and property becomes the very principle of office. And when each one of these three tendencies is united in one, when the highest office of the State is itself the very type of all, when it becomes the mere incarnation of property in an hereditary sinecure, the blight descends through every fibre and root of the public service. In the true republic (and a society once republic is republic for ever, and can no more return to monarchy than it can return to feudalism, of which our monarchy is but a part)—in the true republic, the nation is the visible ever-present and ultimate master: from the president to the meanest functionary, from the highest function of government down to every button on every policeman's coat, there is visibly, indelibly imprinted the nation, and duty to the nation, employment only to those worthy of the nation. From top to bottom of the social scale runs the instinct of merit; and office held in trust for the common weal.

Not that the adoption of the republican form in itself can work this end. No form whatever can. It is the growth only of the republican morality. There is many a republic grossly inferior to its ideal; and many a monarchy really superior to its form. But though the mere adoption of a true form can work no immediate practical good, the obstinate worship of a dead form may seriously hamper growth. Forms are of no transcendent importance; but such as we have, it is well to have simple, and somewhat in accordance

with fact. Now the great problem of our statesman is obviously that of creating a working executive. The present is a wild jumble of executive and Legislature, which each year more plainly threatens a fatal deadlock. The cumbrous constitution, piled with the ruins of earlier ages, honeycombed with compromise, and entangled in the weeds of unreality, is hardly a habitable mansion. *Mole ruit sua*. The one thing that can save us is to free ourselves from encumbrances; to return to simplicity, to unity, to fact. We need to be rid of this labyrinth of forms which are a mere mummerly; to get back to a form which expresses the real life we act. It may be that we have "a sneaking liking" for the mummerly itself; it may be that circumstances make us loath to disturb it. But it would be folly not to think honestly on all that it involves. It would be folly to forget that the tangle of administrative machinery was designed to work round an ornamental centre which is not now its mechanical centre. It is cowardice to shut our eyes to the fact that our whole public life, which we strive to make serious and true, culminates and is embodied in a conscious masquerade.

Are we to despair because the passage from the false to the true life is slow? Better than all attack on monarchy is the cultivation of the true republican sentiment. That sentiment in its integrity is the noblest and the strongest that has ever animated communities. It is nothing but the most exalted force of that which all society implies; for it is the utmost distribution of function with the greatest social co-operation. In simple words, it is the idea that the common good permeates and inspires every public act. Government becomes the embodiment of the common good; to accomplish which is its only title. The one qualification of office, the sole right to power, is capacity to effect this common good. He who commands with this title in the State, ordains not merely with the force of a superior nature, but with the majesty of that multitude of wills which are incarnate in his. From the humblest official up to the first magistrate of the State, all who have public duties feel behind them the might of the united community. Every public act of every citizen, and in the republic life is but one long public act, is in itself an act of patriotism, has its bearing on the welfare of the State. The barren claim of "rights," the coarse notion of property in power, the sense of being born to privilege dies out of the social conscience, and from one end of the body politic to the other there rises up the supreme instinct that no function is legitimate save that which is truly fulfilled. This was the idea which lit in the mind of the Roman the thought of the City, as that from which all that gave him dignity was drawn, as that to which his life and powers were continually and entirely owed. This too, throughout the Middle Ages, was the spirit which inspired the municipal bodies to whose

energy civilisation owes the seeds of its progress. It was, in fact, but this spirit which in a crude and personal form was the real spring of that loyalty and liege-trust which are the boast of the feudalisms and royalties of Europe. And it is simply this which in the scramble of our modern society makes any government possible, or gives any dignity to our national life.

England is amongst the first of nations simply because it is in essence republican—because it has long passed into that stage in which public opinion is the foundation of power, and capacity its true qualification—because it has long passed out of that stage in which allegiance is an accident of birth, and government a piece of property. England is, in heart, republican, because it has asserted in all material things, past question and past change, the principle that the public good is the sole standard, and personal fitness the real criterion of civil power. Most imperfectly and half-consciously republican it must be said. The *débris* of privilege and of feudalism through which the republican ideal has forced its way encumber it still on all sides. The ennobling reality of loyalty to the nation is choked at every turn by the obsolete fiction of loyalty to a family—loyalty to a pageant—loyalty to a sinecure. The social might which should clothe all office is bedimmed whilst the highest is the nominal appanage of a noble house. It is in the republic alone that the true loyalty is possible or that true monarchs exist. In the republic proper there is no morbid thirst for equality, nor mincing up of power into the unpractised hands of multitudes. The real republic, whose ideal is capacity, needs in its place each capacity; and they indefinitely differ in degree. Nor would the State be truly served if the rare capacities within it were drowned in the torrent of myriad incapacities. It is the republic then which seizes on the true eminence of its noblest sons, as it is the republic which alone can rally the citizens round them in effective loyalty. This spirit is rooted amongst us, and grows with each hour of progress. Each statesman who presides over the destiny of the country shakes himself freer from convention, and rises more clearly in conscious dignity to the height of his mission. We who call him minister are growing to feel him a ruler. As the ceremonial Majesty of the throne grows daily more alien to all our self-respect, the practical majesty of the nation becomes a more present force. It is the resolute assertion of this, not the stormy negation of that, which will lead to fruitful result. It is we republicans alone who can revive the true attribute of the ruler by uniting again in one the majesty and the responsibility—it is we who raise the sentiment of loyalty from the sphere of ceremony to that of public duty—from the keeping of chamberlains to that of citizens.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

VIRGILIUS THE ENCHANTER.

THE Middle Ages transformed Virgilius the Poet into Virgilius the Enchanter. Such distortions of ancient facts and similar distortions of ancient legends were not uncommon in the Middle Ages. The feudal system regarded everything in the light of feudalism. The monks looked upon the external world through the stained glass of their monasteries. Thus most of the Greek and Roman heroes, and even gods, became princes, dukes, knights, and squires. The effect of this upon the Tale of Troy remains visible in the verse of Chaucer and of Gower, and later in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. Agamemnon, Hector, Jason, &c., are dubbed knights just like Ivanhoe or Cœur de Lion. Gower talks of "the worthy knight Achilles."¹ The Sun-god himself becomes "Phœbus, he that wandering knight so fair."² It is needless to multiply examples. But the metamorphosis of Virgil into a great magician, as it is one of the most curious of such transformations, so it is perhaps the most widely spread. It is found in French, English, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, and even Icelandic literature, and has left us some very quaint and interesting literary remains.

The English version of this romance was printed at Antwerp about the year 1510. It was reprinted in London as a literary curiosity (only fifty copies for private circulation were struck off) in 1812. The last English editor thinks this Antwerp English edition was "a translation from the French, in which language there are two³ printed editions extant." But the present writer thinks it more probable that all the versions of the romance had a common Latin original. The English edition is entitled:—"This boke treateth of the lyfe of Virgilius and of his deth and many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfe tyme by whychcrafte and nygramancie thorowgh the helpe of the devyls of hell."

Then we get a view of Roman history which may be novel to most. Remus, the brother of "Emperour Romulus," founds the city

(1) Again:—

" And who that wolde example take
Upon the forme of knightes lawe,
Howe that Achilles was forth drawe
With Chiro, which Centaurus hight,
Of many a wonder hear he might."

GOWER, *Confessio Amantis*.

(2) Shakesp., 1 Henry IV., I. 2.

(3) Qu. three? He does not seem to have been acquainted with the Lyons edition, of which there is a copy in the British Museum.

of Raynes (Rheims) "in Champanien."¹ The story of the fratricide is given with tolerable accuracy. "It fortuneth that Remus went to see his broder Romulus at Rome. . . . And whan he was com before Rome and sawe the walles he sayd 3 tymes that the walles were too lowe; moreover he sayd that with a ronne he wolde lepe over them and bye and bye he take a ronne and lept clene over." For this Romulus smote off his head.

The second chapter is "Howe the son of Remus, that also was named Remus, dyd slewe his unkele Romulus, and was made emperoure and so reyned emperoure." It was during his reign that Virgil was born. His father was a knight of Rheims, and his mother was "one of the greatest senyatours dawghters of Rome and hyghest of lynage." At his birth the town of Rome "quaked and tremled," as the earth did when Owen Glendower, another great magician, was born. In Virgil's childhood his father died, as did also Emperor Remus, who was succeeded "by his son and heir Persydes"!

The following is the account of Virgil's initiation into the secrets of necromancy. In part of it will be recognised a version of one of the Arabian Nights tales.

"And Virgilius was at Schole at Tolenten, where he stodyed dyligently for he was of great understandynge. Upon a tyme the scholers hadde lycence to goo to play and sporte them in the fylde after the usaunce of the holde tyme; and there was also Virgilius therby walkynge amonge the hylles alle about; it fortuneth he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hylle, wherein he went so depe that he culde nat see no more lyght, and then he went a lytell ferther therin and than he sawe som lyght agayn, and than went he fourth streyghte: and within a lytyll wyle after he harde a voyce that called, Virgilius, Virgilius; and he loked about and he colde not see no bodye; than Virgilius spake and asked, Who calleth me? than harde he the voyce agayne but he sawe no body. Than sayd he, Virgilius, see ye not that lytyl bourde [little board] lyinge bysyde you there marked with that worde? than answered Virgilius, I see that borde well enough. The voyce sayd, Doo awaye that bourd and lette me out ther atte. Than answered Virgilius to the voyce and sayd, who art thou that talks me so? Than answered the devyll: I am a devyll conjured out of the bodye of a certayne man and banysshed here tyll the daye of judemend, without that I be delyvered by the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray thee delyvere me out of this payn, and I shall show unto thee many bokes of nygromancy, and howe thou shalt cum by it lyghtely and knowe the practyse therein, that no man in the scyence of negromancye shall pass thee; and, moreover, I shall showe and enforme you, so that thou shalt have all thy desyre wherby me thynke it is a great gifte for so lytyll a doynge, for ye may also thus all your power frendys [poor friends] helpen, and make rythe your ennemyes unmyghty. Thorowgh that great promyse was Virgilius tempted; he badde the fynd showe the bokes to hym that he myghte have and occupy them at his

(1) Is this a confusion between the Italian Campania and the French Champagne?

(2) Tolenten further on is spelt Tolleten, Toleten, and Tuletan. In the Paris edition of Nyverd, and in the Lyons edition, which I have compared, it is spelt Tolette. Toledo is evidently meant. There must have been an Arabian university there, when this romance had its origin. The Spaniah University was of later date. Concerning Arabian learning, compare Gibbon, chap. lii.

wyll. And so the fynde shewed hym, and Virgilius pulled open the bourde and there was a lytell hole and therat wrange the devyl out lyke a yeel [wriggled out like an eel], and cam and stood by fore Virgilius lyke a bygge man; therof Virgilius was a stoned [astonished] and merveyled greatly therof that so great a man myght come out at so lytell a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, Shulde ye well pass into the hole that ye cam out of? Yea, I shall well, sayd the devyll. I holde the best plegge, [pledge] that I have ye shale not do it.—Well, sayde the devyll, thereto I consente. And than the devyll wrange hym selfe into the lytell hole agen, and as he was there in, Virgilius kyvered the hole ageyn with the beurd close and so was the devyll begyled and myght nat there com out ayen, but there abyded shutte styll therein. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius and sayd, What have ye done? Virgilius answered, Abyde there styll to your day apoynted. And fro thensforth abyded he there. And so Virgilius becam very counynge in the practyse of the black scyence.”

The next chapters relate how the mother of Virgil was dispossessed of her inheritance¹ by her rich kinsfolk at Rome, and sent for Virgil, who, on his arrival, was received right worshipfully by his poor relations, and made his complaint to the emperor in council. This council much resembled our High Court of Chancery. Their decree was that Virgil “must take pacyence by the space of iiii. or v. yere, that they myght examine within our self [*sic*] whether ye be ryght eyer [heir] or no. And with that answer was Virgilius very angry.” Naturally, I think. Not choosing to proceed with his chancery suit, Virgil took the law into his own hands. By magical arts he obtained for himself and his poor kinsmen all the fruit and produce of his confiscated lands, “insomuch that his enemies had not one penny’s worth of that good that they witheld fro hym.” War was declared against the audacious magician, but he was uniformly victorious by the help of the black science. He used to close his enemies in “with the air, as though it had been a great water.” In fact, he possessed the power of mesmerising, fixing, or paralyzing an army, which Bismarck and Moltke have recently carried to such perfection. He closed them in so “that they had no myght to go nor forward nor backward, but abyde styll, whereof they merveyled.” The emperor, though aided by a powerful magician, had to surrender at discretion, and Virgil became the “greatest lord of his counsayl.” Of course love stories play a prominent part in the romance, but we may skip them with the remark that they resemble some tales in Chaucer and the Arabian Nights. Virgil served the emperor well. He made “a merveyulous palace with iiii. corners,” the acoustic properties of which were such, that the emperor heard what the men did say through all Rome, “they myght nat speke so secretly but he harde it.” He also built upon the Capitol a structure called *Salvatio Romæ*—

(1) I think this legend is a distorted version of the ousting of the real poet from his Mantuan farm by the mercenaries of Octavianus. Virg. Ecl., i. v. Comm.

"That is to say this is the salvation of cytie of Rome; and he made in the compase all the goddes that we cal mamettes and ydolles, that were under the subjection of Rome; and every of the goddes that were there had in his hand a bell; and in the mydle of the godes made he one god of Rome. And when soever that there was any land wolde make any warre ageynst Rome, than wolde the godes tourne theyr backs towarde the god of Rome, and than the god of the lande that wolde stand up ageynst Rome, clynked his bell so longe that he hath in his hand, tyll the Senatours of Rome hereth it, and forthwith they go there, and see what lande it is that will make warre agaynst them; and so they prepare them and goeth agayne them and subdueth them."

This splendid device, which ought to excite the admiration of peace societies, and ought to have reduced standing armies to a minimum, was destroyed by guile by "the men of Carthago." In Rome, as in other great cities, the police were no match for the criminal classes.

"The Emperour had manye complayntes of the nyght ronners and theves, and also of great murderynge of people in the nyght, in so much that the Emperour asked counsayll of Virgilius and sayd; that he hath great complayntes of the theves that ronnyth by nyght, for they kyll many men; what counsayll, Virgilius, is best to be done? Than answered Virgilius to the Emperour, ye shall let make a horse of coper and a coper man apon his backe, havyng in his handes a flayll of yron, and that horse ye shall do bryng a fore the towne howse, and then ye shall lett crye that a man fro henseforth at X. of the clock shulde ryng a bell, and he that after the bell was ronge in the strete shulde be slayne, no worke thereof be done [no notice be taken of it]. And when this crye was made the roffians set nat a poynt, but kept the stretes as they dyd a fore, and wulde nat let therefore; and as sone as the bell was ronge at X. of the clocke, than lept the horse of coper with the coper man thorowgh the stretes of Rome, insomuche that he left nat one strete in Rome unsowght; and as sone as he found any man or woman in the strete he slewe them starke deed, insomuche that he slew a bove C.C. persons or more."

This patent police engine was afterwards improved by the addition of "two copper hounds" which "lept after" the garotters who had escaped to the housetops, and "tered them all to peces and thus all the nyght walkers were destroyed."

"For profeyte of the common people, Virgilius made a great myghty marbell pyller, and upon this pyller made he a lampe of glasse that allwaye byrned without gowyng out, and no body myght put it out; and this lampe lyghtened over all the cytie of Rome fro the one corner to the other, and there was nat so lytell a strete, but it gave suche lyght that it semed ii. torches there had stonde, and upon the wallles of the palayce made he a metall man, that helde in his hande a metall bowe that poynted ever upon the lampe for to shote it out: but alway burned the lampe and gave lyght over all Rome. And upon a tyme went the burgeyses daughters to play in the paleyse and beheld the metall man, and one of them asked in sporte why he shot not? and than she cam to the man and with hyr hande toched the bowe, and then the bolte flew oute and brake the lampe that Virgilius made; and it was wonder that the mayden went nat out of hyr mynde for the great fere that she had, and also the other burgeyses daughters that were in hyr companie, of the great stroke that it gave when it hyt the lampe, and when they sawe the metall man so swiftly ronne his waye, and never after was he no more sene; and this forsayd [aforesaid]

lampe was abydyng byrnyng after the deth of Virgilius by the space of C.C.C. yeres or more."

The author of the romance has evidently the highest respect for Virgilius. "Great wonder dyd Virgilius in his tyme." Among other things he founded the town of Napells (Naples), the name of which gives our author an opportunity for a marvellous bit of etymology. Napells is so called because Virgil there "set a nappyl [an apple!] upon a yron yarde and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it." Naples "bare the name for one of the fairest towns in the world," and was filled by Virgil with scholars and merchants. One curious fact mentioned in this chapter is that "when he had ordained the town well with scholars, he made a warm bath, that every man might bathe him in, that would: and that bath is there to this time, and it was the first bath that ever was." He was a great patron of learning, and "above all men loved scholars and gave them much money to buy books withal." Virgil was decidedly a beneficent enchanter.

"He promysed the Emperour to make the trees and spyces to bere frute thre tymes in a yere, and every tree shulde have rype frute and also blossomes at one tyme thereon growinge; also he shulde maken the shippes for to sayle agaynste the streme as with the streme at all tymes, and he wolde have made the peny to be as lyghtely gat as spente, and the women shulde be delyvered of theyr chylderne with out in any maner felynge anye payne at all. And these thynges promysed Virgilius to the emperour for to do, and many other dyverse thynges that were too longe for to reherse here, if that it fortunied hym nat to dye in the mene wyle."

His death happened thus. He imagined in his mind by what means he might make himself young again, because he thought to live longer many years, to do many wonders and marvellous things.

"And upon a tyme went Virgilius to the emperoure and asked him of lycense by the space of iii. wekes. But the Emperoure in no wyse wolde graunt unto hym, for he wolde have Virgilius at all tymes by hym. Than harde he that Virgilius went to his house and toke with him one of his men that he above all men trusted, and knowe well that he wolde best kepe hys counsayll; and they departed to his castell that was without the towne, and when they were afore the castell then saw the man men stande with yron flayles in theyr handes sore smytyng. Than sayd Virgilius to his man: Enter you fyrste into the castell; then answered the man and sayd, if I shulde enter, the flayles wolde slee me. Than shewed Virgilius to the man of eche syde the entering in and all the vyces that thereto belonged; and when he had shewed hym all the wayes, he made sease the flayles and went into the castell; and when they were bothe in, Virgilius turned the vyces ageyne and so went the yron flayles as they dyd afore. Then sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved frende and he that I above all men truste, and knowe moost of my secret: and than led he the man into the seller where he had made a fayer lampe at all seasons burnyng. And than sayd Virgilius to the man, See you the bare that standeth there? ye there muste put me; first ye muste slee me, and hewe small to peces, and cut my head in iiij. peces, and salt the head under in the bottom and then the peces thereafter, and my herte in the mydel, and then set

the barell under the lampe, that nyght and day therin may droppe and leke : and ye shall ix. dayes longe, once in the daye, fyll the lampe, and fayle nat. And whan this is all done than shall I be renued and made yonge ageyn and lyve longe tyme and manye wynters mo, if that it fortune me nat to be taken off above and dye. And when the man harde hys master Virgilius speke thus, he was sore abashed and sayd : that wyll I never, whyle I lyve, for in no maner wyll I slee you. And than sayd Virgilius, ye at this tyme must do it, for it shall be no grefe unto you. And at the laste Virgilius treated his man so muche that he consented to hym ; and then took the servant Virgilius and slewe hym ; and when he was thus slayn he hewe hym in peces, and salted hym in the barell, and cut his head in iiij. peces, as hys master bad him, and than put the herte in the myddell and salted them well ; and when all this was done he hynged the lampe ryght over the barell that it myght at all tymes droppe in therto. And when he had done all this, he went out of the castell and turned the vyces, and then went the coper men smytyng with theyr flayles so strongly upon the yron anveldes as they dyd afore, that there durste no man enter ; and he came every daye to the castell and fylled the lampe as Virgilius had bad hym. And as the emperour myssed Virgilius by the space of seven dayes, he merveyled greatly where he shulde be by come ; but Virgilius was kylled and layed in the seller by his servaunte that he loved so well. And than the emperour thought in his mynde to aske Virgilius' servaunt where Virgilius his master was ; and so he dyd, for he knew well that Virgilius loved hym above all men in the worlde. Than answered the servaunte to the emperour and sayd, Worschypfull lorde, and it please your grace I wot nat where he is, for it is seven dayes past that I sawe hym laste ; and than he went forthe I cannot tell whither, for he wulde nat let me goo with hym. Than was the emperoure angry with that answer and sayd : Thou lyst, falce thefe, that thou art ; but without thou shewe me shortly where he is, I shall put the to dethe. With these wordes was the man abashed and sayd : Worschypfull lorde, seven dayes ago I went with hym without the towne to the castell, and there I left hym, for he wold nat let me in with hym. Than sayd the emperoure, goo with me to the same castell, and so he dyd : and when they cam afore the castell and wolde have entered, they myght nat, because the flayles smyt so faste. Than sayde the emperour, Make pease this flayles that we maye cum in. Than answered the man : I knowe nat the waye. Than sayde the emperour : than shalt thou die ; and than thorough the fere of dethe he turned the vyce and made the flayles stande styl, and then the emperoure entered into the castell with all his folke, and sowght about in every corner after Virgilius ; and at the laste they sowght so longe that they cam into the seller where they sawe the lampe hange over the barell where Virgilius lay in deed. Than asked the emperoure the man ; who had made hym so herdey to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe, and the man answered no worde to the emperoure. And than the emperour with great anger drowe out his swerde and slewe he there Virgilius's man. And whan all this was done then sawe the emperoure and all his folke a naked chylde iiij. times rennyng a boutte the barell, saying the words :—Cursed be the tyme that ye cam ever here : and with these wordes vanyshe the chylde away and was never sene ageyne ; and thus abyde Virgilius in the barell, deed."

The English edition¹ ends thus :—

" And Virgilius dyd many other merveyllous thynges, that in this boko is

(1) M. Edélestand du Ménil, who has written an exhaustive treatise on the subject in his "*Mélanges Archéologiques et Littéraires*," assigns the Antwerp edition to the year 1510, and says this English edition has been translated into German, Dutch, and Icelandic. The Paris edition of Jean Trepperel is entitled "*Let faitz merveilleux de Virgille*." The Paris edition of Nyverd is entitled "*Faictz merveilleux de Virgille*."

not wryten. And thus [God] give us grace that we may be in the boke of everlastyng blysse. Amen.

Thus endethe the lyfe of Virgilius
with many dyvers consaytes that
he dyd. Emprynted in the cy-
tie of Anwarpe By me
Johnn Doesborke,
dwellynge at
the camer
porte.

But these prose versions of the Virgilian romance are far from being the earliest works in which the poet appears in the magic garment of an enchanter. The legend of Salvatio Romæ is said to be found in a Latin manuscript of the eighth century.¹ Alexander Neckam² and Vincent de Beauvais³ describe the Salvatio Romæ as the first among the seven wonders of the world. In an unpublished and very ancient romance called Lorrains, of which there is said to be a MS. in the Royal Library of Turin,⁴ Virgil is introduced as giving an account of the creation of the world to the cruel Noiron li Arabis (the Emperor Nero?), and also as foretelling, by a slight anachronism, the miraculous birth of our Saviour.⁵ Adénes, or Aldénez, a poet of the twelfth century, and author of the *Roman de Cleomades*, says that Virgil was a great scholar, wise and subtle.⁶

In the English poet Gower (*Confess. Am.*, b. v.) we read:—

“ Whan Rome stood in noble plite,
Virgile, which was thought parfite,
A mirrour made of his clergie,⁷
And sette it in the townes eye
Of marbre on a pillar without,
That they by thritty mile about
By day and eke also by night
In that mirrour beholde might

The unique Lyons edition, which I have consulted in the British Museum, is entitled “*La vie les ditz et marvoilles de Vergille. Quil fist luy estant en Romme. Nouvellement imprimee.*” The word *nouvellement* is noteworthy, as showing the popularity and antiquity of this remarkable romance. This Lyons edition has no date, but it is probably as old as the Antwerp edition.

(1) M. Keller, “*Li roman des sept sages.*”

(2) Floruit 1180 A.D.

(3) Floruit 1225 A.D.

(4) Philommeste Jr., “*Faictz merveilleux de Virgille.*”

(5) “*Or me di, mestres, garde ni ait menti.
Combien dura mes grans palais votis ?
Et dist Virgille : Vos palais tant durra
Qu’ une vierge pucelle enfant aura.*”

(6) “*Gran clers fu, sages et soutiez,
Virgilea.*”

(7) “*Clergy*” in this passage is synonymous with “*learning*,” “*wisdom*.” In the course of ages many English words have widely changed their meaning.

Her ennemies, if any were,
With all her ordenaunces there,
Which they ageyn the citee cast." ¹

Again, in the famous mediæval romance of Reynard the Fox, when Master Renart wants to pass himself off as a magician, he tells the noble king of the beasts that he is in possession of many of Virgil's magic incantations :—

" Et dou sage Virgille s' ai
Maint grant sens, gentis rois, et sai
Tous les livres maistre Aristote."

There is a long account of Virgil as an enchanter in the poem called *L'Image du Monde*, which is generally thought to have been written by Gauthier of Metz in the thirteenth century. In one old Latin work (I think a Life of St. William) "the greatest Latin poet" is described as "a malignant familiar of evil spirits."²

On the other hand, the Christian Church at one time gave Virgil a place in her liturgies, and even dignified him with the title of Prophet of the Gentiles. We have an account of what appears to be a Mystery Play performed through the diocese of Rouen, in which they sang on Christmas-day—

" ' Maro, Maro, Vates Gentilium,
Da Christo testimonium.'
(*Virgilius in juvenali habitu bene ornatus, respondeat*)—
' Ecce polo
Demissa solo
Nova progenies est.' "

And Virgil is joined to the other prophets who come to the cradle of Christ.³ There is also a curious tradition of the thirteenth century, or older, how St. Paul made a journey to Naples in order to have a discussion with Virgil on religious questions, and to convert the prophet of the heathens to Christianity. Virgil was unfortunately dead when the Apostle arrived. They brought the latter to the poet's tomb, over which he shed pious tears, and mourned the loss of such a saint as he would have rendered Virgil, had he arrived in time. In a Mantuan⁴ hymn of this period they sang on St. Paul's day :—

" Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Piæ rorem lacrymæ.
' Quem te,' inquit, ' reddidissem,
Si te vivum invenissem,
Poetarum maxime.' "

(1) The magic mirror of Virgil was shown in Florence at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

(2) "Poeta inter Latinos princeps. . . . maleficus daemonum cultor."

(3) *Mysterium fatuarum Virginum*.

(4) During a considerable portion of the thirteenth century Mantuan money was marked with Virgil's image and superscription. It will be remembered that Mantua was the real poet's birth-town.

The tradition further relates how the Apostle coveted the magical books of Virgil, which the magician when dying had hidden away under a mighty incantation. The Apostle by means of orthodox counter-charms discovered their hiding-place, but failed to secure the prize, for the volumes melted away into dust and ashes before his eyes.¹

It has been remarked as strange in these legends that there is no mention of Virgil's poetic gifts. And this has even led some critics to imagine that the magician must have been altogether a different person from the poet, and M. de Plancy has gone so far as to hold that Virgilius the enchanter was a Bishop Virgilius of Salzburg, in the eighth century, who, though he held heretical opinions about the Antipodes, was canonized after his death. However, the intimacy of our Virgilius with a Roman emperor, which is a prominent feature in every version of the legend, and his connection with Mantua and Naples, scarcely leave us room to doubt that the Poet is meant. Besides, we have seen that at least one ancient monkish writer calls the magician the greatest poet amongst the Latins. Further, it was believed that a verse of the *Æneid* uttered by Ignatius Loyola was endowed with magic power to exorcise an evil spirit.²

Assuming then that the polished and simple-minded author of the *Georgics* is identical with the powerful wizard of the middle ages, let us briefly consider how this transformation of Virgil's personality had its origin. Where are we to look for the Puck who has translated our rustic bard into a more formidable magician? Truly to search for a reason for any phenomenon of the dark ages is perhaps not less bootless than to follow that merry wanderer of the night; however, we may discover something approaching probability.

Most modern critics attribute Virgil's metamorphosis to the fact of his having written the Eighth Eclogue. "One of his eclogues, in which are introduced the magical charms by which it sought to reclaim a wandering lover, is supposed to have given the first impulse to the superstitious belief."³ But surely one short passage of fifty lines could scarcely have been the foundation for such a mass of legend. Other writers (*e.g.* Horace and Lucan) who treated magical themes more impressively and fully than Virgil have gained either in a very slight degree or not at all the reputation of sorcerers.

The legend must have had a wider basis; and of course, when once it had arisen, the Eighth Eclogue, amongst other passages,

- (1) "———Ni pout riens véoir
 Qui ne fust en poudre et en cendre
 Si s' en retourna sans rien prendre."
L'Image du Monde.

(2) *Apud* Fabric., *Bibl. Lat.* i. p. 337.

(3) Collins, "Ancient Classics for English Readers." Aug. 1870.

would have given it lasting solidity. I venture to think that the first origin of the Virgilian romance is to be sought in the poet's popularity during the Middle Ages; a popularity which led to his being at one time almost worshipped, and at another time condemned by the oracles of the Christian Church. It is well known that Virgil was the most read of classical poets: may we not reasonably infer that he was the *first* read?¹ When Virgil was tolerably well known, other poets were badly known; when Virgil was badly known, other poets were not known at all. A knowledge confined to a few has always a tendency towards mysticism. The fortunate monk who had read Virgil, we may be sure, would have used the "long roll of the hexameter" with impressive effect upon his less learned brethren. Then, again, Virgil's subject matter was suspicious. He studied—or professed to study—Nature, and without having Revelation for his guide—a thing which clerical Christianity has never been able to forgive. Besides, Virgil betrays, in more than one of his poems, an intimate acquaintance with the internal arrangements of Hades. He introduces Orpheus at the court of Pluto; and his hero Æneas makes a regular voyage through the most Infernal regions. The man who displayed all this forbidden knowledge, who advertised, as it were, personally conducted tours on return tickets to Hell, must in the nature of things have been regarded, by the unimaginative piety of a semi-educated clergy, as a protégé of the Powers of Darkness.

Again, in the famous rhapsody beginning,

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,"²

monastic ingenuity of course found clear and true prophecies of the coming of our Lord.³ Now Virgil was a heathen—he lived in the third generation after the founding of Rome,⁴ and yet he prophesied about Christ. A heathen prophet must be in communion with the Evil One. As we have said, most of the ancient worthies of whom anything was known, appeared in the Middle Ages in the guise of princes, dukes, or knights, with the feudal following of villeins and varlets. But they were mostly gods, heroes, or warriors. Virgil was a man of peace. He was, as a fact, perhaps the most retiring and non-political of Roman writers. Had he been a man of action, no doubt he would have appeared in the character of a clever tyrant, or an unscrupulous knight, or a powerful though malignant giant. He was, however, a poet, a man of power and knowledge, who wrote

(1) "An edition of the *Bucolics* was one of the first classical books, if not the very first, printed in England."—HALLAM, *Lit. Hist.*, vol. i. p. 274, ed. 1854.

(2) *Vir. Ecl.* iv.

(3) Constantine, the first Christian emperor, wrote long sermons, in which he dwells upon this passage at considerable length. "If it contributed to his conversion," Gibbon says, "Virgil may deserve to be ranked among the most successful missionaries of the Gospel."—Chap. xx.

(4) *Vide supra*, p. 643.

strange things in strange verse. The only solution which mediæv sagacity could discover was to set him down as a mighty sorcerer.

The above view seems to be strengthened by the fact that the other classical personages whom the popular opinion of the Middle Ages transfigured into sorcerers were writers in whom we can, I think, find the same germs of a magical reputation as in Virgil. Aristotle and Plato were the earliest known, and the best known, of Greek classics. The stores of knowledge and reasoning found in their works were largely drawn upon by the more learned monks, to supplement and fortify the teachings of revealed theology. And we may be sure that Aristotle's deep knowledge of human nature and Plato's pure and almost Christian morality would, as being displayed by heathens, have appeared uncanny and diabolical to a half-educated priesthood and an illiterate vulgar.

Besides, from time to time the oracles of the church lifted up their voices in condemnation of classical learning. Gregory the Great speaks of the rubbish of secular literature.¹ Isidore gives a solemn warning against reading "the books of the Gentiles and the writings of heretics."² St. Jerome laments that "the priests of God neglect the gospels and prophets, and read comedies, and sinuamatory Idylls, and stick to Virgil."³

Again, the very name Virgilius appears not unconnected with rhabdomancy,⁴ and the Latin word for a poem meant also an incantation.⁵

Perhaps enough has been said as to the origin of this curious legend. It may be asked how it was that Virgil seems to have been (except in one passage noticed above)⁶ regarded as a *benevolent* magician. I think this was owing chiefly to the Fourth Eclogue. The monks who, regarding that poem as a heathen prophecy of the Messiah, felt bound to condemn the author as a familiar of demons, could not find it in their hearts to set down as wicked and malignant one who foretold with such fervent enthusiasm the coming of a Saviour. Had Virgil lived after the Christian era, I have no doubt he would have been a Saint.

MAX CULLINAN.

(1) "Nugæ et sæculares literæ."

(2) "Gentilium autem libros vel hæreticorum volumina legere caveat."

(3) "At nunc etiam Sacerdotes Dei, omissis evangelis et prophetis, comedias legimus, amatoria bucolicorum versuum verba canere, tenere Virgilium."

(4) Virgilius, virga. Cf. Tac. Germ. x.

(5) Carmen.

(6) "*Maleficus* daemonum cultor."—*Life of St. William*?

(7) A contempt for the fair sex seems the only blot in his character. A saying of *Boi* deserves to be recorded:—"Women be ryghte wyse to enmagyn ungracyousnes, but in goodnes they be but innocentes." Misogyny is a normal characteristic of magicians. Who will not be reminded of Merlin and the wily Vivien?

VICTOR DE LAPRADE.

ON the 17th of March, 1859, the chair of the French Academy, left vacant by the death of Alfred de Musset, was filled up. It was a poet who succeeded the poet, but no two men have been more unlike than the deceased member and the member received upon that day. There was no possibility that the second, although a certain pure halo was about his brow, could efface the image of the first. Alfred de Musset, if ghosts are not impassive things, must have smiled, or, it may be, wept some tears of childish vexation, at the irony which determined that his place should be occupied by Victor de Laprade. M. de Laprade could not but regard De Musset from an elevation of self-conscious moral dignity, as one to be admired with condescending sympathy, and to be mourned over at the same time as a dear poetic publican or sinner. The new academician's share in the day's proceedings was not without its trials for a sensitive mind. He was required by a critical audience to be more than vaguely complimentary to his predecessor, and at the same time it was impossible to desert his ideal station in literature, to deprive himself of his distinction as a poet by condoning grave moral delinquency, by tolerating Voltairean mockery, or by allowing any particular merit to qualities in art which he congratulated himself as a poet upon *not* possessing—brilliance of style, colour and music of verse, a sensual gaiety and grace.

M. Vitet, in his reply, seeking for a single word or phrase by which to characterize the work of M. de Laprade, and distinguish it from that of other contemporary writers, chose to abide by the statement that he had "ennobled the idyll with an epic greatness and inspiration." "You do not fail to retain freshness and charm; it is still the idyll, but there mingles with it a profound significance, an indescribable gravity, which one supposed proper to the lyrical utterances of primitive ages." The academic critic is not always the most penetrative or discriminating; but M. Vitet here, without precisely touching the truth, approaches it. Self-abandonment to the influences of external nature, united with a certain austerity of soul—a joy in the presence of the mountain and the forest trees, and a joy in the presence of moral purity and energy of will—such is the distinction of the poet and his poetry. M. de Laprade is a musician whose lyre has few strings; one or two, and no more than these, vibrate with clear and prolonged intensity. The possession of a gift which is unique, although that gift may not be one of the greatest or most precious, is the rare thing in literature or art which makes a

man inestimable. M. de Laprade possesses such a gift. For those who can receive it, and they are not all or nearly all, he has a new pleasure to offer—no overmastering sensation of delight, but a pleasure pure and refreshing, like a draught from a mountain well.

Edgar Quinet was professor of Southern literatures at Lyons when Victor de Laprade was a young barrister in the same city, who cared more for verses which he had in abundance than for briefs which he had not. There is something of Quinet and something of Ballanche in Laprade's first important poem, *Psyche*. At the time when the poem was written the gods were in exile, the classical divinities had been condemned by a decree of the new poetic dynasty. In their devotion to modern feelings and ideas, the leaders of the Romantic school had for awhile forgotten that a poetical study of antiquity may be a study in an eminent degree modern. Laprade did not attempt to revive the pure Hellenism of André Chénier. For such poetry as Chénier's he had no faculty; the charm, the gracious movement, the delicate and lively outline, the floral colour and sweetness of that verse, its sensuousness, its tender gaiety and tender sadness, were things quite out of relation with him. It was his own ideas which preoccupied Laprade, and the myth was interesting less for the sake of characters and incidents than because it seemed an instrument or vehicle apt to the purposes of the philosophic poet, a continuous piece of symbolism suitable for the expression of his own thoughts and imaginings. A modern sense was read into the ancient legend. Quinet in his *Prometheus* had boldly asserted the continuity of spiritual and intellectual development in Pagan and Christian times, and with a reverent audacity had carried on the tale of the ancient deliverer of mankind until Christ and his angels appear as actors in the drama. Laprade passes to and fro between Grecian and Jewish mythology, yet all the while is really concerned about conceptions which are neither Greek nor Jewish, but modern. The poet professes to follow the incidents and suggestions of the older bas-reliefs, statues, and cameos, rather than the more fantastic narrative of Apuleius; but the spirit of the poem is not so much Greek as Alexandrian. In the instance of the myth chosen by Laprade this method of treatment, unfruitful as such a method must always be, is one in favour of which high authority can be adduced. The story of Eros and *Psyche* from the first had a clearly allegorical character. At an early date the Church had accepted it as typical of her mysteries; many of the Christian tombs of primitive centuries testify to the affection with which the symbolism of this latest piece of heathen mythology was regarded. Calderon had handled the subject in one of his *Autos*: Eros is Christ; *Psyche*, the soul of the believer; their union on Olympus is consummated in the mystery of the Holy Eucharist. Laprade did not follow Calderon; he aimed at

importing a wider, a more philosophic significance into the myth, one less dogmatic and more human. He is Christian in this his first important work, but not distinctively Catholic. Psyche typifies not the individual soul, but humanity itself; and the poem presents, under a transparent veil, a view of universal history, beginning with Paradise and the fall of man, ending with the restoration of the human race through an expiation. In her wanderings during the days of trial after her crime of fatal curiosity, Psyche is seized by a primitive tribe of nomad men, and hardly rescued from being offered as a victim to their bloody god; she is a slave among the slaves who are building Babylon; she serves in the gloom of Egyptian temples, among the monstrous gods. She escapes, is shipwrecked on the coast of Greece, and is again a temple-ministrant in the sacerdotal age of Greek religion; yet again she escapes, bearing with her the sacred lyre. We see her contending for the prize of song at the Pythian games; we hear her holding converse with the aged philosopher on Sunium; she becomes a queen, but still is weighed down with sadness, and sickened with desire for the lost Eros, the ideal of the soul, the infinite love. At last the expiation is accomplished: Psyche expires, and her union with her divine lover is consummated in another and more joyous life.

The significance is meant to be Christian, and at the same time philosophical. If Eros is Christ, he is still more the ideal of perfection, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, towards which humanity aspires. At a later time M. de Laprade would have been pleased to pour back some of the new wine with which the old bottle had been filled; and spill it on the earth. Nevertheless, upon the whole this first poem harmonizes with all his maturer work, and foretells truly enough what is coming. By its large historic views it resembles the author's recent prose treatise, *Le Sentiment de la Nature*.

A glance at the earlier life of Laprade will reveal some of the influences which went to form his character, and will make the correspondence apparent which exists between his life as a man and his work as a poet.¹ His personal history seems to have been one of singular serenity. There is nowhere any struggle of intellect, of heart, or of will; each is in concord with the others and with surrounding circumstances. Good influences seem to have been about him, and he accepted what they brought without suspicion or gain-saying. His faith and his virtue he received by inheritance. He was fortunate in his friends. The mountains welcomed him, and with an affectionate intelligence refrained from any word which could break up the calm elevation of this virginal soul, and startle or appal.

(1) For some of the facts which follow I am indebted to the notice of M. Victor de Laprade by C. Alexandre, prefixed to the selection from his poems in Crépet's "*Les Poètes français*," tome 4me, pp. 453—462.

He was happy in feeling himself a poet and a sage. His own ideas were the only wise ideas; his own conception of what human character and human life ought to be was as nearly right as anything which can enter into the heart of fallible man. The great social forces which had been transforming creeds, churches, governments, art, were sad things, but the philosophic poet occupies a summit above the waters of social disturbance, to which the noise of the waves and the tumult of the people hardly ascend. Laprade's mind and his poetry are like a tarn in the mountains, glad under the blue sky, not without something of austerity (and yet there is more strength implied in the word *austerity* than belongs to Laprade), and sheltered from all winds that rouse and ruffle.

Victor de Laprade was born at Montbrizon, in the neighbourhood of the mountains of Forez, in the year 1812. His family in the time of the Revolution had been royalist. "His mother was a woman of ardent piety, of heroic self-abnegation; and her piety was not of the narrow kind, but expansive and poetical. His father, a learned physician, of a sweet calmness of temperament, almost without fortune, refused to take the oath in 1830, and in consequence lost his chair of medicine at Lyons and his post of physician to the college." Both parents reappear in the son, and his place of abode during his early life fostered in the child the future man. To his father he dedicated his first poem, and also an important volume which appeared in 1855. His mother,

"Ce grand cœur tout de flamme et qui s'est consumé,"

had died before that year; but she lived long enough to receive from his hands the *Poèmes Evangéliques*, offered to her in words of enthusiastic reverence and affection. A fourth dedication, addressed "Au pays de Forez," is a confession of love and gratitude to the country which surrounded the home of his boyhood, and nourished his imagination and his heart:—

"Par toi, dans l'ombre sainte, enfant des vieux Druides,
J'ai connu des grands bois le sublime frisson;
Poursuivant l'infini des horizons fluides,
Par toi, des hauts sommets je fus le nourrisson.

"Mon aile s'est ouverte au vent que tu déchaines;
Enivré de ton souffle, à l'odeur des prés verts,
J'ai senti circuler, de mon sang à mes vers,
L'esprit qui fait mugir les taureaux et les chênes.
* * * * *

"J'appris des laboureurs et des batteurs de grain
Ce rythme indéfini qui dans l'écho s'achève;
Que de soirs j'ai trouvé, dans ce vague refrain,
Enfant un doux sommeil, jeune homme un plus doux rêve!"

After Forez came the College of Lyons, and the change was a grievous one. In a chapter of *Le Sentiment de la Nature chez les*

Modernes M. de Laprade gives us a remarkable sketch of the manner of his entrance to the world of literature, and recalls in memory the sudden light and warmth which one day were poured over the region, until then dim and devoid of life, in which he moved. His father and his masters believed profoundly that education meant reading the classics, and that anything beyond the classics was superfluous and somewhat dangerous. When a great boy of sixteen, Victor de Laprade had not yet seen the writings of a single contemporary author. Beside the poets and orators of Greece and Rome, he had read some celebrated passages of Racine and Corneille, and a few choice pages of Fénelon and Bossuet. Of the battles waging around Hernani by romantic and classical critics he had not heard, but he knew something about what Boileau had said against Chapelain and Scudéry. No single writer, ancient or modern, had spoken to his imagination or his heart. The poets appeared dead pedagogues; none lived. A company of shadows, entirely correct but quite inanimate, surrounded him. It was his clear conviction that French literature had been long dead, like the literatures of antiquity. Everything had been already said and thought. If the rumour reached him that odes, and epistles, and tragedies were still occasionally written, an explanation was ready—they were exercises in French verse, essentially of the same kind as those composed in the college, only more perfect, because the scholars were men. But for rare days in the open air, the sight of men harvesting or gathering the vintage, the young student would have forgotten the very idea of life. One miraculous morning the master read aloud some pages from Châteaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*. It was the lover's kiss in the Sleeping Palace; everything awoke and stirred itself. From that hour literature became a thing of reality and power. Châteaubriand expounded Homer and Cicero and Racine; the present illuminated and vivified the past.

M. de Laprade intended himself for the profession of his father—that of medicine. His health failed, and he was compelled to relinquish his studies. During his recovery he occupied himself with reading a little law and writing many verses. The barrister—for such he became in 1836—and the poet agreed ill with one another, and before much time had passed, the man of letters was strong enough to expel the man of law. "Psyche," he declared, "saved him;" a barrister enamoured of the ideal is unappreciated by the vulgar understanding of clients. Laprade was content, having gained the good word of Lamartine and of Quinet.

"Ballanche and Quinet," writes M. Alexandre, "had initiated him into the spirit of antiquity; but his great initiation was an Alpine tour in 1837. Nature upon the mountains was to him an intoxication. He frequently went over the same route again, almost always

on foot, mountaineer fashion, with staff and knapsack. La Forez had made him a rural poet and a poet of domestic life ; his family, a religious poet, devoted to the past ; Provence, a singer of ancient Athens ; Switzerland made him the poet of Nature. He descended from the Alps transfigured :—

“Ceux qui m’ont vu gravir pesamment la colline
Ne reconnaîtront plus l’homme qui descendra.”

In 1843 appeared a new volume, *Odes et Poèmes*. Setting aside *Pernette*, which stands by itself, and cannot be compared with his other works, nothing has come from Laprade of higher or purer inspiration than some of these poems, written about his thirtieth year. The volume in its latest form consists of three books : one is occupied with poems the subjects of which are Greek ; the second gathers together those poems inspired by solitary communings with external nature ; the third mingles with the feeling for nature social affections of the family and of friend for friend. Love, in the sense of amateness, is absent from the volume.

Three pieces stand out from the rest conspicuous by the importance of their intention and by their beauty—*Eleusis*, *Hermia*, and *Le Poème de l’Arbre*. The design of *Eleusis*, as declared by the poet himself in his preface, is “to depict the disturbance and vague alarm of the souls of men at the moment when religious symbols are giving way under the dissolving influence of free interpretation and criticism, when the ancient faith is ebbing from the intellect, and as yet no new dogma has come to supply another principle of moral life. The poem attempts to make its readers feel the immense vacancy which a departed faith leaves in the heart, in the imagination, and in the will.” The time is the decline of paganism ; the divinities of Greece are yielding before the destructive criticism of the philosophers. A company of men, various by their countries, and callings, and ages, but all possessed by one common dissatisfaction with the religion which they have inherited from their fathers, and one common desire towards some new form of truth as yet scarce half divined, is entering the temple of Eleusis. As yet unfitted to bear the pure shining of truth, untempered by an intermediate symbol, which serves to distribute the total impression of truth between the intellect, the senses, and the affections, those who are newly initiated are filled with grief and a piteous remorse. They look upon the ruins of the beautiful mythology which sheltered them, and feel almost guilty and sacrilegious : “Ils ont demandé la lumière, et ils gémissent de l’avoir reçue.” Their voices are heard each singly, and all in responsive chorus. The poets, the artists, the youths, the women, weep for the gods who gave lovers such favourable counsel, and sculptors such marvellous conceptions, and poets

such strong inspiration. Then from the recesses of the gloomy place of initiation rises a consoling voice of prophecy, which interprets the secret aspiration of every soul: "The gods depart, but not beauty, not love, nor the virile nor the womanly virtues. A new god is ripe for the birth." And the poem closes with that vague presentiment of Christianity which is noticed in the fourth eclogue of Virgil and elsewhere in writers of classical antiquity. Truth has not left the world; she has been like a bride unrobing; the flowered garments, the gold and purple, have slipped to her feet. What lover would give away his heart to the robes of Truth who might worship Truth herself in her unveiled beauty?

Hermia is a poem for which its author confesses a particular affection. It has no express tendency for the intellect, and, as compared with many of M. de Laprade's other poems, is so much the better for this. It is the rendering into art of certain modes of his own sensibility, a narrative poem with a personal and lyrical inspiration. The general conception is somewhat in the manner of Shelley, but where Shelley breathed eager fire into his verses, Laprade allays his with running water. A young poet, not unlike the idealized poet with whom readers of Shelley are familiar, wanders in solitude among the mountains, and lights upon a grotto which bears signs of human care. He enters this grotto and sleeps, when in a dream he beholds in the duskiest recess of the cave, surrounded by a soft mysterious light, the figure of a virgin of delicate and strange beauty. Each night the same dream returns. A few days later the denizen of the grotto appears, an aged man, a dweller in the mountains, the priest of the woods, great-browed, venerable, who now returns from his search after medicinal flowers in the wilderness and on the edges of the tracts of snow. The youth wins upon him by his grace and ingenuousness; the two become companions, and one evening the sage consents to explain the meaning of the wonderful vision, and tells the story of *Hermia*. Story it can hardly be named, for the incidents are of the slightest description, and of interest only as illustrating the character of the heroine. *Hermia* is a human creature whose life is as much a part of nature as is that of the winds, or flowers, or streams. Fouqué's *Undine* has affinities only with the waters, and is wayward and wilful as they. Hawthorne's *Faun* is a man who has not yet quite lost the characteristics of his earlier state, and in whom the instincts of the innocent animal life produce strange cross lights, striking against that which comes from the conscience of the rational being "breathing thoughtful breath." *Hermia* belongs to nature by her whole existence, especially by what is greatest and most beautiful in her; her life corresponds not with one of the forces of the visible world, but with all; she is the spirit of the earth and air taking flesh and dwelling amongst men.

Hermia is born among May flowers. The birds and the wild plants welcome her as a sister; she murmurs musically with childish lips, then learns to sing, and last of all to speak the words of men. When older she leaves her home day by day, drawn forth by the love of the woods and of the hills, and wanders amongst them alone, or with the companionship of innocent wild creatures. In spring she is free and joyous, and brings sunshine and blossoms wherever she comes; in winter her life runs slow, she lingers by the fireside drowsing. One day she sits upon the rocks, vaguely gazing at the distant horizon, and suddenly bursts into a flood of tears,—it is a presentiment of the coming tempest which is yet invisible. Hermia is loved by many, but cannot be engaged by the bond of human passion; one friend—the teller of the tale—a youth, is the occasional companion of her wanderings, and to him under solemn oaks, and under pure skies, she tells the secrets of nature. One spring day they are together; standing under the open heaven she sings a hymn to the sun. The youth, gazing on her beauty, feels a delirious joy mount to his brain; he is no longer master of himself, and unable to believe that she does not share his passion, tremblingly he kisses her lips. Then comes the catastrophe:—

“Moi, j’ouvrais tout mon être aux langueurs printanières,
 Baigné d’ardents parfums et de chaudes lumières,
 J’aspirais à longs traits ces regards, cette voix,
 Et les brises d’amour qui s’exhalaient des bois.
 Elle, cet enfant calme, aux visions profondes,
 Ce chaste nénuphar trempé de froides ondes,
 Ce lis ferme et sans tache et de rosée empli,
 Ce cœur de pur cristal semblait s’être amolli.
 Tout tremblait près de nous d’un amoureux vertige,
 L’onde entre les cailloux et les fleurs sur leur tige;
 Les oiseaux frémissaient mêlés dans les buissons. . . .
 Or, s’animent comme eux à ses propres chansons,
 La vierge a respiré des voluptés nouvelles,
 Un rayon inconnu jaillit de ses prunelles,
 Sa main brûle la mienne, et je crois que son cœur
 Comme moi du désir sent l’aiguillon vainqueur.
 Le printemps, le soleil, ces bois pleins de délices,
 De ma fatale erreur, hélas! furent complices. . . .
 J’aspire en un baiser son âme, et sens frémir
 Avec bonheur sa lèvre et doucement gémir. . . .
 Mais, ô terreur! ô prix de mon amour farouche!
 C’est un frisson mortel qui passe sur sa bouche!
 Sous son front sans couleur se ferme un œil glacé;
 Sur ses reins fléchissant son cou s’est renversé,
 Et, vierge, sur les fleurs et la mousse odorante,
 Le lit prêt pour l’hymen la reçut expirante!”

The old man lives still expecting forgiveness for his crime, and acceptance by his beloved. In the passage which has been quoted, there is perhaps more of human passion than is to be elsewhere

found (if we except *Pernette*) in the poems of Laprade. We need not look for any symbolical significance in the death of *Hermia*, though it were easy to invent a meaning which might suit. The conception of the poem is not an intellectual one, but is rather derived from a state of sensibility experienced by the poet; and accordingly, although the poem seems so remote from real life, so much a piece of ideality, it has a basis in the actual. There are hours when each of us feels his life one with that of the air and the earth and sky; when will no more belongs to us than to a summer cloud; when the body seems no longer to confine us, and the horizon is as near as the ground trod on by our feet. Passages in the diary of Maurice de Guérin indicate that he entered often and very fully into this mood. It was well known to Wordsworth.

The accusation of Pantheism is one of the banalities of criticism, and M. de Laprade was obviously exposed to it. He energetically repels the accusation, and without question the defence against this charge, as far as the charge can be made intelligible, is a successful one. In all his most characteristic poems there is a more than common feeling of the vast and mysterious life of things. The rhyme of the earth-spirit rings in his ears—

“Geburt und Grab,
Ein ewiges Meer,
Ein wechselnd Weben,
Ein glühend Leben.”

All Laprade's critics have noticed this. It has not been sufficiently observed that he dreads the dominance of these influences of nature. He feels his personality ebbing in the great flow of universal life, like a stream drawn down by the ocean and drowned in it. And accordingly his reason and his will rise to assert themselves, rise to maintain their autonomy against external nature. At the same time he cannot, nor, if he could, would he isolate himself on a barren peak of intellect and pride of will against the rising flood. There is no joy so dear to him as that of abandoning himself to the impression of the atmosphere, and to the calm vegetative life of trees. He yields again. He ends by a final effort at self-defence. Nature is sacred and beneficent,—he will continue to love and to worship her; but it shall not be gross matter to which he will give himself away, nor even the mystery of the material life of things. He will discover the soul behind the material frame of nature, the idea within the clay. This soul, this idea shall henceforth be the object of his devotion as poet. And thus a conciliation is effected between the contending parts of Laprade's character, its sensibility and preparedness for self-surrender, and its feeling of personality, its pride of manhood, its desire of self-maintenance. It is this conciliation, this convention signed between the personal and impersonal in his poetry, which

enfeebles much of the later work of Laprade. The soul, the ideal which he worships, and about which he talks so fluently, is a projection from himself into the object. If the roses and the vines, the glaciers and the torrents, seem in his poems endowed with speech, it is too often in reality the poet who is ventriloquising: we hear neither the utterances of nature nor the language of man, but an artificial likeness, a voice which moves hither and thither. M. de Laprade is at times really great when he is abandoned to the life of things, a part of the woods and of the mountains. There is something of noble energy in his recovery from such abandonment, and his sustained self-maintenance. But when he lends surrounding objects tongues that they may speak to him in his own dialect about beauty and virtue and the ideal, we remain cold, and vulgar monosyllables expressive of contempt rise to our lips, and connect themselves with this ideal, which seems to have been invented to acquaint us with a new species of ennui. The large meanings of nature are thinned away by being compelled to reach the poet through the medium of his own projected idealism. We think of the words with which the earth-spirit vanishes when Faust had dared to suppose that the spirit and he were akin:—

“Du gleichst dem Geist, den du begreifst,
Nicht mir!”

There is sometimes a single poem, a single picture or piece of sculpture for which all that went before in its creator's life appears as preparation, and of which all that follows is a reminiscence. Laprade's magnificent *Poème de l'Arbre* might almost have been said, before *Pernette* was written, to occupy this place among his works. It is, in the words of M. Gautier, “his dominant note.” The poet stands beneath a kingly oak throned upon a shoulder of the mountain. Wearied with the barren agitation, the feverish unrest of human existence, he is not afraid, as he gazes at the tree, to resign thought, to resign volition; he yields himself to a calm and vast joy, and for awhile lives no other life than the untroubled, powerful, and profound vegetable life of which he is a part:—

“L'éternelle Cybèle embrasse tes pieds fermes;
Les secrets de son sein, tu les sens, tu les vois;
Au commun réservoir en silence tu bois,
Enlacé dans ces flancs où dorment tous les germes.

“Salut, toi qu'en naissant l'homme aurait adoré!
Notre âge, qui se rue aux luttes convulsives,
Te voyant immobile, a douté que tu vives,
Et ne reconnaît plus en toi d'hôte sacré.

“Ah! moi je sens qu'un âme est là sous ton écorce.
Tu n'as pas nos transports et nos désirs de feu,
Mais tu rêves, profond et serein comme un dieu,
Ton immobilité repose sur ta force.

* * * * *

“Verse, ah ! verse dans moi tes fraîcheurs printanières,
 Les bruits mélodieux des essaims et des nids,
 Et le frissonnement des songes infinies ;
 Pour ta sérénité je t’aime entre nos frères.”¹

In the second part of the poem the oak lies all its length upon the ground, cut by the woodman’s axe. The birds have flown from its branches, the murmur of bees is no longer heard, the flowers are torn about its roots. A sense of destruction and desolation seizes upon the poet. The earth is naked, and robbed of its sanctuaries ; the oaks and the gods are struck down by the axe and hammer. But this despairing mood ends, and a sense of the inexhaustible energy and resources of nature takes its place. While he stands grieving over the ruined tree, already a thousand seeds are germinating about his feet, a living forest is hidden in the hill ; nature is not grown old ; man draws no wrinkles on the brow of her immortal beauty ; other leaves will send forth their long murmur of pleasure, other birds will build, and under the great green domes our sons will love and dream. We could be content that the poem should end here. A kind of epilogue apologizes for the woodman, whom the reader never supposed very criminal, and a pretty but needless picture follows of the cottages, and brown reapers, and merry children, occupants in future time of the rood of land monopolized by the giant tree. In a later volume M. de Laprade puts himself in perilous competition with his earlier self ; *Silva Nova*, which tells of a visit to the same spot after many years had gone by, is not unworthy of association with *Le Poème de l’Arbre*.

Poèmes Evangéliques may be passed over. Doubtless French readers of the volume have been found, inasmuch as it received a crown from the Academy, and has passed through several editions ; but it may be questioned whether any one who has heard read the English version of the Gospels could tolerate these tepid pietisms, or what seem such to the English religious mind. A study of the poems would involve a comparison of the religious sentiment as it appears in the French genius and in our own. We should understand M. de Laprade’s volume as soon as we had discovered the *raison d’être* of the pious insipidities and sentimentalities, as they appear to us, of esteemed French painters.

In 1855 appeared *Les Symphonies*, which, like the *Poèmes Evangéliques*, was crowned by the Academy. As the name suggests, there is something in the spirit of these poems which is allied to music. A remarkable preface expounds M. de Laprade’s theory of the development of art. In each historical period there is one

(1) Which line, Sainte-Bouve tells us, was profanely parodied by Augustin Thierry’s address to a pumpkin :—

“Pour ta rotondité je t’aime entre nos sœurs.”

dominant art, to which the other arts conform themselves, and the characteristics of which they reproduce. In periods essentially religious—in ancient India, in ancient Egypt, in Europe of the Middle Ages—the dominant art is architecture; a majestic House of God rises, and expresses the spirit of the age. When man becomes conscious of independent life and will, the divinities also become men, sculpture detaches itself from architecture and presides over the sister arts. This is the art of Greece; the period was humanitarian rather than religious, and Homer and Sophocles as much as Phidias were sculptors of the forms of gods and heroic men. The Renaissance was a similar period; the religious spirit had declined—it was man, not God, that was supreme. But because the modern man is more complex in character, and his life more full of various emotion and incident, painting was better suited than sculpture to satisfy his artistic desires, and assumed the place which the more ideal art had occupied in Greece. Ariosto and Tasso were great painters as truly as Leonardo and Titian. The dominant art of the present period is music; the master artist of the age, Beethoven. The modern feeling of nature corresponds with the modern delight in music; there is in both a pleasure which is more nervous than intellectual; the senses are appealed to, and through the senses, the feelings; the intellect remains quiescent; the condition for the reception of pleasure is passivity—nothing comes to arouse the power of thought, or the energies of man. *Le paysage est une symphonie*. It is, however, a necessity with the artist to accept the conditions of his time. All poetry of the present day lives by its secret affinities with music. But the relation may be either degrading or elevating. Poetry may be musical by a skilful mechanism of sounds, a sensual splendour of versification which delights the ear alone, or by its inner spirit which speaks to the soul. Poetry, again, may render the feeling for nature (itself essentially musical) by a method of gross realism which reproduces the outward show of the world, its pomp and colours, or by the method of Spiritualism, to which the external appearances of things are precious only as significant of an inward and spiritual beauty. "Spiritualism in art" is the watchword of the party to which M. de Laprade attaches himself; he is poet of the school of which M. Lévêque is philosopher.

But Laprade endeavours to be more than simply musical. Melodies are music; these poems are Symphonies. The design in each is to leave upon the reader the large impression of an orchestra. The human voice which is heard in each poem is only one of many instruments which concur to produce the total effect. In the Symphony of the Seasons, with its spring *allegro* and its autumn *adagio*, the songs of Adah are enveloped, not lost, in an orchestral harmony of all the musical utterances of the year. There is a Symphony

of the Torrent, a Symphony of the Dead, an Alpine Symphony. In these poems the beauty is real and refined; if they do not quite realise the writer's intention, they are very far from being poetical failures. They are in manner purely lyrical, but we divine an untold narrative from the alterations of manner, the changes of key, the swifter or the lingering notes. Dialogue there is none, although the voices are many, unless we should call the silver speech of fountains dialogue, which rise into the air, and return to earth side by side. An English reader will probably have to abandon certain prepossessions and prejudices before the poems entirely please, and it may not be worth every one's while to lay aside customary feelings and notions which serve one's purpose, and are convenient in limiting curiosity and giving decision to critical utterances; but for those who are lightly burdened with determined likings and dislikings, and go in all directions prepared to accept every kind of enjoyment, there is a source of pleasure pure, delicate, and innocent in the best poems of *Les Symphonies*. The Two Muses, a contest in song between rival shepherds, one enamoured of the maiden Myrto and the other of Nature and the beauty of her solitudes, was pronounced by Sainte-Beuve its author's masterpiece.

In *Les Symphonies* man occupies a place not subordinate to external nature, but at the same time one hardly superior to it. His mood and the mood of the season and of the air and earth are one. In *Idylles héroïques*, published shortly after Laprade's election to the Academy, and in the volume entitled *Les Voix du Silence*, which appeared in 1865, the victories of the will of man directed to great ends, and assailed by the temptations of the flesh and of the world, are celebrated. Heroism, as conceived by Laprade, consists less in self-sacrifice for positive generous objects than in a mystical devotion to certain projections from one's own conceptive faculty, —all summed up under the general title of the Ideal,—and in austerity for austerity's sake. His noble youths remind us of the hero of Longfellow's *Excelsior*; like him they climb Alpine heights with views eminently unpractical; tears stand in their bright blue eyes as a tear stood in his; only M. de Laprade's heroes, when they repel maidens who invite them to rest their weary heads upon their breasts, instead of rudely replying by a Latin word unfamiliar to maidens, exclaim in an enthusiastic manner, "The Ideal!" In *Les Voix du Silence*, a volume which contains more than one poem of real beauty, the principal poem, *La Tour d'Ivoire*, is a chivalric allegory; a solitary knight, great-souled as Sir Charles Grandison and pure as Galahad, undertakes the quest of a mystical ivory tower, emblematical, we may surmise, of "the Ideal." The poem is singularly frigid; the reader remembers vaguely that he was resolving to become a gross materialist before it put him to sleep.

Laprade had as yet hardly approached the actual life of men and women; he had created, properly speaking, no human character, although under the names of persons he had rendered into song, in some instances with signal success, certain lyrical moods of mind. In 1869 appeared *Pernette*, a very charming narrative poem, written upon the suggestion and somewhat in the manner of Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*. Not only did Laprade immediately gain in popularity, but competent judges were compelled to admit that he possessed poetical gifts of the existence of which they had not been aware. A ballad some hundreds of years old, still sung by the peasants in the district of Forcé, relates the unhappy love of Pierre and Pernette. M. de Laprade accepted the traditional names, took the hint of the incident, and inventing much more, moved the story forward to the period of the wars of the great Napoleon. It is an idyllic epos, more passionate and more tragic than the exquisite poem of Goethe. Pernette is the lovely daughter of a farmer, whose rich tilth and pasturage stretch over the hillside and along the open country roads. Pierre is a widow's son, poor, but of wholesome blood, of vigorous mind and body, well made and active, skilled in the mysteries of reading and writing. No lad can turn up so straight a furrow, and none is so loudly praised for his learning by the fatherly curé. It is the eve of the wedding. The old people stroll up to the farmer's house conversing, and sit to drink their wine and sip their coffee in the open air. The lovers linger by the way with meeting hands, the joy restlessly trembling in the heart of each, and few words spoken. Suddenly the village doctor arrives with face of extraordinary gravity. He brings the news of a great victory, and its usual sequel,—a fresh conscription from which there shall be no exemptions. Gloom falls upon the happy circle; it is impossible to hope that Pierre can escape the burden of military service under the tyrant whom they all agree in hating. A consultation is held, and the doctor's advice is finally accepted as the best; Pierre shall instantly quit the village and join the band of *réfractaires* who defend themselves from conscription by force and by flight among the neighbouring mountains. Pierre departs that night, and there is a brief lull of anxiety. His mother, whose cottage is thrown down as the punishment of her son's desertion, takes shelter with the father of Pernette. But soon tidings are brought of an expedition formed by a large body of soldiers, headed by the prefect, to compel to submission the *réfractaires*. Information must be immediately conveyed to the little band of fugitives. The doctor, an old republican, is a suspected person who cannot safely go, and Pernette undertakes to set off to the mountains unattended, and bear the news to her betrothed. No portion of the poem is more beautiful than the pages which relate the bright day passed together by the lovers

in the mountain solitudes. It is clear with the mountain air, and sacred with the pure passion of two hearts. There is a presentiment of impending danger, and yet the sky is clear, and one's spirit bound up in peace which, though it cannot last, is perfect for a day; it is a truce of God. In the evening Pernette returns home, conducted, as far as prudence permits, by Pierre. The prefect's plans have been suddenly checked by the great catastrophes which befell the army of Napoleon in 1814. The Allies have their feet upon the soil of France and are advancing upon Paris. On all sides the country is submitting to the victors. But for Pierre the danger has only changed its aspect. With his band of followers he descends to the village, but neither doctor nor curé can persuade him to accept the new state of things with more satisfaction than he had accepted the old. He believes that the country may yet be roused to resist the invaders, and against the advice of older heads, who are aware how vain his gallantry is, he proceeds to organize such resistance against the enemy as he is able. A first attack upon the village is vigorously repulsed by Pierre and his *francs-chasseurs*; but the foreign hordes pour on, and the little army of peasants is compelled to retreat with their women to the mountains. They are pursued, and at the termination of a skirmish, in which the peasants are again victorious, Pierre falls struck by a random shot. The marriage words are spoken and the marriage benediction given before Pierre expires. The picture of Pernette widowed, who never was a wife, engaging herself in sweet unostentatious charities, venerable at thirty years of age, and bearing as days go by her unostentatious lifelong sorrow, closes the poem.

M. de Laprade can hardly be said to be a power in the contemporary poetical literature of France. With the exception of Pernette, his most important recent works have been prose writings. Poetry has tried new ways remote from those in which M. de Laprade would have led it. He sets himself resolutely against the currents of modern thought and feeling. And his air of self-conscious superiority, his incapacity of making other ideas intelligible to him than his own, together with a lofty manner of condemning what he does not really understand, qualify M. de Laprade only to be the prophet of a coterie. Younger writers, in particular Leconte de Lisle, have gathered around them the élite lovers of verse of a younger generation. Nevertheless, M. de Laprade has brought his gift to French poetry, something precious, something unique; and we are grateful.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

The Latin Peoples.

I.

IN spite of the armies of kings and the excommunications of popes, modern civilisation is democratic. The social structure, resulting from so many centuries filled with revolutions, so many revolutions filled with catastrophes, the double movement of facts and of ideas, philosophy and politics, all alike diffuse in the human conscience the principles of liberty, of equality; and these principles, essential to justice, are gradually levelling the power of the great, and raising the humble to the realisation of their rights.

It is a common error to attribute to institutions the power of generating sentiments and ideas which shall sustain and perpetuate them, when, in fact, institutions are merely the social forms assumed by the spirit of the people in any given age. No one of the great historic monuments which have fallen and covered the soil of Europe with their ruins—neither theocracy, nor feudalism, nor the ancient monarchy—would have fallen if it had not lost the vitality of ideas and the basis of faith.

As long as the people believe firmly in an institution, it endures. It may be personified in a Charles II., feeble and infirm, without force to sustain the sceptre and the sword of his ancestors in his withered hands, without life to engender life, with the ghastly pallor of corpses in his face, the hair dead on his empty head, the eyes extinguished, a shadow of shadows haunting sepulchres and tormented by witchcraft and sorcery, but who, when he appeared before the Spanish people of the seventeenth century, among whom the monarchical sentiment was still alive, was always received with transports of enthusiasm; for this imbecile king represented to the popular mind the spirit of past generations and the sacred image of Spain.

Advise a people educated in this manner to proclaim a republic, and they will not understand you. The monarchy has created the nation, as the Divine Word might create a planet. The monarchy has dictated the laws which secure the relations of the family and assure the tranquillity of home. The monarchy is the representation of all the traditions, the splendour of all victories. The name of the king is associated with the name of God in prayer, the image of the king with that of the country in memory. The warrior invokes it in battle; the navigator salutes it when the land sought for in the

solitudes of the seas appears like a new creation. The poet seeks his inspiration in its greatness, and exalts it in his epic and his tragedy. The painter sketches the face of the king beside that of the saints on the altar. All the manifestations of public and private life repeat the name of the king so constantly, that the crown is in the midst of the nation like the sun in the midst of the stars—the key of society.

But this force of the monarchy was found in its prestige, and this prestige in the faith with which the people believed in it, and the ardour with which they loved it. Institutions which are not believed in and are not loved, lose colour and force: they fall and die like leaves without sap. The church would have succeeded in converting Europe into an ascetic theocracy, if the failure of the prophecies of the eleventh century and the retreat of the Catholic armies from the Holy Land after the disaster of the Crusades had not robbed it, in the eyes of the people, of its ancient supernatural prestige. While the world believed, the Emperor Henry IV. could stretch himself like a dog at the feet of Gregory VII.; when the world began to doubt, the soldier of fortune, Colonna, could fling his iron gauntlet in the face of Boniface VIII. Feudalism would have been perpetuated if the university had not been founded, had not educated the lawyers, and the lawyers the burgher class, and the burgher class the municipality, within the boundaries of which the chain of the slave was broken, until came the invention of gunpowder—the torch of Prometheus converted into a thunderbolt to tear down, with the social ideas which they represented, the castles which had long before been doomed in all consciences.

When the social faith changes, the social state changes as well. Has the social faith changed in monarchical Europe? If so, the social state will also change. And if we would see how faith has changed, it is only necessary to inquire if the education which generates and maintains it has changed. This is certainly the case. In like manner as America, yesterday colonial, is to-day independent and republican, Europe, to-day monarchical in its exterior life, in its forms and superficial ceremonies, is in its spirit, in its education, essentially republican. If to this universal education there is as yet no general correspondence of facts, this is due to the imperfect relations of realities to ideas. Ideas experience delays in their incorporation into institutions, into laws and customs, even when they have full control of consciences.

The light of the spirit does not move with the celerity of material light. If we could know the tears which have been the price of the most simple and universally admitted principles—the security of our homes, the inviolability of our consciences—we should be surprised to see how every redemption demands a Calvary, and how every altar where a new life is burning is an altar of great sacrifices. When we

possess certain rights, certain guarantees, we enjoy their benefits without remembering their origin, without seeking to investigate it, any more than we seek to investigate whence the cloud has come which cools our fields, or how the oxygen of the air is produced which warms and colours our blood. But it is none the less sure that the redemption of humanity has cost great efforts, and, at times, great sufferings, to the initiators of progress; and still how slowly it proceeds!

America is the continent best fitted to receive new ideas. Nevertheless, it would be a great mistake to think that the republic appeared at once in that chosen land of liberty and democracy. Below Franklin, below Washington, were great social movements, as below our soil there are other strata, more primitive and more solid, indispensable to the firm constitution of the planet. It was necessary for the republican movement of America that the human conscience should vindicate its liberty by means of the Reformation in Europe. It was necessary that in addition to that vindication of conscience should come a morality more austere than Luther's, the morality of Calvin; and a church more democratic than the German, the church of Geneva. It may be said, therefore, that from the middle of the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth century the republican initiation of America is not delayed for a moment; and it commenced before the Pilgrims landed on the shore of the new continent, in the struggles and the sorrows of the Old World. In England the Reformation is divided into two religious movements, the one aristocratic, the other democratic. To the second belonged Hooper, who seemed only to live in his preaching, and who died smiling on his bed of burning coals like a child sleeping upon roses. From these martyrdoms rose the Puritans, an object of terror to kings, because they would have no aristocracies in the church, and without aristocracies in the church there could be none in society or the state. The great Protestant Elizabeth of England called the Christians who sought for truth simply in the Word of God more dangerous than the Catholics themselves. The liberty of preaching is the liberty of thought, and this is the Divine Word communicated to all souls. In this universal illumination of dark places vanished the shadow of the ancient secular power. Therefore it is that James I., in closing the conference of Hampton Court, seeing that he could not persuade the Puritans with pedantic rhetoric, exclaims, shrugging his shoulders, "Then we shall hang them."

And there, at the mouth of the Humber, many families left the soil of their country, the shores they loved, the society of their fellow-citizens, all that sustains and embellishes life, to preserve the purity of their souls, the idea of their God, the austerity of their worship,

in the one asylum then offered to free consciences—republican Holland. The Cavaliers who pursued them boldly among the fogs, and who succeeded in taking prisoners their wives and their children, when they spurred their horses thus into the sea to detain them, did not know that those poor fugitives bore with them in their frail vessel the immortal spirit of a new world and a new humanity, the gospel of social redemption, the complement and the crown of the religious redemption.

Next they set sail from Leyden, from Amsterdam, accompanied by sacred melodies, by canticles like those intoned in the departure from Egypt. They set out through the immensity of the ocean, defying the hurricanes and the storms, to rear a new temple in the bosom of a new nature, each for all and all for each, brethren in belief as in virtue; and before disembarking in Massachusetts Bay, before setting foot on the shore of Plymouth, they drew up the democratic contract which was to be the first fundamental charter of the republic in America. From the middle of the sixteenth century to the twentieth year of the seventeenth century, and from that date to the end of the eighteenth century, the initiation of Americans into the austere republican discipline has not been delayed at any point. Nevertheless, more than a century elapses between each one of those great movements—between the ardent speech of Calvin and the holy pilgrimage of the Puritans, between the arrival of the Puritans in America and the proclamation of the republic; and even when it was proclaimed in the North, many years passed before the idea traversed the continent, before it crossed the Isthmus of Panama, scaled and descended both slopes of the Andes, illuminating two hemispheres, creating that collection of democracies which, in spite of their convulsions, make America the continent of the republic, as Europe, in spite of its revolutions, still continues the continent of monarchy.

Nevertheless, if Europe is the continent of the monarchy, its republican education has begun, and this is no trivial or frivolous work, but something cyclopean, the work of a century, of the eighteenth century entire. If each one of these divisions of time called centuries should present itself before the human conscience to hear a final judgment like that announced by religions to men, the century which inscribed upon two continents the idea of fundamental human rights—the century which founded the republic in America and spread revolution over Europe—the century which extinguished the faggot and destroyed the rack—the century which brought with the arrival of Franklin the democratic spirit of the New World to our older society, and carried back our chivalrous sentiment in the crusade of Lafayette—this great century, the author of so many wonders, Might exclaim before the tribunal of history, “If I did not invent modern art, like the fifteenth century, with the Renaissance; if I did

not form the modern conscience, like the sixteenth century, with the Reformation ; if I did not train modern reason, like the seventeenth century, with philosophy, I did more than all these—I used in the cause of justice the progress of three centuries ; I am, therefore, the century which created modern society, the century which has established in institutions the sum total of ideas, and has given to man in a series of reforms, either realised or promised, the full enjoyments of his being.”

It would be impossible to understand the republican movement of Europe without understanding this century which produced its generating idea. As the atmosphere envelops and vivifies our organism, an idea envelops and vivifies our spirit ; and the grandeur of the eighteenth century is not so much in the ideas which it originally produced, as in the force with which it diffused these ideas in the general conscience. There is some analogy in the religious movement which initiated our civilisation, in the Christian movement in its first century, and the philosophical movement which shaped and perfected it in the eighteenth century. The primitive theology contains few original ideas. Three great rivers of luminous thought disembogue in its bosom—one flowing from Athens, one from Jerusalem, one from Alexandria. Christianity will always claim for itself the honour of having morally redeemed the human race, because it has rescued ideas from the schools and exposes them in the street ; because it condenses them in apologues, and gives them in its holy communion to the poor and the humble ; because it revealed the humanitarian and social meaning of abstract systems, which then were converted into the leaven of a new social life, from which sprang the redeemers, the apostles, the martyrs, who were destined to transform the world.

The history of facts is an echo of the history of ideas. The eighteenth century raised the conscience above all the prejudices of interests and of sect. After having raised the human conscience to these heights it educated the common intelligence, taking from it that idea of the miraculous which represented nature and history as governed by whim, and not by law. It next gave an idea of the human unity superior to the Christian unity, recognising in all men, whatever their religions, their doctrines, their race, their nationality, the fundamental human character. Justice became substituted in law and in morals for arbitrary grace. Political economy, uniting the two ideas of utility and justice, announced that war would be replaced, through time and general culture, by commerce, the complex source of reciprocal enlightenment and general gain. The idea of the irremediable degeneracy of the human race gave way to that of progress. Men no longer painted a lost paradise, but imagined a paradise hid in the future, full of vast efforts of thought and labour. Man recognised that as all the universe was necessary

for his life, so all history was necessary for his education and progress. Each individual who rose to the contemplation of science felt crowding in his heart and mind the ideas of all humanity. His idols fell without effort, not with that sadness with which the ancient world took leave of the dying paganism, but among the epigrams of a satirical intelligence which did not fear that it would perish beneath the ruins of dead beliefs, but was sure of a revival in fresh and progressive ideas. Mothers were called upon in eloquent words not to deny or forget nature, but to give to their children the nourishment fitted for Hercules, whose duty was to free society of monsters. Poetry raised nature, hitherto despised, to equal dignity with the spirit; heaven with its stars, the sea with its infinite life, the earth with its varieties of existence, formed, as it were, a grand symphony or living epic. Man was not reconciled solely with man, but with nature as well. Voltaire and Swift brought to this humanitarian work the immortal irony which destroyed so many idols; Rousseau the ancient republican and Calvinistic ideal of Geneva, enriched by rare eloquence; Montesquieu the historic and judicial spirit of English liberty; Franklin the revolutionary electricity, the democratic agitation, felt by young America in the moment of the birth of its new social organization; Kant, Lessing, Herder, the German conscience and reason; Pombal, Campomanes, Aranda, the practical sense of the restless Iberian race; Alfieri the severe form, the classic relief, the tragic inspiration, of the eternal muse of Italy; and with all these currents of ideas, even without a knowledge of the authors themselves, in the mind of the human race a new soul was formed, vivified with a new idea of right.

This new spirit tended to manifestation in new forms, and the republican form was the only one compatible, by its variety and its breadth, with the humanitarian and democratic ideas of the new revolution. But this revolution had to struggle in reality with almost insuperable obstacles, with obstacles which have been shattered but not even yet destroyed in Europe. A hierarchical church, convinced of its own divine right, cemented with secular traditions, represented authority, and an authority beyond discussion. An institution like this, which embraces body and soul, life and spirit, the present, the past, and the future, the cradle and the grave, placing the seal of its divine unquestioned sacred authority upon all the acts of life, marked all souls with the indelible brand of eternal slavery. The universities which, during the Middle Ages, educated the burgher class, and which contributed powerfully to prepare them for municipal liberty, being under the control of absolute kings and priests, taught a doctrine of sophistry and cavils—a doctrine in which the reality of the spirit and of nature, the standard of reason and of experience, disappeared beneath the logical traditions which,

by their artificiality and absolute contradiction with all science, had taken the name of scholastic.

A territorial aristocracy possessed titles, seigniories, privileges, which at once degraded and impoverished the people. The idea of right, which is a saving idea, was obscured by positive legislation, a confused mass of contradictory provisions, in which the predominating idea of ancient Roman jurisprudence elevated the will of the prince to a species of divine authority, making it the fountain of right. The public administration appeared like an administration of courtesans. The municipality resembled the court in the last days of the Roman empire in degradation and slavery. The army considered itself the monarch's guard, and the tactics of the great philosopher who ruled in Prussia had completely converted it into a machine submissive merely to the royal will. All Europe was but a fief of monarchy, all the citizens vassals. Power and authority over these vassals were transmitted by inheritance like any other property. And the people were so accustomed to this rule that they did not even feel the action of those impulses of free-will and natural right which every man brings with him into life.

To understand to what extremes absolutism had gone, it is only necessary to observe the state of France and of Spain at the breaking out of the revolution—the two nations which ruled Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Spain was, during the first of these centuries, the predominating European nation under Charles V. and Philip II., possessing an empire greater than that of Cyrus, or Alexander, or Cæsar, or Charlemagne. France held the same position during the brilliant period of the youth of Louis XIV. And what was the state of these nations just before their respective revolutions? Let us glance first at France. The court of Louis XV. wallowed in the mire, living only for the indulgence of vice. The nobles watered their abandoned lands with the sweat of the people, to obtain incomes to squander in Paris and Versailles. Nine millions of hectares lay without cultivation; desolation wasted the national territory; the dwellings of the peasantry vied with the hovels of savages; surrounded with filth, the light and air of heaven entered by a single aperture, as in the dens of wild beasts. They wore a fustian incapable of preserving them from heat and cold. They ate a wretched soup of black bread dressed with lard. The administration could do nothing to remedy these evils. The public offices were sold and transmitted in rich families, who used them as a source of profit for themselves and misery for their inferiors. Meanwhile, clergy, aristocracy, and kings amused themselves with fantastic and reckless speculations like that of Law. Labour was not considered a right inherent to life, but a favour granted by the king. The guilds, from the throne down, oppressed all expansion of individual activity.

Titles of master workmen were sold like public offices. Machinery suffered under the oppression of ancient regulations, and inventions under the veto of old privileges. A little more than seventy thousand workmen manufactured wool for the innumerable poor, while fourteen thousand wove lace for the few nobles. Nine hundred millions of francs was the product of the industry of all the nation—not more than is now produced by a single province. Slavery engendered its inevitable offspring—misery and ignorance.

The social wretchedness was not so great nor so intense in Spain as in France; but, on the other hand, the thought of the century had made much less progress among us. Feyjoo, who waged war against prejudices, could not be placed beside Voltaire, nor could the Legalist movement of our jurists be compared with the Encyclopædia. The intellectual initiative of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had belonged to Spain and Italy; the intellectual initiation of the seventeenth and eighteenth belonged of right to England, Germany, and France. The clergy, although the right of mortmain began to be opposed, possessed enormous riches and immense power. The Archbishop of Toledo had a larger rent-roll than the King of Portugal. Seigniories and jurisdictions still existed, and the poor laboured only for the rich. The economical situation was wretched, in spite of our American territories. The deficit amounted to 820 millions of reals, and our debt to 4,108 millions of reals. The classes who drew their incomes from the treasury were 600 millions in arrears. Nevertheless the waste increased. The counsellors of Castile received 40,000 dollars annual salary. The Cortes had come to be a shadow, and the municipality the prey of privileged families. Such was the silence, the lethargy of the people, that a capricious queen of ardent and voluptuous temperament celebrated her Bacchic and Cyprian orgies in the face of a careless people; and for the purpose of binding a crown upon the brow of her paramour she gave up to foreigners the independence and honour of the country.

But the ideas spread abroad by the eighteenth century were sure to result, sooner or later, in republican organisms. The forms of government incarnate the spirit of a people, as a species incarnates the life of a planet. Each new species in nature forms and maintains itself by reason of some advantage which it possesses over the species with which it contends, until the result is the extinction of the inferior organism. The same takes place in society, as that social form, that institution which predominates in the great struggles for existence, will predominate definitely in virtue of real advantages, and will annihilate all the forms opposed to its existence and development. In the tenth chapter of his admirable book on the Origin of Species, Darwin says: "Extinct species do not reappear,

and the forms of life change almost simultaneously throughout the world." And this law of the universe, I add, is a law of history. Where has caste, once destroyed, reappeared? What restoration has been identical with the social form which it intended to renew? And what reactionary restoration has not precipitated the triumphs of the new ideas which it proposed to extinguish? And what we say of the extinction of ancient social forms we repeat of the simultaneous appearance of new social forms in every latitude subject to the same culture. Populations in the Middle Ages did not hold the same relations as now. Many of them knew nothing of each other, or their knowledge was confined to wars and the hates resulting from them. Thinkers lived and died in the shadow of the cloister. The absence of the press prevented the communication of minds. Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, the appearance of the great social phenomena was almost simultaneous. During the tenth century a theocratic terror seized and paralyzed all European peoples. During the eleventh century, over a soil which was drenched with blood, and under the wing of the church, the pioneers of future nationalities planned their work. In the twelfth century all at once burst forth that restless spirit which carried the nations to the Crusades, and from the Crusades sprang civil communities and the foundations of democracy. In the thirteenth century began the destruction of feudalism and of theocracy at once; and in the fourteenth century began at the same time the assault upon feudalism by the kings, and upon theocracy by schisms and councils. But if all this happened in those unenlightened ages, will it not happen in our age that republican ideas, adopted by all superior intelligences, will take form and organization, and will be diffused in all latitudes where the spirit of our essentially democratic civilisation reaches?

Great historical events determine the life of an epoch, and are like the germ of a wide series of social evolutions. At the fall of Troy the Greek world was formed. At the fall of Tyre, under Alexander, the Greek spirit penetrated the East. At the founding of Alexandria the three currents of the ancient spirit came together as to a common centre. At the fall of Jerusalem, under Titus, Christianity spread over the world. At the fall of Rome, under Alaric, the German individualism was developed. At the fall of Constantinople, under the Turks, the Renaissance began. Gutenberg invented the new organ of ideas, Raphael and Vinci the new art, Luther the new conscience, Copernicus the new heaven, Columbus the new world. So when the sanctuary of the ancient monarchy, Versailles, falls under the assault of the people, agitated by invisible ideas to the point of denying the royal authority and dragging it from the throne to the scaffold, the republican movement of Europe—a movement with various and contradictory tendencies, points of delay and even

of reaction—proceeds steadily, now in secret, and now openly, at one time in theory, and at another in practice, now tumultuous, now orderly, beginning by converting absolute monarchies into constitutional monarchies, until it is ready to convert constitutional monarchies into democratic republics.

II.

We cannot appreciate the actual republican movement in Europe without beginning with France, the leader of revolutionary Europe. The nation which above all required a strong and united state was the French. By its military spirit, by its centralised organization, by its historical struggles with the great lords who tried a thousand times to dismember it, France was the one nation which was essentially monarchical. In the time when the monarchy of Spain was declining, and that of England, once so powerful, in abeyance, monarchy reached its apogee in France under the illustrious reign of Louis XIV.; and yet this nation, without departing from the monarchical form, unsheathed its sword in the age following, that of Louis XVI., in company with absolutist Spain, in favour of the universal democracy, the democracy of America. I call the American democracy the universal, because all anterior democratic movements had had a national object. The movement of Switzerland against Austria, the movement of Holland against Spain, the movement of England against the shameful protectorate of France, were national movements; but the movement of America was not solely against England. It was a movement more profound and universal; it proclaimed democratic principles, fundamental rights, as independent of every historical circumstance, as disconnected with every geographic accident. And France, the most monarchical nation of Europe, in taking this profoundly democratic position, possessed, more than any other people, providential aptitude for the diffusion of republican ideas through the world.

The reproach may be made to France, as it often is by German writers, of vacillation between the Teutonic and the Latin spirit of religious incredulity, displayed in passing from the Bourbonic bigotry to the scepticism of Voltaire, and thence to the deism of Robespierre, and thence to the Concordat of Napoleon. They may reproach her with sudden changes from absolutism to anarchy, and back again; with excesses of liberty repressed by excesses of dictatorship; tendencies to equality which always result in Roman Cæsarism and bureaucratic oligarchies; the proclamation of humanitarian principles, and measures of terrorism, of war, and slaughter. But the human race will be guilty of gross ingratitude if it forgets that all modern ideas have been diffused and popularised by the

apostolate of France, of her propagating and cosmopolitan genius; that she diffused and popularised Protestantism with the genius of Calvin, free thought with the pen of Voltaire, the modern revolution with the speech of Mirabeau and of Danton; that she, this slandered France, still has the privilege of uniting in supreme and critical moments in her brain the idea, and in her heart the blood, of all humanity.

How often the monarchical reaction has arisen in France; how often the monarchical tradition has endeavoured to take possession of her generous ideas, and shelter itself in her great heart! The old monarchy, after having for a long time resisted such humiliation, accepted the work of the Constituent Assembly as a compact between the historic throne and an emancipated people. But France forgot this compact. The military monarchy, reared on the victories of Marengo and Arcola, sought to be the sceptre and the sword of democracy; but defeat broke the spell, and France, still under the feet of the allies, remembered that her sentiments were still republican. In vain the monarchy of the Bourbons attempted to seduce her with the semblance of the old tradition and the old glory. In vain the ideas and interests of the Orleanists, which were those of the middle classes, wove for themselves a civic crown, and called themselves the best of republicans. In vain did the third and last Napoleon call himself the representative of revolutionary principles, the chief of the plebeians, the magistrate of popular suffrage, the protector of liberty, the Cæsar of socialism. In vain was this effort. The genius of France, in spite of long eclipses, has always remained faithful to republican democracy. We cannot deny that in France the republican idea has many shades, and its partisans belong to many sects. But this truth, which is afflicting to narrow minds, has no terrors to those who recognise that only in a republic can this rich variety of human life exist. Shall we reproach space because its immensity holds all the worlds? Shall we consider it a defect in a republic that all ideas have an opportunity of development under its shelter? There is no idea which may not aspire to the highest degree of free development, and there is no form of government which can resist so well the strain of liberty as the republican form. Thus the whole movement of modern ideas finds in France its necessary development within the republic.

Admitting this truth, let us look at the actual movement of the republican idea in France. The men of the 4th September, so called, have been much criticized because, on the news of the irreparable disaster of Sedan, the new Waterloo, they proclaimed the republic in the midst of a revolution. But this criticism ignores the movement of ideas as well as the movement of events. It was no secret that for Napoleon the loss of a campaign was the loss of his crown. It was

secret that when the throne of Napoleon fell it would be immediately replaced by the republic. This belief was so impressed on the public mind that, on a certain day, at an hour neither indicated nor agreed upon by any one, as if the wind which came from the east bore the idea and communicated it to the cities of France, they all rose—Marseilles, Bordeaux, Lyons, Nantes—to overthrow the empire and to proclaim the republic. Since that moment the monarchists of all shades may intrigue in palaces and conspire in their coteries to restore the monarchy, but the producing and trading classes, who are in favour of social stability and the order which comes from it, sustain as a definite and immutable fact the victory of the republic. The republic never could have sprung forth with such spontaneity if the republican idea had not been rooted in the public conscience.

And how did this idea become diffused and established? It may be said at once that contemporary French literature has been a literature of proselytes. The three great writers of France—Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Lamennais—were, in their youth, the first Napoleonic, the second Legitimist, the last Ultramontane. It seemed that this rich vegetation and exuberant flora could only grow upon sepulchres, and give fruits of dust and ashes.

But the breath of the century penetrated into that petrified forest, bringing its life and its heat. Lamartine went to the East, and, like the prophets, had mysterious revelations in the desert. The monotonous solitudes revealed to his genius the unity of man, as they revealed to Moses and Mohammed the unity of God. And from the moment in which a man learns the unity of the human spirit, he learns also the fundamental unity of right. So when Lamartine saw Jerusalem defined on the burning horizon of the Holy Land, which he had hoped to seek with the faith of the ancient crusader, there arose in his heart the sting of doubt, and he saw in the city not a living temple of the worship of God, but the gigantic fossil organism of a life which had descended by inheritance to other regions, to other worlds, to other organisms more advanced and progressive. His lips did not kiss the sepulchre of the dead Christ of legend, but the sepulchre of Christ resuscitated by the modern spirit, alive in the free institutions which have given social ideas in universal communion to emancipated democracies. Yet in the light of the transfiguration of his genius, as if he himself was reluctant to believe it, he seized the pen to heap maledictions upon the French revolution which had persecuted and dispersed his family, seeking material in the crimes of that epoch—material to rekindle his ancient faith. And while his will persuaded him to write an elegy over the scaffolds of priests and kings, his conscience dictated to him a song of praise to regenerating principles, the emancipated people, to the federal feasts, the philosophers and orators who presented the new word to the martyrs of

human liberty, who veiled to his eyes the crimes of the universal revolution amidst the rosy vapours of ideas, as the horrors of the ancient tragedies are lost in the songs of the chorus intoning its eternal hymn of love and hope. Through these transformations the Legitimist poet contributed to tear down a throne and to found a republic, but above all to bring into relief the principles of democracy in the conscience of the century. An equal transformation was sustained by Victor Hugo and by Lamennais. The former, who had contributed to the glory of the Napoleonic story in obedience to sentiments learned in childhood, surprised at last in the tribune and in the plenitude of his genius and glory by revolution, consecrated himself as the defender of the republic, of liberty, and of democracy and as the indefatigable antagonist of the imperial restoration. Never was despotism so savagely chastised by poetry. The tyrants of Babylon and Nineveh, the idolatrous kings who raised their images upon altars consecrated to the gods, were not cursed by the ancient prophets as the tyrant of France by the grandest and most manly genius which France in this age has produced. From irony to invective, from the pungent epigram to the lyric ode, everything was employed with severe, implacable justice to pursue the assassin of the republic, tormented by these works of genius like the Greek parricide by the furious Eumenides. The dictator could hurl his pretorian legions upon liberty and democracy, but Victor Hugo set his genius in action against the dictator, and branded him with the fire of his ideas and his satire in his heart, his name, and his conscience. These immortal verses formed the education of a class of young men disposed to swear inextinguishable hatred to tyranny. Tacitus and Juvenal wrote also against the corruption of tyranny; but they did not succeed, like Victor Hugo, in seeing their tyrants brought to the ground, because their generation was not as free as the present, nor were ideas so powerful then as now.

It seemed that the writer least calculated to change was the priest Lamennais. His eye had been fixed on the idea of God as on the pole-star. Listening always to the music of worlds turning on their axes in infinite space, accompanied by the hymns of angels, he saw nothing of the dust and the vapours of daily life. Prayer seemed to him the only exercise worthy of man, and immortality the only source of pleasure or pain. How could he hear the noise of our chains and the clamour of our laments? Nevertheless, he came to see that it was not enough to worship God without elevating to its primitive purity, through liberty and justice, the sanctuary worthiest of God—the spirit of man. Pontifical Rome, still preserving the idea of authority above and obedience below, of the material and external worship of God transmitted in the symbols of a half-Asiatic theocracy, launched its anathema against the Breton priest, like that which it had fulmi-

nated in other ages against Luther. From that point Lamennais was the apostle of the ideas of his time, while he did not cease to be a Christian. Christ appeared in his thought as the son of an artisan, the slave of Rome, the victim of tyranny, the martyr of equality, the tribune of the poor and of the oppressed, the enemy of kings and the great, the prophet of progress, sublime creator of a universal fraternity which could not be contained within the narrow limits of a privileged historical church subject to the circumstances of time, the slave of every tyranny—a church which erected the throne of a degrading Cæsarism where the ancient Cæsarism had never dared—in the midst of the infinite human mind—corrupting and degrading it to a slavery which smothered the voice of conscience.

These three men were born to work as artists of intelligence. Each one had the gift of touching some chord of the human heart, and a sentiment responded, as in the century before it had answered the eloquence of Rousseau; and that vague aspiration which creates heroes and martyrs was filling a whole generation, which at last took to its heart the sublime trilogy of liberty, democracy, and the republic.

But not only had the republican cause taken possession of those souls educated to the religious culture of art, but also through its traditions it had taken possession of the men of action, characters of integrity and generosity, to whom combat was a necessity. The type of these men, around whom formed a legion of the republican democracy, not even yet disbanded nor dispersed by years, was Armand Carrel, a soldier of thought and a thinking soldier. As a soldier, his sword took its temper in ideas; as a writer, his pen glanced and flamed like a sword. Of a generous nature, his action and thought were always inspired by generosity. While yet very young he fought in Spain against the intervention of 1823, under the tricolour banner, without considering whether his friends were foreigners and his enemies French, because justice was more than glory in his heart, and greater than the nation he considered humanity—that family of the soul. Enemy of two dynasties; friend of the republic in his later years; fighting continually for the right; as much opposed to communist Utopias as he was devoted to the union of liberty with democracy; a stoic in the purity of his motives and the disinterestedness of his actions; most prudent where his friends were in danger, brave to recklessness where only his own life was at stake—Carrel united in his person, as few have done, idea and action, the sword with the pen, the tribune and the press in continual combat for the emancipation of the people.

In the group with Carrel we should place various eminent characters, who, if they were not completely identified with him in ideas, were identified with him, who was the conservative of the

party, by their valour and magnanimity. Men of action above all, Godfrey Cavaignac, Armand Barbès, Colonel Charras, lent to an important division of the republican party the chivalry of their character and their generous eagerness for victory. They all three fought bravely, and all three left spotless memories of virtue and simple heroism. Soldiers, organizers, passing continually from the secret societies to the clubs, from the clubs to the fighting organization of the party, now attacking vigorously and now resisting with true endurance, always in the breach as if the life of democracy were a continual war, from combats to prison, to exile, from exile to new efforts, they gave to the republican party the manly fibre, the tempered character, indispensable to its warlike existence. All three are dead. Democracy has lost them, as it lost its chevalier, without fear and without reproach, Armand Carrel. The first who fell was Godfrey Cavaignac, brother of the general of that name; and when he fell, it seemed that he carried with him to the grave a portion of the heart of all democrats in his own great heart, broken by the blows of sorrow and toil. Less fortunate than Cavaignac, the tombs of Barbès and of Charras lie in the soil of exile. Barbès was a man of antique courage. Combat was for him a hard but inevitable law of life. He measured no obstacles nor resistance. The more violent the tempest, with the greater decision did he go to meet it. Prisons and banishment divided his solemn and tragic life. He often wasted the blood and the sacrifices which would have been advantageous in more critical and important moments. But who could in that submissive and obedient world criticize this impatience for justice, when all seemed resigned to the yoke? In the fogs of Holland rises the sepulchre of Barbès, and the vapours which surround it seem like a mist of tears. Not even his bones have been able to return to his native soil, because, since the decree of banishment has been lifted from them, France has been busy in gathering up new corpses scattered through her fields, to mark the implacable chastisement of the faults of the second empire. Colonel Charras, another gladiator of the French democracy, died on the ensanguined borders of the Rhine, after having written for the instruction of his country the useless lesson of the causes which led the first empire from omnipotence to Waterloo, and from Waterloo to the dismemberment of France.

All these men were men of action, of the sort for whom ideas, separated from facts, are mere words without reality and life. For them the republic existed as the most glorious of all the traditions of France—as the only one, in fine, which was worth sustaining, the only one worthy of defence and sacrifice. Austere and consistent, with virtues like those of the men of Plutarch, they were sustained by those indomitable aspirations which seem the property of innovators in their labour for the re-establishment of the republic. Their

influence has been powerful and permanent. Everywhere in the history of French republicanism you see the trace of these characters of bronze. They formed the first and firmest basis of the republican party.

During the second third of the empire, after the attempt of Orsini, an official republican party was constituted in France, the product of the ballot-box. This party could not be recruited from the old republican chiefs who were in exile, nor among the boldest of the party of action, who were opposed to the oath. It was necessary to go to the university, to the academy, to the forum, to seek there orators who could keep the existence of republican ideas before the minds of the people. These were called upon to denounce the disorders of the empire in a voice like the thunder of heaven over the feast of Belshazzar. Had they sufficient power for this work? When we consider that some had remained in France in spite of the general proscription, that others had not been noticed in that great convulsion of the 2nd of December, it was a proof that there was no great ardour in their democratic faith. Some had belonged to the right wing of republican assemblies, and had sown dissension among the revolutionary party by their fear of liberty and their support of oppressive measures. In addition to these unfortunate antecedents, the official oath, the necessity of submitting to absurd regulations, the tyranny of an impatient and arrogant majority, forced them into evasions and subtle discussions calculated to detract from the energetic hostility against the empire which influenced the electors when they deposited the names of these republican deputies in the ballot-box. When the empire had used all unlawful arms to secure its triumph—perjury thrown in the face of the public conscience, Machiavelian conspiracy, incredible violations of natural rights, of parliamentary immunity, of the constitution, of the laws, of everything sacred on earth; when the instruments of usurpation had assaulted the homes of the representatives in the dead of night, and their solemn assemblies had been broken up by pretorian hirelings—a sad reminiscence of those legions of imperial Rome who were only able to disgrace and not defend her; when after the slaughter in the streets of Paris had followed a proscription like those of religious wars—a proscription which trampled upon all rights of property and of conscience—the deputies charged to resist the blood-stained tyrant and vindicate the republic, surprised by robbers, gave assurances that they would never appeal to the ultimate resort of oppressed people, that of revolution. All these compromises, on the one hand, deprived the representatives of the republic of all authority among their electors; and, on the other hand, they were the cause of irreconcilable enmities between the republican party of the chamber and the republican party in exile; and in the midst of this weakness

on one side and suspicion on the other, the abjuration of Emile Ollivier surrendering to the empire in spite of the traditions of his family and the mandate of his electors, the lukewarmness of Ernest Picard, who with such talent and such bitterness had continually fought the empire, deprived the deputies of much authority in public opinion. Nevertheless, when the emperor appeared to have control of fortune, when the battles of Italy and the Crimea had given him a false colour of liberalism, when the superficial brilliancy of his power and his legions was dazzling many, the severe voice of Jules Favre, his lofty and sober eloquence, gave warning, like the word of Tacitus among the orgies of the ancient Cæsarism, that the light of republican ideas was not quenched completely in the hearts of the French; and the warmth of those rare and restrained flashes of eloquence revived faith and hope in the young, in whose hearts the worship of the republic could never be entirely lost.

This minority was in the last legislature of the empire considerably modified by the appearance of four men, who bore a peculiar significance each in his own respective sphere. These men were Bancel, Rochefort, Raspail, Gambetta. The first represented the poetry and the majesty of exile; the second, the bitter satire which had morally destroyed the empire; the third, the historic republicanism in all its integrity and with all its prejudices; the fourth, finally, the new republican school, much abler and more intelligent than the historical ones, uniting to the light of ideas great energy of action restrained by true moderation of character and maturity of judgment. It is necessary to consider these men for a moment to understand the cause of their influence in France. Bancel passed over the tribune like a meteor. His only speech, more literary than political, more worthy of the academy than of the parliament, was an eloquent apothecosis of the men of the emigration, and a mournful elegy over their griefs and their memories. His discourse shone for a moment in the Chamber, dazzling more than it convinced. Raspail brought with him all the prejudices of his past life, his personal pride in the purity of his long history, his suspicion toward all his companions—toward the older ones, whom he hated, and the new ones, whom he despised—the peculiarities and the sternness of character which forget the rudimentary axiom that in politics no man can be any thing alone, but requires, to advance and to conquer, association with those like him, that he may share the responsibility of their faults and the glory of their success, and form with them a disciplined and enthusiastic legion capable of fighting the formidable battles which the triumph of an idea requires. Rochefort represented the ardent and extreme wing of the republican party. His popularity, like his writings, had more brilliancy than solidity. A child of Paris, nursling of the Boulevards, employed on light and sparkling news-

papers, gifted with the Parisian faculty which converts into readable articles the whispers of the café, with an irony now trifling, now savage, he was the first who in France, in the heart of the capital, dared to attack the omnipotent Cæsar, and to throw in his face all the gall collected in twenty years of humiliation and slavery. Satire is a powerful corrosive. Its bitterness does not reach the lips without being filtered drop by drop through the conscience, forcing it to compare its ideals of perfection with vices of the reality. And when that satire burst forth, and after the satire universal Homeric laughter, and after the laughter the anger of the irritated victims, which augmented the merriment of their amused and avenged enemies, it was plain that the death of the empire was near. This satire had not the tragic indignation of Juvenal, nor the fine and bitter wit of Voltaire, but it was the satire which suited the empire, vulgar as the enemy which it struck—an enemy wallowing in the mire. Satire, if it be eagerly read or listened to, is the form of literature which announces the death of decaying religions, the agony of sick empires. The first to strike the idol was Rochefort, and the people repaid his audacity with an election to the Chamber. This immense service of Rochefort will never be forgotten, let the faults of his character and the vicissitudes of his fortune be what they may. It would have been fortunate if he had adopted, as the sole vocation of his life, the destruction by satire of Cæsarism in the public conscience, for then his name, afterward attacked and overwhelmed in the wave of opposing passions, would have suffered no injury, and would have been always united with one of the most glorious works of our time. But Rochefort, in default of speech in the Chamber and of action in the streets, could not hold, either over his companions in the Assembly or over the mass of the people, more than a fugitive and disputed influence.

The man destined to the most powerful influence in the republican party was Gambetta. It is customary to criticize him severely because he remained standing when others fell, because he believed when others doubted, because he retained his faith when France lost faith in herself, because he dictatorially prolonged a war which had become impossible at the surrender of Sedan and the treason of Metz, losing the campaign, but saving the honour of his country. I have never belonged to the worshippers of success. I do not consider misfortune a crime. Gambetta saw himself abandoned by fortune, by victory. What should he have done? He did not seek the fate of Brutus after the battle of Philippi, when, seeing that liberty was expiring, the country was lost, and his heart was broken, while over him the stars shone calmly in the azure sky of Greece, he doubted in that last hour of supreme anguish of the existence of virtue. Gambetta is a man of his time, and knows that liberty is sometimes

eclipsed, but never extinguished, that the country falls, but does not die, and in spite of his misfortunes, which were the fault of his time, and not of his intelligence or of his character, I believe Gambetta to be among the first of the republicans of Europe, and I number him among those who have contributed most to the diffusion of our ideas.

I have studied often his intelligence and his character. In that enormous head; in that broad forehead; in the concentrated brilliancy of the eye which remains to him; in the mouth, wreathed by a smile of benevolence; in his face, ruddy with a sanguine temperament; in his form, which is herculean in spite of his low stature; in his whole bearing—you can see at once the happy mingling of intelligence with force, of high ideas with energetic resolution.

Nature believes in division of labour, and variously groups the vocations of men. Usually when she creates a man of action she takes away from him the aptitudes of the man of ideas. The latter is fond of spiritual investigations, and the former of material labours. The one loves retirement and the other the world; the one peace of mind and the other the combat; the one loves great books, and the other great passions. Doubtless Plato never could have been Pisistratus, nor Montesquieu have been Colbert. To unite thought with action, as in Cæsar, is a prodigy. To unite energy of speech with energy of will, as in Danton, is a miracle. Great qualities usually result from great defects. To balance in one person the idea with the act, energy of intelligence with activity of life, is a gift which nature has allowed in a high degree to Gambetta. As his name indicates, Leon Gambetta is of Italian origin. His family came from Genoa, and established themselves in the provinces of the south of France, where the great orator was born in 1838. His Italian origin reveals itself in the profundity of his political talent, his Southern blood in the vivid eloquence by which it is adorned. At an early age he began the study of law at the Sorbonne. There his manly spirit, acquiring its fundamental conceptions of justice, acquired at the same time an invincible love for the idea of liberty, which is its essence. It was impossible for him to breathe in the exhausted receiver of the Empire. All his efforts were directed to breaking it. There was no manifestation of the students of a political character where he was not present as an animating spirit. The dull tyranny of the empire pressed heavily upon all intellectual growth. The management of journals was permitted only to faithful friends, or to academic enemies. Association was a crime. Reunions of more than twenty persons were punished as conspiracies. Books which recalled the virtue of ancient liberty did not receive the privilege of colportage. Civil suits passed into the hands of advocates friendly to the empire, because in other hands they were lost. Press prosecutions took place with closed doors; reports were prohibited, much more the

publication of the speeches. Even the choice of literary subjects for public speakers was greatly restrained. Modern Cæsarism, more implacable than the ancient, imagined that it heard in every echo an allusion to the dead liberty and the reigning despotism. On every hand the human mind struck against impassable barriers, which prevented that rapid and universal diffusion, as of sunshine, which it needs.

The young were everywhere opposed to the empire. They knew nothing of the excesses of liberty, and impatiently resented the yoke of despotism. The Spanish revolution of September caused an astonishment as great as that which followed the Spanish revolution of 1820, when the Holy Alliance thought it had gagged all Europe and had subjugated all peoples under the royal authority. Paris, more susceptible than any other capital to these great movements of modern thought, was profoundly agitated. The recollection of lost liberty, the vision of the dead republic, came to her eyes in mists of tears and blood. The name of Baudin, the victim of the *coup d'état*, the martyr of the republic, the deputy who died on the barricade defending the law against the pretorians, his mandate against Cæsar—this name was on every lip. A republican journal opened a subscription to raise a monument to Baudin. The proclamations heading this subscription, full of eloquent anger, alarmed the imperial government. To these proclamations succeeded manifestations in the cemeteries. A political prosecution began, in which there was at last the possibility of free speech, free reporting, and free reading of great orations. Gambetta was charged by the accused with their defence. His obscurity was at an end. His genius broke through the cloud in which it had been enveloped by despotism. France was again to hear the voice of the old tribune united to the spirit of the modern revolution. The speech of the new epoch was incarnated in this extraordinary orator. From that moment the new idea had its personification in Gambetta. Society is like nature. It creates new existences only for great ends and when they are wanted. No one has forgotten that scene of the suit against the subscribers and participants in the demonstrations to Baudin. The neighbourhood of the Palace of Justice was crowded with people. The anxiety was general. All the newspapers had sent their reporters, all parties their witnesses. When Gambetta spoke, it seemed as if the Sinai of the revolution was about to manifest itself through the ashes which the empire had thrown upon its crater. Never has a reigning tyranny been accused with such spirit. In the rudeness of its language, in the vividness of its ideas, its manly eloquence, its repeated and sounding blows, this discourse seems like the apology of Tertullian against the Gentiles and in favour of the martyrs. Baudin seemed like a ghost called forth to invest with the sanctity of the sepulchre and the

mystery of death the accusation against his murderer. The president several times stretched out his hand to the bell to interrupt him, but was restrained by the fervour of his eloquence. Besides, the evidence was so clear that Baudin had died in the defence of the law, while his crowned executioner had violated all law, that the judge bowed his head before that just anathema, expressed with the terseness of Tacitus and the severe majesty of the prophets. Through the mouth of that man spoke a whole generation, persecuted, tormented from birth, hindered in the exercise of its most essential faculties, which had come up with great aspirations and with the ideas of its age, to find all avenues to the light closed, all the chains of the old *régime* forged anew; to find itself, instead of a body of citizens, a horde of slaves. The griefs which it had suffered, the chill of its obscurity, its aspirations checked by all the institutions of government, the doubts which crowned it with thorns, its generous sentiments smothered like crimes, its noble ambition of living in the midst of a free France worthy of its dignity and of its history crushed by a despotism like that of the Lower Empire—all these thoughts found a high consolation in that speech, which was like the first warning of the youth of France to the decrepit empire.

When the discourse was done, no one was deceived in regard to its importance. All Paris saw shining in its ideas the dawn of the republic. The press had but one voice in its praise. General elections followed the prosecution. Gambetta threw himself into the canvass with that persuasive and dazzling eloquence which brought to mind the speech of Danton. Paris received him, and gave him twenty-seven thousand votes. Marseilles welcomed him, and gave him also her suffrage. His banner became the banner of the new movement. He invented the word which was to express a policy and prepare a revolution. He uttered the formula of the new struggle with the empire. He called his opposition the Irreconcilable opposition.

But the great campaign of Gambetta was that against the Plébiscite. The Ollivier ministry, to prove its liberalism, brought into the Chamber a plan of constitutional reform, in which it gave certain guarantees to the Parliament. But the emperor, to prove that he was still the chief of the people, wished that this constitutional reform should be submitted to popular sanction. This was a menace to the parliamentary power, warning it that against all its prerogatives always remained the last resort of appeal to the people and to their votes against the Chamber and its decisions. Such a system was the mere hypocrisy of democracy. A people surrounded by bayonets, oppressed by the agents of police and the *employés* of the Treasury, harassed by the authorities, who formed an unbroken chain from the throne to the smallest hamlets, could only vote as the emperor dictated.

Gambetta pronounced an admirable discourse in the Chamber upon the constitutional project. His argument, couched in the severest and most eloquent form, may be said to have destroyed the Cæsarist empire. With great skill and tact he forbore to set forth his own principles. He drew deductions from those of his adversaries, and the deductions which he drew were all, without exception, favourable to the republic. If you say to the people that the sovereignty belongs to them, you must not be surprised if they reserve it for themselves, and if they assert it when they come to believe that in place of the true sovereignty you are giving them a derisive authority. If you submit what questions you think proper to universal suffrage, do not be surprised if universal suffrage shall claim for itself the solution of all questions. If every plébiscite is a confirmation of the empire, and the empire repeats them with such frequency, this proves that the hereditary quality is not possible to an institution which has no security of extending through the lifetime even of its most august chief. The dogma of the sovereignty of the people, of universal suffrage, and of the plébiscite leads necessarily and logically to the republic. These ideas, set forth in the most moderate language, profoundly moved the Chamber and the nation.

After having displayed unquestionable oratorical talents in the Chamber, he exhibited in the plébiscite capacity for action of equal importance. He had to contend with three serious obstacles—the inclination of the French to Utopia, and still greater inclination to rivalries and divisions in the republican party, and the mutual enmity of its chiefs. The impatient spirits proposed and supported the policy of abstention, which was as idle a question at that juncture as the question of the oath, which always came up at the beginning of every election. Gambetta was resolutely for the struggle. His warlike spirit could not see what parties can gain in indolence and idleness. He resisted the impracticables obstinately, whatever the field to which the empire challenged the republicans. From that time the advanced party began an implacable war against Gambetta. They reproached him because he had not energetically sustained the proposition of Keratry for a violent assembling of the legislative body; they reproached him with forgetting his own watchword of Irreconcilable and following the beaten path of his former colleagues in the Chamber; they reproached him with employing one tone with the electors of Marseilles, and another with the electors of Paris; with standing in Paris as the candidate of the radical party, and in Marseilles as the candidate of the coalesced opposition. He was met with thousands of these reproaches, which always follow the favourites of fortune and glory, as the sun attracts from the earth the clouds which obscure it. The enemies whom Gambetta had in the democratic party could not understand those compromises with actual facts, to

which all men of really political talent see themselves compelled. The empire gained a victory in the Plébiscite, but one of those victories more injurious than a hundred defeats. The country had voted as usual, conducted to the polls by the curés and the mayors like flocks of sheep ; but the great cities had voted for the republic ; forty thousand men of the army had voted against the empire.

Much of the opposition which Gambetta excited came from the efforts which he had shown from the earliest days of his public life to unite and discipline all the republican elements—the moderate and the radical, the young and the old, those of ancient and those of modern extraction, those officially assembled in the Chamber and those who were in exile—for the purpose of destroying the empire before the empire destroyed, with its internal corruption and its foreign adventures, the political weight and moral influence of France. In this enormous work Gambetta had thought of recalling from exile and bringing to Paris the man who inspired least jealousies and who possessed most authority in the republican party—Ledru-Rollin. Since 1832 he had been our first tribune, our greatest orator. The work which fell upon his shoulders was of the gravest and most audacious character. The forum, the club, the press, the popular tribune, books, pamphlets—all the arms of moral combat which can be used by our manifold modern civilisation—were employed in the war waged without cessation and without truce against monarchical and in favour of republican institutions. The sacrifice of material interests appeared to him a trifling loss in the midst of that selfish and interested society. He had the place of advocate of the supreme tribunal, which had cost him 200,000 francs, and he sold it for 100,000 francs. He had a comfortable fortune from his wife, the daughter of a rich English family, and he spent it in establishing the persecuted newspaper, *The Reform*. He received a large income from his office of advocate, and he abandoned this to dedicate himself to the unpaid service of the people. The few republican districts which remained in France, under the narrowed franchise of Louis Philippe, opened for him promptly the doors of the Chamber, where he replaced Garnier-Pagès, who had died in the fight. The eloquence of the latter was simple in form, sober in language, firm as a chain of iron in its logic, without brilliancy and without blunders, learned as a treatise of statistics, polished as a conversation of good society, more convincing than persuasive, more useful than beautiful ; while the eloquence of Ledru-Rollin, heightened by his fine oratorical presence, by his distinguished countenance, his expressive eyes, his powerful voice, was all force, fire, enthusiasm, inspiration, like a discourse of the convention, like a classic harangue, worthy of being spoken in the tempest of popular passion to an audience educated by an æsthetic standard, which could see and understand the mysterious relation established by nature between the sublime efforts of intellect and an exalted faith

which inspires them and sustains them in souls predestined to the apostolate of ideas. The impetuosity of Ledru-Rollin allowed him no rest. It carried him into the opposition against the monarchy of July ; into the banquet which prepared the movement of February ; into the celebrated day in which the Duchess of Orleans, with her sons in her arms, demanded the regency, and he proposed the republic ; into the provisional government, where he was the first who presented these three salutary measures, which will be the eternal honour of the second French republic, its greatest title to glory in history : the abolition of the death penalty for political crimes, as a tribute of respect to the inviolability of the human conscience ; suffrage for all citizens, as emanating directly from their quality as men ; and the abolition of slavery in all the colonies, which completed and crowned the magnificent work of the French revolution, worthily called, for its humanitarian and cosmopolitan spirit, the universal revolution.

But this impetus sometimes carried him too far, and caused him to forget whether his action would injure his ultimate purpose. When the Roman republic was attacked by the French republic, under the orders of Bonaparte, Ledru-Rollin protested against this fratricide, which violated the constitution, and swore he would appeal to arms. He fulfilled his oath, but he was defeated, and left the opposition without an orator, the people without a defender, and a clear field to Bonapartist conspiracy. So it may be said that when he went he took with him the republic. The younger spirits hoped that he would bring it back with him. They thought of presenting him simultaneously for all the chief districts of Paris, and thus making him chief of the republican members of the Chamber. But being prosecuted by the empire on a charge of conspiracy, and condemned in contumacy, he refused to return, alleging scruples in regard to the oath, which, in fact, he had always disregarded in his letters to republicans, advising the taking of the oath as the only means of entering into the Chamber, obtaining access to the tribune, and breaking up the lethargy of the people. This resolution of Ledru-Rollin left, on the 4th September, the republic abandoned to the official elements of the Chamber, divided among themselves, and without authority before the people, without force to counteract monarchical intrigues, and without prestige to restrain radical demagogism. All more or less tainted with breathing the air of the Caesarist rule, they began by surrendering the provisional government to the war spirit, and to a theoretical and reactionary general ; and ended by giving up the republic to the ancient advocate of Orleanism, to the implacable and cunning enemy of all democracy.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

(To be continued.)

PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THESE confidences were overheard in the crowd at the one hundred and fourth Exhibition of the Royal Academy :—

He. "I don't like to pronounce a picture bad before I've seen the name."

She. Don't you? I went rashly up and condemned a picture of Millais'."

Was she right, or was he? Perhaps, in one sense each was right, and in another both were wrong. Between them certainly there was struck out, worth respect for its honesty, a fair expression of two forms of mind in the main body of the Exhibition-goers.

For one view this may be said: full perception of beauty or grandeur in a picture comes of a natural taste that has had special training. There are charms and triumphs of technical skill to be appreciated only by men who are themselves good painters; there is a language of art which must be learnt before it can be read. Even the subtleties of thought and feeling that put a soul into the work of men of genius give to the untrained mind no more than a vague sense of pleasure, while such artistic power as may be attained by simple industry, if used with kindly skill upon the illustration of our daily life, will be appreciated to the utmost. Conscious of all our liability to err, we who are unsecured by a sufficient art training against crude and false opinions may feel, in Art at least, that we are not yet free to condemn an Idol of the Theatre. We may choose, therefore, to rest under the shelter of authority. For the other view this may be said: the appeal of highest Art is to the common nature of humanity. It is true that the untaught make bad judges; but instruction is the remedy for that, not the addition of hypocrisy to ignorance. Each will learn most by speaking his own mind, and Art itself will thrive more healthily for life in the free air of individual opinion.

Thus far then he and she were lightly illustrating, by their talk over the pictures, the two sides in the old contest about the limit of authority, the two sides which act and react upon each other for the general well-being. Each point of view has its own born supporter, and in this sense he and she were perhaps equally right. But they were both wrong in assuming that they were there to pronounce judgment on the works before them; to say nothing of their tacit assumption that among works of genius and industry, as among murders and housebreakings, the chief business of a judge is to condemn. We of the general public who have not acquired by long and

special study any right to dogmatize; if, in a world rich with wholesome differences of opinion, any study can give any man that right; we ignoramuses are nevertheless often present to the artist's mind, we are an element in all his calculations. He must be true to his own highest nature; he must seek to satisfy all just requirements of men cultivated like himself; but he must so manage the work of his imagination that some at least of its truth and beauty may be felt by all who place themselves in natural relation with it. An art that reflects nature should have something in it that resembles nature's power over all.

"The sun is fixed,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed, within reach of every human eye;
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil; and as a power
Is salutary or an influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law."

But what if we never sat by the sea at Scarborough, free from the notion that we were there only to decide judicially whether we liked it better or worse than the sea at Whitby? What if we walked in the country under an impression that we were not to enjoy quietly but to decide judicially between the farms through which we pass, and that we could not rest creditably under Smith's oak without showing our critical skill by pronouncing it to have here a branch too long, and there a branch too crooked, and to be altogether feeble in outline when compared with Johnson's elm. Nay, turn even the great Stodge himself, skilled critic, into Paradise, with a catalogue of its trees and plants in one hand and a pencil in the other. He may not ferret out in a day what was felt in a minute, without seeking, by the untaught Adam. So it may be that we who have only the natural Adam for our guide can go, just as we are, into a picture gallery and be very fair to painters, if we will only be fair to ourselves; but we are most likely to be good critics when we are least conscious that we are criticizing.

In most people the natural life lies warm under the dress of conventionality, which serves to protect our minds from an undue exposure. All is not to be told upon all subjects. A Roman who was asked what he would do next day, replied that if he thought his shirt knew he would burn it. But what we think about a set of pictures may be told without risk of balking the designs or laying bare to any careless touch the records shrined in our own holy of

holies. We are all free to be, in this matter, unconventional and go to the Academy as we should go into the fields or woods, or walk at evening by the river side, and simply seek enjoyment through the sense of beauty. One hears now in the crowd on all sides at the Exhibition a vain babble of mock criticism,—“Don’t you think that would be better with a different back-ground?” “Yes, the perspective”—“browner fore-ground”—“those flesh tints,” and so forth, from people who are evidently shutting themselves out from real enjoyments of which they are capable. And why? That they may furnish themselves with what they take to be the right sort of company-talk about pictures. Indeed there may be some who are not conscious of any higher reason for a visit to the Academy than that there is no other place where one can buy so good a shilling’s worth of provision for the sort of small talk now in season. It is very good, no doubt, that society should have such a common ground for gossip, which would be good wholesome, refining gossip, if the affectations of a false Art criticism were struck out of it. One is the more ready to wish it gone because the common form of affectation strains after that which is in itself contemptible, an air of superiority, a corrupt humour of depreciation, very distant indeed from the manner of the true critic, who “strives rather,” as Ben Jonson says, “to be that which men call judicious than to be thought so; and is so truly learned that he affects not to show it. He will think and speak his thought both freely; but as distant from depraving another man’s merit as proclaiming his own.” If we really do like works of genius, we shall fasten naturally upon the best part of each. Even a snail, liking peaches, shows his taste in that way. He knows well upon which side of a peach it is most worth his while to fasten.

But desperate in our determination to be censors, we begin even with censure in the gross. Did anybody ever go to a private view at the Academy without being asked, whether he thought this exhibition better or worse than the last? And did anybody, however bold in giving the expected answer, that it is worse than the last—did anybody ever feel that he was really able to compare the recollection of 1,500 works of art seen a year ago with the impression made by another 1,500 now before his eyes? The answer can only be founded upon the impression made in each case by ten or a dozen of the most important pictures. But the essential quality of an exhibition of the works of the chief painters in any country depends far more upon the general average of work, upon the prevalent tone of mind, choice of subject, and form of expression in the main body of the artists, than upon the relative value of the great works painted in ’seventy and ’seventy-one by three or four of the chief masters.

And yet it is most difficult to get a fair impression of the whole.

Each picture, whether it seem to us good or bad, has been dwelt on by its painter for weeks or months, and has more in it than we could discover in three minutes even if we had it by itself at home for quiet study. In the Exhibition it receives daily the offhand judgment of very many who look at it for three quarters of a minute, if so long; and then, too, with the mind confused by quick jolting along a line of ideas between which there are no links of association, with attention much distracted by a babble at each ear, and with the body firmly jammed in a crowd of fellow-spectators who impede free motion, interpose their hats and bonnets between us and the pictures, tumble over us or oblige us to be careful lest we tumble over them. With all these obstacles in the way of quiet apprehension, if we gave only one minute's attention to each work in the Academy Exhibition it would take twenty-five hours to see them all. Let any one stand or sit for ten minutes before a picture that seems to him fairly good, though one that might have been passed over for its want of any striking merit; seeking unaffectedly for what enjoyment it can give, let him separate his thoughts from the crowd of preceding impressions on the mind, from the crowd also that makes occasional impressions on his ribs and toes, let him think himself into the picture till its life speaks out of it. He will soon find that there is something human in it when it does begin to speak, that a picture, like a man or woman, opens out wonderfully upon better acquaintance, always changing and often reversing the offhand opinion formed at sight.

No doubt some pictures in the Academy are hardly pictures to the mind. Such are those portraits of ladies treated as lay figures for a display of silks and muslins, and of gentlemen in gorgeous cockatoo costume which would lose little of their interest as works of art if the heads painted in subordination to the clothes had been omitted altogether. There may be marvels of skill in arrangement of colours or otherwise, worthy of admiration from the trained artist, in many a work that to us of the untaught multitude represents but so much skill spent on the glorifying of tailors' slops. Compare the portraits of the Duke of Rutland and of Sir James Paget. Sir Francis Grant shows us the Duke as his tailor has unmade him, Mr. Millais the man of science as God made him. Each is a full-length portrait of large size. Grant that the Duke is a man of vigour and ability, yet in the picture he is nobody. His clothes have swallowed him alive. The surgeon is shown in the act of teaching, his head is the main feature of the picture and his mind shines out of it. Even in the beautiful picture of three ladies at cards in a conservatory, called "Hearts are Trumps," Mr. Millais has done to a turn the three heads, each with its own brains in it, before serving them up in a rich artist's sauce of blossom, petticoat and Japanese screen ornament.

Charm may be given by a skilful artist even to the painting of a mass of petticoat, but surely it is better to employ the same skill in interpreting a higher beauty. To a man's eyes there is no object in nature which has higher beauty than a speaking human face. The portrait painter, faithful to his art, dwells on varieties of nature, and no landscape painter draws his inspiration from a higher source. But he is bound to lay full emphasis upon the head he paints, careful in every work to subdue to it those accidents of dress which shut him out from a complete study of form. A good-looking housemaid in a cotton gown that does not distort her figure, is much handsomer than an equally good-looking duchess in her robes of state. If the duchess could be brought to believe that, when she comes to have her portrait painted, she would choose to be dressed simply and look like herself. Men are as bad as women in this, and yearn to have the highland costume or the hunting coat duly transmitted to a posterity, which will not care for these things. The present generation cares but little for them. In the portrait of the Hon. H. Rolle with hounds about him, excellently painted by the Hon. H. Graves, we are mercifully spared the scarlet. Our portrait painters might take Mr. Watts for their representative, such as we find him in his treatment of Mr. Calderon, who in his turn has given a true portrait of Mr. Marks; or Mr. Millais such as we find him in his treatment of Sir J. Paget. There is a growing tendency to such work; witness among others, the portraits of Miss Broadwood and Mr. Trevelyan, by Mr. Archer, of the Scottish Royal Academy, Mr. Wells's picture of the Chairman of a Gas Company, and the two portraits by Mr. W. W. Ouless, which would be much praised if their author were famous. Very distant also from that representation of humanity—not absent from the Academy walls—which shows us our friends like and unlike themselves; heavily unlike as to expression and gesture, and with a pink in the complexion that suggests a coming doze after port wine; is Mr. Leighton's half ideal treatment of Sir Edward Ryan as Secretary of the Dilettanti Society, "for which the picture was painted." It is an after-dinner picture, meant to recall pleasant hours of social intercourse, genial in treatment and with a glow over it all suggesting good wine and good humour.

We owe also to the men who are now setting their mark on the English school of painting a disappearance of some little effeminacy which had found its way into the treatment of the human figure. The undraped figure has more dignity and beauty than any artificial plumage we can put upon it, but it is not long since the prevalent treatment of it was either sensuous or feeble. There is no such defect this year in the "Cain" of Mr. Watts or in the "Perseus and Andromeda" of Mr. Poynter.

Cain stands over his slain brother, wrung with anguish and despair, with a background to his body of fire rising from the sacrifice of Abel, and under the shadow of the smoke from his own altar. Over the smoke thus beaten down, hover forms of slain men, who are as repelling angels to him if his eye turns heavenward. The picture has a grand and simple theme; the first death in the world, the first murder; and as I read it, images of death, images of the slain of aftertime throng over the bowed form of the first murderer, who, with his whole right arm sheltering his head from the descending wrath and clenched hand pressed against the other cheek, dares neither face the terror of the corpse between his feet, nor turn his eyes again to heaven. The simple tragic theme blends pity with terror; there is no elaboration of small accessories, and the work draws all its force from grandeur in the treatment of the human figure. Put for the pallid human figures in the air, winged angels or distorted demons, and how much would such a work thus lose in grace and power; grace, for a grace there is in sternest tragedy.

In Mr. Poynter's "Perseus and Andromeda," which contains some of the very best work of the year, the disturbing effect of a monster in a picture is distinctly shown. It is, as it ought to be, an ugly monster; and it occupies the centre of the picture. One may look at it, find it ugly, and condemn the work of which it is the centre-piece. The vanquisher of this monster is Perseus, with limbs of masculine beauty and a head alive with energy of one who is settled and bends up each corporal agent to the terrible feat; and on the other side is the chained Andromeda, with averted, drooping head, fainting and powerless, unconscious of deliverance, presenting to the mind an image pure as that of Milton's Eve. Ideal manhood in its strength is on one side of the picture, on the other side ideal womanhood in its weakness, and the monster in the middle, type of all the dangers from which man should be swift to protect the woman. Undoubtedly this monster serves by contrast to enhance the beauty of the figures between which it is placed. But an ugly and impossible creature, if not recommended to us as the dragons are by strict conventionality of treatment, draws too much attention to its form. What if the tide rose in the picture, and the devouring monster of the fable, being treated as myth for the sea itself, could grow from the waves into some terrible Undine-Dragon? Let us say, transform him into mixed spirit and water; but one might be content also to take him as he is, for he does serve as a foil to the other persons in the piece, and there is, perhaps, nothing in the paintings of this year to be liked better than the figure of Andromeda.

Still, dwelling only upon impressions of the sort of change made of late in the general character of English pictures, we may, perhaps, take Mr. Armitage's "Dawn of the First Easter Sunday" as an

example of the present tendency of art in composition on themes taken from the Bible. From a vague ideal there has been in our time a reaction towards realism, overstrained at first, as one excess tends always to produce another. But the reaction sprang up among artists who sought earnestly for truth. While it was one form of excess sharply contrasted with its opposite, and while its opposite still held possession of the field, it seemed to many of us ignoramuses ridiculous enough. We laughed at pre-Raphaelites, but we learnt of them also; they showed us the way to sources of enjoyment open alike to the learned and unlearned, for they blended their ideal with the truths of nature set before all eyes, and tried to put its soul into the hard reality of life. The first stage of antagonism went by, in which strained emphasis was laid upon those points in which the new method most differed from the old. The chiefs of the battle settled down to quiet work again, though still the spirit of inquiry stirs in some of them—prompts this year, Mr. Millais, for example, to experiment with some big highlanders in a landscape which we grow to like; it lights up wonderfully in a ray of sunshine. But the course of change has brought us outsiders to a keen appreciation of such work as this by Mr. Armitage. The best figure in it is that of Mary Magdalene, active in distress, who rouses at dawn the two disciples with her tidings that “they have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.” A heavy man, roused suddenly from sleep, is not a graceful object, and Simon Peter, in this picture, is such a heavy man, awakened with some difficulty to hear news that much affects him, and clumsily shifting one leg off the bench on which he has been lying. Yet there is no loss of dignity by the suggestion of the broken sleep of Simon Peter, while the eager distressed figure at the door gives force and feeling to the scene. The picture lives and will live; if there be a fault in it, perhaps it is that this freshness of treatment is confined to two of the three figures. But the fault here may be in eyes that have not seen all the painter’s meaning.

There is a like freedom from conventionality in the Daniel of Mr. Britton Riviere. Daniel in the Lions’ Den has been painted and sketched many thousands of times, yet here is the old theme made new, and, so to speak, realised into poetry. Mr. Riviere has often before, in unassuming pictures, given human interest to his experiences of brute life. He now suggests the grandeur of man’s spiritual power by showing it reflected from the lions and their young, who crouch before the erect form of Daniel. The grey-haired prophet stands with his hands bound behind him. We also stand behind him, see the bound hands and the erect spare form before the beasts. They press their claws upon the ground, and crouch in forms suggestive of a cruel strength restrained in spite of

nature, with their eyes fixed on the prophet. The calm of faith, the power that came of a perfect trust in God, we are left to imagine in the unseen face. The square stone walls with their Assyrian chisellings, the just sufficient traces on the floor of the use made of this dread chamber in the palace, help to tell the story, while the force and variety of expression in the group of lions simply impress upon the mind the divine light in the face that awes them. Thus the study is a study of lions, and yet the whole interest of the picture centres upon Daniel.

There is unity of thought and thoroughness of execution in Mr. Marcus Stone's picture of "Edward II. and his Favourite, Piers Gaveston." Its theme is the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind. Edward II. in his garden with Gaveston at his ear is stirred to witless laughter of scorn at some one of the better friends about him. His queen, weaving among her ladies, is vexed by it; his neglected counsellors confer as slighted men; a sturdy baron in his armour plants his hands upon his sword with dogged look of wrath; and a group at the side, of the king's dwarf and other favourites, typifies the sense of the picture in a stunted man with a monkey on his back, the strong and surly housedog standing near. A mocking laugh that cost a kingdom may well furnish the subject of a picture, when our artists seek to call up in themselves and those who honour them the better energies of life.

When looking at the tendencies of art in younger men, one does not pass over thanklessly the work of living masters from whose hands it is received by the new generation. But a criticism of their work forms no part of the present argument. Sir Edwin Landseer has earned honour during forty years as an academician, and has been an exhibitor for more than half a century. At the age of fourteen his first sketches of animals were exhibited, and his fame began to spread in 1819 when he was but seventeen years old, and he contributed to the Academy Exhibition of that year a picture of *Dogs Fighting*. Before his picture of the *Lion and the Lamb* we pay our homage to the veteran who fifty years ago began a special study of the lion. Before Mr. Webster's butcher boy and two friends playing at "Odd or Even," we look back on a long line of charming works fresh as the young life they delight in, and remember that this picture, still so true to childhood, is the contribution of an artist who has reached threescore and ten. Some of their old associates are gone, and leave undying memories; Stanfield and Roberts and Maclise; while their fellow-workers now in full maturity of power are to-day what they have been for the last twenty years. Mr. E. M. Ward had earned his laurels before he painted the *South Sea Bubble*, in 1847. The public looks to his work every year as to that of an old friend whose ways are understood and who is always

welcome. We have learnt also to associate with his work that of his wife, which is in good conjugal accord with it, pleasant in some resemblance both of matter and of style. We are not unmindful of the years of labour by which painters like these have sustained and are yet sustaining their own honour and that of their profession. Only, just now, our question is as to the prospects of art for the time to come, always an interesting question to forecasting Britons. It is one too that should every year give us new interest in work of men whose highest fame is in the future.

Mr. Marks holds his place this year with a picture of a crowd upon a raised path by the wall of a town, "Waiting for the Procession." Not from dress only, but also from the red roses worn by them all, we infer what the procession is. "Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so?" "Yea, my good lord." "Then I must not say no." In "Daniel" we had only the prophet's back, and yet the picture fixed our minds upon his face. Here Bolingbroke and Richard are entirely absent, and our old friend the stray dog has sole possession of the roadway. Mr. Marks has given to the people in his crowd variety of expression without any exaggerated gesture. There is a graceful touch of young sympathy in the seriousness of two girls in the front whose figures greatly aid in the suggestion of a crowd of poor Englishmen and women, easily swayed, no doubt,—all tongues ready to cry, "God save thee, Bolingbroke,"—but not a mean crowd. Not a mean crowd now, and, as even the Wat Tyler rebellion proved, a mob that had a sense of justice in it in King Richard's days. Mr. Marks in his turn has done it justice in this forcible but unexaggerated picture. Mr. Pettie's "Terms to the Besieged" is good, although perhaps a trace less faithful. We who are being taught to look for the true life in the true forms of nature have our doubts about the man in armour with mailed hand of war clenched ostentatiously and naked hand offering the grasp of friendship thrown abroad with energy. His prominent figure slightly suggests that clever artistic confectionery which is served up in popular woodcuts. But there is variety and ingenuity in the gaunt faces of the six councillors; such as the burghers of Ghent might have been, besieged by the Count of Flanders at that time when Clara brought her tales of famine to Van Artevelde. Yet there must be fault in such a picture when it does not touch us very seriously. The man at arms is perhaps too picturesque; the faces of the burghers are well studied, the best that of the armed chief of the garrison. Pictures are seen under trying conditions in the crowd at the Academy. A clergyman on the toe may make some difference in one's opinion of the picture which is being seen imperfectly as he descends upon us, and may even modify one's power of enjoyment for the next half-hour. "Terms to the Besieged" is beyond question

a very clever work ; and others may have felt it as the artist meant it should be felt. Still, perhaps, it would be well if the messenger from the Count of Flanders, or whoever else may be outside, had struck a less obtrusively fine attitude.

There is no defect of this kind in Mr. F. Walker's "Harbour of Refuge;" only the garden behind a range of red-brick almshouses, with its ivied chapel, the place of rest for a few people who have found no home in the great world outside. This surely is one of the best pictures of its kind. In its whole effect there is a quiet beauty that gives rest to the eye, the details are simple and unforced. A few old folks come in and out of their doors, are led into the sun, gossip or doze upon the bench about the statue on the lawn, are individually true and full of separate suggestion, while they blend into expression of a single mood of thought. There is spring blossom about them, but on the grass in the foreground is the suggestive figure of the Mower, and near him the bowed form of age, an old woman tottering upon the arm of a poor girl who has her young thoughts abroad. All is good. For years one seems to have known the thin and restless little man in black among those about the statue, who perks up to hear a bit of newspaper droned out to him. In the course of his life he has fidgeted himself into and out of forty ways of failing to make money. The few figures scattered about are as simple as they would be if we really saw them, and yet—or, and therefore—they are also as suggestive. In painting as in writing strength is lost by overstrain.

Energy perhaps is a little sacrificed to beauty of design and colouring in Mr. Leighton's "Summer Moon." In this, and in Mr. Leighton's "After Vespers," I can see only the loveliest of wall ornaments. Doubtless there is more to be seen, and with longer acquaintance the right knowledge may come. At present I find in them deliciousness of form and colour, nothing more. "Summer Moon" is a sort of flower painting with forms of fair women for the flowers. What then? It may be possible to care too little for that view of life. Too little,—and too much?

The light of the harvest moon shines golden on the tips of the white sheaves, and falls full on the sheaf of the thin gleaner who with grace of womanhood in poor and scanty dress is leaving the harvest field with the mowers and the binders of the sheaves. One with a fiddle ready tells of love and music in the cots where simple shepherds dwell. There is a poem to be felt in Mr. G. A. Mason's pale picture of "The Harvest Moon," although his enforcement of the main idea by making the moonlight shine as gold upon the corn puzzles a few. "That moonlight!" we hear them say as they look. "I never saw such moonlight as that." The picture has its own pale beauty; some figures in it recall Mulready, and its beauty comes of

a right feeling of simple truth. Poverty is there in its leanness and its patches, but the glory from the heavens is upon it, and the common brotherhood of life shines out of it; though clay and clay differ in dignity, whose dust is both alike. Of course there is never a year of pictures in the English Academy without several suggestions of the grave-digger's lesson or the refrain of the dirge over Fidele,—

“The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.”

The quietest and best repetition of the old moral this year is Mr. T. Faed's “God's Acre.”

There is a Shakespeare study in three compartments by Mr. A. Hughes, of the spirit of “As You Like It,” set to the air of Amiens' song,—

“Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.”

The painter felt the play before he made the picture it suggested. In the centre is the Forest of Arden, with the Duke who has taken refuge in nature from that ingratitude of man whereof Amiens is singing, with Jaques who moralises, and for chief figures young Orlando, strong in human friendship, bearing up his venerable burden of the faithful Adam. On one side of the centre-piece is Touchstone courting rustic Audrey as she finds blackberries upon the bramble bush; and on the other side the courtly Rosalind at home with nature, feels the love of one who has been hanging tongues on every tree. Thus from what Shakespeare made to be the seal of his own play, Mr. Hughes has brought poetic life into his picture.

We abound also in small domestic scenes which depend for interest on the old commonplaces of love and religion. They never cease, and never may they cease. We commonplace folk care for Mr. J. Clark's little naked toddler who runs “all alone” from the bath by the mother to the father's arms; and we care for his dumpling child watching and imitating the big sister who makes “dumplings,” but do we see sunshine or flour on the big sister's face? We think, and we are right in thinking, much of Mr. H. Carter's “Music hath charms,” where with the dulcet notes of his tin pipe a boy on a scullery bench charms the ear of a little girl till the hand begins to relax that holds the spoon, and music becomes more to her than bread and milk. There is delicate perception in it, harmony of colour, and the figure of the little child who listens is full of unforced expression. We like also Mr. Hardy's carefully finished picture of two little cottage children ending the day by their bedside with prayer at their mother's knee, while the setting sun shines through

and between the half-drawn curtains to touch them with its light. The work is good as a picture, but we English Academy-goers like it also for its theme. Mr. Hardy has another picture of a quartette party in a country cottage; village friends, companions who begin with Beethoven and end with cake and wine, happy in the good fellowship proper to those who, when they meet, have music in their souls. But there is no middle place for such pictures. If they slide into namby pamby they are of all affectations least endurable. There is a pleasant suggestion in the child's face on the sturdy shoulders of the man in Mr. J. H. S. Mann's "Will Fern and Lilian." Mr. E. Nicol's two old weather-beaten Scotchmen given as studies of facial expression, one counting "His Bawbees," the other, with a letter to answer, "Bothered," are also good examples of an old familiar kind, that will not pass out of fashion. But we may grow weary of the polite picnic as subject for a picture. Mr. Calderon's "Summer" represents a fishing party of fashionable ladies and gentlemen by the river who, as the author tells us, "feast on the water with the prey they take." Their prey being lobster salad, this is curious. Let us all be free to talk about perspective and admire it in Mr. C. Calthrop's picture gallery, traversed by an old man and a youth who pass through the line of their ancestors "From Generation to Generation." But why does the young man flaunt himself at home in a full suit of white satin? There is a lady in some other picture telling fairy tales to a child, with nobody by, and she is resplendent by her own fireside in yellow satin. It is a good thing to paint satin well, though not at the expense of simple truth in the main treatment of a picture. But enough has been said to show that there is evidence in this year's Exhibition of a tendency among our rising figure painters to maintain the dignity of art in this respect.

There is the same to be said for our paintings from external nature. As one enters the Exhibition and looks straight ahead, there is encouragement in the great picture that draws our eyes to itself from the end of the second room, Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Panic," a fine study of cattle alarmed by a clap of thunder. This picture is alive, and in its own branch of art a masterpiece. Mr. Hook's blending of human interest with scenery of shore and sea has lost none of its truth and freshness, but it may not be superfluous to point to the two pictures by Mr. J. Brett, "Whitesand Bay," and "The South Bishop Rock," which seek to reproduce, with an extreme fidelity, peculiar aspects of the water. The resolve to go straight to nature and learn from herself how to express her moods, which is bringing health into the English school of painting, is conspicuously illustrated in these pictures by Mr. Brett. Then there is Mr. Vicat Cole's large picture of wide woodland landscape at "Noon," seen from a sandy heath on the brow of a hill. There is Mr. P. Graham's

wall of cliff, wild sea, and air thick with watery vapour, the "Cradle of the Sea Bird." There is the artistic truth of Mr. J. Smart's picture of "The auld peat hobs o' Dumvaich," and not far from it another fresh bit of sea painting in Mr. C. Hunter's "Herring Trawlers." Mr. H. Cameron makes a good picture of a Scottish village street, with a group of girls by "The Village Well." Its sober tint contrasts with the brightness of Mr. W. Gale's "Rose Garden," hung next to it, but each picture has gained by such hanging.

We may go to see pictures at the Academy with any one of three objects. We may go to see the works of men whose names have been before the public for the life-time of a generation; to regret that such men do not paint for ever, know that some are dead, and inform our neighbours that we shall never see their like again. So it may be said thirty years hence of some who are now new to fame by those of us who learn to know them while their fame is growing. Then, again, we may go to look at the commonplace work which is always plentiful in art, in literature, in tailoring and candlestick making; we may fix our minds upon that, sigh over it as men superior to all we survey—or choose to see—and say that art is going to the dogs, that there never was such a dull Exhibition as this is, which is what we said last year of the last, and shall say of the next when its turn comes. Or we may go to study the form—for there must needs be the substance—of that share of divine energy which belongs to the youth of every period, do what it may. It may be working in a right or wrong direction, but it must be there. How is it now? Conventional ideas of dignity and beauty once misled many a man of genius, who "scorned all earthly dung-bred scarabæes," but now our painters feel, as Wordsworth felt, the spirit of the time, and draw their sense of dignity and beauty from a simple study and exact acceptance of the truths about them. "Dear Brother Jim" told his young friend Wordsworth that he would make himself eternally ridiculous if he published so absurd a commonplace as "We are Seven." For brother Jim saw only the matter of fact in the theme. The poet expressed through it, as he meant to express, the sense of immortality as something natural to man. Artists or no artists, we must take the world as we find it, and find in it the best our natures will enable us to see.

HENRY MORLEY.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

WHEN we left Lady Eustace alone in her bedroom at the Carlisle hotel after the discovery of the robbery, she had very many cares upon her mind. The necklace was, indeed, safe under her pillow in the bed; but when all the people were around her,—her own friends, and the police, and they who were concerned with the inn,—she had not told them that it was so, but had allowed them to leave her with the belief that the diamonds had gone with the box. Even at this moment, as she knew well, steps were being taken to discover the thieves, and to make public the circumstances of the robbery. Already, no doubt, the fact that her chamber had been entered in the night, and her jewel-box withdrawn, was known to the London police officers. In such circumstances how could she now tell the truth? But it might be that already had the thieves been taken. In that case would not the truth be known, even though she should not tell it? Then she thought for a while that she would get rid of the diamonds altogether, so that no one should know aught of them. If she could only think of a place fit for such purpose she would so hide them that no human ingenuity could discover them. Let the thieves say what they might, her word would, in such case, be better than that of the thieves. She would declare that the jewels had been in the box when the box was taken. The thieves would swear that the box had been empty. She would appeal to the absence of the diamonds, and the thieves,—who would be known as thieves,—would be supposed, even by their own friends and associates, to have disposed of the diamonds before they had been taken. There would be a mystery in all this, and a cunning cleverness, the idea of which had in itself a certain charm for Lizzie Eustace. She would have all the world at a loss. Mr. Camperdown could do nothing further to harass her; and would have been, so far, overcome. She would be saved from the feeling of public defeat in the affair of the necklace, which would be very dreadful to her. Lord Fawn might probably be again at her feet. And in all the fuss and rumour which such an affair would make in London, there would be nothing of which she need be ashamed. She liked the idea, and she had grown to be very sick of the necklace.

But what should she do with it? It was, at this moment, between her fingers beneath the pillow. If she were minded,—and she thought she was so minded,—to get rid of it altogether, the sea

would be the place. Could she make up her mind absolutely to destroy so large a property, it would be best for her to have recourse to "her own broad waves," as she called them even to herself. It was within the "friendly depths of her own rock-girt ocean" that she should find a grave for her great trouble. But now her back was to the sea, and she could hardly insist on returning to Portray without exciting a suspicion that might be fatal to her.

And then might it not be possible to get altogether quit of the diamonds and yet to retain the power of future possession? She knew that she was running into debt, and that money would, some day, be much needed. Her acquaintance with Mr. Benjamin, the jeweller, was a fact often present to her mind. She might not be able to get ten thousand pounds from Mr. Benjamin;—but if she could get eight, or six, or even five, how pleasant would it be! If she could put away the diamonds for three or four years,—if she could so hide them that no human eyes could see them till she should again produce them to the light,—surely, after so long an interval, they might be made available! But where should be found such hiding-place? She understood well how great was the peril while the necklace was in her own immediate keeping. Any accident might discover it, and if the slightest suspicion were aroused, the police would come upon her with violence and discover it. But surely there must be some such hiding-place,—if only she could think of it! Then her mind reverted to all the stories she had ever heard of mysterious villainies. There must be some way of accomplishing this thing, if she could only bring her mind to work upon it exclusively. A hole dug deep into the ground;—would not that be the place? But then, where should the hole be dug? In what spot should she trust the earth? If anywhere, it must be at Portray. But now she was going from Portray to London. It seemed to her to be certain that she could dig no hole in London that would be secret to herself. Nor could she trust herself, during the hour or two that remained to her, to find such a hole in Carlisle.

What she wanted was a friend;—some one that she could trust. But she had no such friend. She could not dare to give the jewels up to Lord George. So tempted, would not any Corsair appropriate the treasure? And if, as might be possible, she were mistaken about him and he was no Corsair, then would he betray her to the police? She thought of all her dearest friends,—Frank Greystock, Mrs. Carbuncle, Lucinda, Miss Macnulty,—even of Patience Crabstick,—but there was no friend whom she could trust. Whatever she did she must do alone! She began to fear that the load of thought required would be more than she could bear. One thing, however, was certain to her;—she could not now venture to tell them all that the necklace was in her possession, and that the stolen box had been empty.

Thinking of all this, she went to sleep,—still holding the packet tight between her fingers,—and in this position was awakened at about ten by a knock at the door from her friend, Mrs. Carbuncle. Lizzie jumped out of bed, and admitted her friend, admitting also Patience Crabstick. “You had better get up now, dear,” said Mrs. Carbuncle. “We are all going to breakfast.” Lizzie declared herself to be so fluttered, that she must have her breakfast up-stairs. No one was to wait for her. Crabstick would go down and fetch for her a cup of tea,—and just a morsel of something to eat. “You can’t be surprised that I shouldn’t be quite myself,” said Lizzie.

Mrs. Carbuncle’s surprise did not run at all in that direction. Both Mrs. Carbuncle and Lord George had been astonished to find how well she bore her loss. Lord George gave her credit for real bravery. Mrs. Carbuncle suggested, in a whisper, that perhaps she regarded the theft as an easy way out of a lawsuit. “I suppose you know, George, they would have got it from her.” Then Lord George whistled, and, in another whisper, declared that, if the little adventure had all been arranged by Lady Eustace herself with the view of getting the better of Mr. Camperdown, his respect for that lady would be very greatly raised. “If,” said Lord George, “it turns out that she has had a couple of bravos in her pay, like an old Italian marquis, I shall think very highly of her indeed.” This had occurred before Mrs. Carbuncle came up to Lizzie’s room;—but neither of them for a moment suspected that the necklace was still within the hotel.

The box had been found, and a portion of the fragments were brought into the room while the party were still at breakfast. Lizzie was not in the room, but the news was at once taken up to her by Crabstick, together with a pheasant’s wing and some buttered toast. In a recess beneath an archway running under the railroad, not distant from the hotel above a hundred and fifty yards, the iron box had been found. It had been forced open, so said the sergeant of police, with tools of the finest steel, peculiarly made for such purpose. The sergeant of police was quite sure that the thing had been done by London men who were at the very top of their trade. It was manifest that nothing had been spared. Every motion of the party must have been known to them, and probably one of the adventurers had travelled in the same train with them. And the very doors of the bedroom in the hotel had been measured by the man who had cut out the bolt. The sergeant of police was almost lost in admiration;—but the superintendent of police, whom Lord George saw more than once, was discreet and silent. To the superintendent of police it was by no means sure that Lord George himself might not be fond of diamonds. Of a suspicion flying so delightfully high as this, he breathed no word to any one; but simply suggested that he should like to retain the companionship of one of the party. If Lady Eustace could dis-

pense with the services of the tall footman, the tall footman might be found useful at Carlisle. It was arranged, therefore, that the tall footman should remain ;—and the tall footman did remain, though not with his own consent.

The whole party, including Lady Eustace herself and Patience Crabstick, were called upon to give their evidence to the Carlisle magistrates before they could proceed to London. This Lizzie did, having the necklace at that moment locked up in her desk at the inn. The diamonds were supposed to be worth ten thousand pounds. There was to be a lawsuit about them. She did not for a moment doubt that they were her property. She had been very careful about the diamonds because of the lawsuit. Fearing that Mr. Camperdown might wrest them from her possession, she had caused the iron box to be made. She had last seen the diamonds on the evening before her departure from Portray. She had then herself locked them up, and she now produced the key. The lock was still so far uninjured that the key would turn it. That was her evidence. Crabstick, with a good deal of reticence, supported her mistress. She had seen the diamonds, no doubt, but had not seen them often. She had seen them down at Portray ; but not for ever so long. Crabstick had very little to say about them ; but the clever superintendent was by no means sure that Crabstick did not know more than she said. Mrs. Carbuncle and Lord George had also seen the diamonds at Portray. There was no doubt whatever as to the diamonds having been in the iron box ;—nor was there, said Lord George, any doubt but that this special necklace had acquired so much public notice from the fact of the threatened lawsuit, as might make its circumstances and value known to London thieves. The tall footman was not examined ; but was detained by the police under a remand given by the magistrates.

Much information as to what had been done oozed out in spite of the precautions of the discreet superintendent. The wires had been put into operation in every direction, and it had been discovered that one man whom nobody knew had left the down mail train at Annan, and another at Dumfries. These men had taken tickets by the train leaving Carlisle between four and five A.M., and were supposed to have been the two thieves. It had been nearly seven before the theft had been discovered, and by that time not only had the men reached the towns named, but had had time to make their way back again or farther on into Scotland. At any rate, for the present, all trace of them was lost. The sergeant of police did not doubt but that one of these men was making his way up to London with the necklace in his pocket. This was told to Lizzie by Lord George ; and though she was awe-struck by the danger of her situation, she nevertheless did feel some satisfaction in remembering that she and she only held the key of the mystery. And then as to those poor thieves ! What

must have been their consternation when they found, after all the labour and perils of the night, that the box contained no diamonds,—that the treasure was not there, and that they were nevertheless bound to save themselves by flight and stratagem from the hands of the police! Lizzie, as she thought of this, almost pitied the poor thieves. What a consternation there would be among the Camperdowns and Garnetts, among the Mopuses and Benjamins, when the news was heard in London! Lizzie almost enjoyed it. As her mind went on making fresh schemes on the subject, a morbid desire of increasing the mystery took possession of her. She was quite sure that nobody knew her secret, and that nobody as yet could even guess it. There was great danger, but there might be delight and even profit if she could safely dispose of the jewels before suspicion against herself should be aroused. She could understand that a rumour should get to the police that the box had been empty, even if the thieves were not taken; but such rumour would avail nothing if she could only dispose of the diamonds. As she first thought of all this, the only plan hitherto suggested to herself would require her immediate return to Portray. If she were at Portray she could find a spot where she could bury the necklace. But she was obliged to allow herself now to be hurried up to London. When she got into the train the little parcel was in her desk, and the key of her desk was fastened round her neck.

They had secured a department for themselves from Carlisle to London, and of course filled four seats. "As I am alive," said Lord George, as soon as the train had left the station, "that head policeman thinks that I am the thief!" Mrs. Carbuncle laughed. Lizzie protested that this was absurd. Lucinda declared that such a suspicion would be vastly amusing. "It's a fact," continued Lord George. "I can see it in the fellow's eye, and I feel it to be a compliment. They are so very 'cute that they delight in suspicions. I remember when the altar-plate was stolen from Barchester Cathedral some years ago, a splendid idea occurred to one of the police, that the Bishop had taken it!"

"Really?" asked Lizzie.

"Oh, yes;—really. I don't doubt but that there is already a belief in some of their minds that you have stolen your own diamonds for the sake of getting the better of Mr. Camperdown."

"But what could I do with them if I had?" asked Lizzie.

"Sell them, of course. There is always a market for such goods."

"But who would buy them?"

"If you have been so clever, Lady Eustace, I'll find a purchaser for them. One would have to go a good distance to do it,—and there would be some expense. But the thing could be done. Vienna, I should think would be about the place."

"Very well, then," said Lizzie. "You won't be surprised if I ask you to take the journey for me." Then they all laughed, and were very much amused. It was quite agreed among them that Lizzie bore her loss very well.

"I shouldn't care the least for losing them," said Lizzie,—“only that Florian gave them to me. They have been such a vexation to me that to be without them will be a comfort.” Her desk had been brought into the carriage and was now used as a footstool in the place of the box which was gone.

They arrived at Mrs. Carbuncle's house in Hertford Street quite late, between ten and eleven;—but a note had been sent from Lizzie to her cousin Frank's address from the Euston Square station by a commissionaire. Indeed, two notes were sent,—one to the House of Commons, and the other to the Grosvenor Hotel. “My necklace has been stolen. Come to me early to-morrow at Mrs. Carbuncle's house, No. —, Hertford Street.” And he did come,—before Lizzie was up. Crabstick brought her mistress word that Mr. Greystock was in the parlour soon after nine o'clock. Lizzie again hurried on her clothes so that she might see her cousin, taking care as she did so that though her toilet might betray haste, it should not be other than charming. And as she dressed she endeavoured to come to some conclusion. Would it not be best for her that she should tell everything to her cousin, and throw herself upon his mercy, trusting to his ingenuity to extricate her from her difficulties? She had been thinking of her position almost through the entire night, and had remembered that at Carlisle she had committed perjury. She had sworn that the diamonds had been left by her in the box. And should they be found with her it might be that they would put her in gaol for stealing them. Little mercy could she expect from Mr. Camperdown should she fall into that gentleman's hands! But Frank, if she would even yet tell him everything honestly, might probably save her.

“What is this about the diamonds?” he asked as soon as he saw her. She had flown almost into his arms as though carried there by the excitement of the moment. “You don't really mean that they have been stolen?”

“I do, Frank.”

“On the journey?”

“Yes, Frank;—at the inn at Carlisle.”

“Box and all?” Then she told him the whole story;—not the true story, but the story as it was believed by all the world. She found it to be impossible to tell him the true story. “And the box was broken open, and left in the street?”

“Under an archway,” said Lizzie.

“And what do the police think?”

"I don't know what they think. Lord George says that they believe he is the thief."

"He knew of them," said Frank, as though he imagined that the suggestion was not altogether absurd.

"Oh, yes;—he knew of them."

"And what is to be done?"

"I don't know. I've sent for you to tell me." Then Frank averred that information should be immediately given to Mr. Camperdown. He would himself call on Mr. Camperdown, and would also see the head of the police. He did not doubt but that all the circumstances were already known in London at the police office;—but it might be well that he should see the officer. He was acquainted with the gentleman, and might perhaps learn something. Lizzie at once acceded, and Frank went direct to Mr. Camperdown's offices. "If I had lost ten thousand pounds in that way," said Mrs. Carbuncle, "I think I should have broken my heart." Lizzie felt that her heart was bursting rather than being broken, because the ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds was not really lost.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LUCY MORRIS IN BROOK STREET.

LUCY MORRIS went to Lady Linlithgow early in October, and was still with Lady Linlithgow when Lizzie Eustace returned to London in January. During these three months she certainly had not been happy. In the first place, she had not once seen her lover. This had aroused no anger or suspicion in her bosom against him, because the old countess had told her that she would have no lover come to the house, and that, above all, she would not allow a young man with whom she herself was connected to come in that guise to her companion. "From all I hear," said Lady Linlithgow, "it's not at all likely to be a match;—and at any rate it can't go on here." Lucy thought she would be doing no more than standing up properly for her lover by asserting her conviction that it would be a match;—and she did assert it bravely; but she made no petition for his presence, and bore that trouble bravely. In the next place Frank was not a satisfactory correspondent. He did write to her occasionally;—and he wrote also to the old countess immediately on his return to town from Bobsborough a letter which was intended as an answer to that which she had written to Mrs. Greystock. What was said in that letter Lucy never knew;—but she did know that Frank's few letters to herself were not full and hearty,—were not such

thorough-going love-letters as lovers write to each other when they feel unlimited satisfaction in the work. She excused him,—telling herself that he was overworked, that with his double trade of legislator and lawyer he could hardly be expected to write letters,—that men, in respect of letter-writing, are not as women are, and the like; but still there grew at her heart a little weed of care, which from week to week spread its noxious, heavy-scented leaves, and robbed her of her joyousness. To be loved by her lover, and to feel that she was his,—to have a lover of her own to whom she could thoroughly devote herself,—to be conscious that she was one of those happy women in the world who find a mate worthy of worship as well as love,—this to her was so great a joy that even the sadness of her present position could not utterly depress her. From day to day she assured herself that she did not doubt and would not doubt,—that there was no cause for doubt;—that she would herself be base were she to admit any shadow of suspicion. But yet his absence,—and the shortness of those little notes, which came perhaps once a fortnight, did tell upon her in opposition to her own convictions. Each note as it came was answered,—instantly; but she would not write except when the notes came. She would not seem to reproach him by writing oftener than he wrote. When he had given her so much, and she had nothing but her confidence to give in return, would she stint him in that? There can be no love, she said, without confidence, and it was the pride of her heart to love him.

The circumstances of her present life were desperately weary to her. She could hardly understand why it was that Lady Linlithgow should desire her presence. She was required to do nothing. She had no duties to perform, and, as it seemed to her, was of no use to any one. The countess would not even allow her to be of ordinary service in the house. Lady Linlithgow, as she had said of herself, poked her own fires, carved her own meat, lit her own candles, opened and shut the doors for herself, wrote her own letters,—and did not even like to have books read to her. She simply chose to have some one sitting with her to whom she could speak and make little cross-grained, sarcastic, and ill-natured remarks. There was no company at the house in Brook Street, and when the countess herself went out, she went out alone. Even when she had a cab to go shopping, or to make calls, she rarely asked Lucy to go with her,—and was benevolent chiefly in this,—that if Lucy chose to walk round the square or as far as the park, her ladyship's maid was allowed to accompany her for protection. Poor Lucy often told herself that such a life would be unbearable,—were it not for the supreme satisfaction she had in remembering her lover. And then the arrangement had been made only for six months. She did not feel quite assured of her fate at the end of those six months, but she

believed that there would come to her a residence in a sort of outer garden to that sweet Elysium in which she was to pass her life. The Elysium would be Frank's house; and the outer garden was the deanery at Bobsborough.

Twice during the three months Lady Fawn, with two of the girls, came to call upon her. On the first occasion she was unluckily out, taking advantage of the protection of her ladyship's maid in getting a little air. Lady Linlithgow had also been away, and Lady Fawn had seen no one. Afterwards, both Lucy and her ladyship were found at home, and Lady Fawn was full of graciousness and affection. "I daresay you've got something to say to each other," said Lady Linlithgow, "and I'll go away."

"Pray don't let us disturb you," said Lady Fawn.

"You'd only abuse me if I didn't," said Lady Linlithgow.

As soon as she was gone Lucy rushed into her friend's arms. "It is so nice to see you again."

"Yes, my dear, isn't it? I did come before, you know."

"You have been so good to me! To see you again is like the violets and primroses." She was crouching close to Lady Fawn, with her hand in that of her friend Lydia. "I haven't a word to say against Lady Linlithgow, but it is like winter here, after dear Richmond."

"Well;—we think we're prettier at Richmond," said Lady Fawn.

"There were such hundreds of things to do there," said Lucy.

"After all, what a comfort it is to have things to do!"

"Why did you come away?" said Lydia.

"Oh, I was obliged. You mustn't scold me now that you have come to see me."

There were a hundred things to be said about Fawn Court and the children, and a hundred more things about Lady Linlithgow and Brook Street. Then, at last, Lady Fawn asked the one important question. "And now, my dear, what about Mr. Greystock?"

"Oh,—I don't know;—nothing particular, Lady Fawn. It's just as it was, and I am—quite satisfied."

"You see him sometimes?"

"No, never. I have not seen him since the last time he came down to Richmond. Lady Linlithgow doesn't allow—followers." There was a pleasant little sparkle of laughter in Lucy's eye as she said this, which would have told to any bystander the whole story of the affection which existed between her and Lady Fawn.

"That's very ill-natured," said Lydia.

"And he's a sort of cousin too," said Lady Fawn.

"That's just the reason why," said Lucy, explaining. "Of course, Lady Linlithgow thinks that her sister's son can do better than marry her companion. It's a matter of course she should think so."

What I am most afraid of is that the dean and Mrs. Greystock should think so too."

No doubt the dean and Mrs. Greystock would think so:—Lady Fawn was very sure of that. Lady Fawn was one of the best women breathing,—unselfish, motherly, affectionate, appreciative, and never happy unless she was doing good to somebody. It was her nature to be soft, and kind, and beneficent. But she knew very well that if she had had a son,—a second son,—situated as was Frank Greystock, she would not wish him to marry a girl without a penny, who was forced to earn her bread by being a governess. The sacrifice on Mr. Greystock's part would, in her estimation, be so great, that she did not believe that it would be made. Woman-like, she regarded the man as being so much more important than the woman, that she could not think that Frank Greystock would devote himself simply to such a one as Lucy Morris. Had Lady Fawn been asked which was the better creature of the two, her late governess or the rising barrister who had declared himself to be that governess's lover, she would have said that no man could be better than Lucy. She knew Lucy's worth and goodness so well that she was ready herself to do any act of friendship on behalf of one so sweet and excellent. For herself and her girls Lucy was a companion and friend in every way satisfactory. But was it probable that a man of the world, such as was Frank Greystock, a rising man, a member of Parliament, one who, as everybody knew, was especially in want of money,—was it probable that such a man as this would make her his wife just because she was good, and worthy, and sweet-natured? No doubt the man had said that he would do so,—and Lady Fawn's fears betrayed on her ladyship's part a very bad opinion of men in general. It may seem to be a paradox to assert that such bad opinion sprung from the high idea which she entertained of the importance of men in general;—but it was so. She had but one son, and of all her children he was the least worthy; but he was more important to her than all her daughters. Between her own girls and Lucy she hardly made any difference;—but when her son had chosen to quarrel with Lucy, it had been necessary to send Lucy to eat her meals up-stairs. She could not believe that Mr. Greystock should think so much of such a little girl as to marry her. Mr. Greystock would no doubt behave very badly in not doing so;—but then men do so often behave very badly! And at the bottom of her heart she almost thought that they might be excused for doing so. According to her view of things, a man out in the world had so many things to think of, and was so very important, that he could hardly be expected to act at all times with truth and sincerity.

Lucy had suggested that the dean and Mrs. Greystock would dislike the marriage, and upon that hint Lady Fawn spoke.

"Nothing is settled, I suppose, as to where you are to go when the six months are over?"

"Nothing as yet, Lady Fawn."

"They haven't asked you to go to Bobsborough?"

Lucy would have given the world not to blush as she answered, but she did blush. "Nothing is fixed, Lady Fawn."

"Something should be fixed, Lucy. It should be settled by this time;—shouldn't it, dear? What will you do without a home, if at the end of the six months Lady Linlithgow should say that she doesn't want you any more?"

Lucy certainly did not look forward to a condition in which Lady Linlithgow should be the arbitress of her destiny. The idea of staying with the countess was almost as bad to her as that of finding herself altogether homeless. She was still blushing, feeling herself to be hot and embarrassed. But Lady Fawn sat, waiting for an answer. To Lucy there was only one answer possible. "I will ask Mr. Greystock what I am to do." Lady Fawn shook her head. "You don't believe in Mr. Greystock, Lady Fawn; but I do."

"My darling girl," said her ladyship, making the special speech for the sake of making which she had travelled up from Richmond,—"it is not exactly a question of belief, but one of common prudence. No girl should allow herself to depend on a man before she is married to him. By doing so she will be apt to lose even his respect."

"I didn't mean for money," said Lucy, hotter than ever, with her eyes full of tears.

"She should not be in any respect at his disposal till he has bound himself to her at the altar. You may believe me, Lucy, when I tell you so. It is only because I love you so that I say so."

"I know that, Lady Fawn."

"When your time here is over, just put up your things and come back to Richmond. You need fear nothing with us. Frederic quite liked your way of parting with him at last, and all that little affair is forgotten. At Fawn Court you'll be safe; and you shall be happy too, if we can make you happy. It's the proper place for you."

"Of course you'll come," said Diana Fawn.

"You'll be the worst little thing in the world if you don't," said Lydia. "We don't know what to do without you. Do we, mamma?"

"Lucy will please us all by coming back to her old home," said Lady Fawn. The tears were now streaming down Lucy's face, so that she was hardly able to say a word in answer to all this kindness. And she did not know what word to say. Were she to accept the offer made to her, and acknowledge that she could do nothing better

716

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

than creep back under her old friend's wing,—would she not thereby be showing that she doubted her lover? And yet she could not go to the dean's house unless the dean and his wife were pleased to take her; and, suspecting as she did, that they would not be pleased, would it become her to throw upon her lover the burthen of finding for her a home with people who did not want her? Had she been welcome at Bobsborough, Mrs. Greystock would surely have so told her before this. "You needn't say a word, my dear," said Lady Fawn. "You'll come, and there's an end of it."

"But you don't want me any more," said Lucy, from amidst her

know about it," said Lydia. "We d

Lady Linlithgo

"But you don't want me any more," said Lydia. "We do not."

"That's just all that you know about it," said Lady Linlithgow, "I wonder whether I may come in now," said Lady Linlithgow, as it was now mid-winter, and as the fire in the dining-room had been allowed, as was usual, to sink almost to two hot coals, the request was not unreasonable. Lady Fawn was profuse in her thanks, and immediately began to account for Lucy's tears, pleading their dear friendship, and their long absence, and poor Lucy's emotional state of mind. Then she took her leave, and Lucy, as soon as she had been kissed by her friends outside the drawing-room door, took herself to her bedroom, and finished her tears in the cold.

"Have you heard the news?" said Lady Linlithgow to her companion about a month after this. Lady Linlithgow had been out, and asked the question immediately on her return. Lucy, of course, had heard no news. "Lizzie Eustace has just come back to London, and has had all her jewels stolen on the road." Lucy, of course, "The diamonds?" asked Lucy, with amaze. "They've been taken, anyway; and Eustace diamonds! And they didn't belong to her; she had arranged if she had arranged."

"The diamonds?" asked Lucy, with amazement. "Yes,—the Eustace diamonds! And they didn't belong to him any more than they did to you. They've been taken, anyway; and arranged that they should be stolen?"

"Arranged that they should be stolen?"

"Just that, my dear. It would be the very thing for I Eustace to do. She's clever enough for anything."

"But, Lady Linlithgow——"

"Of course, it would be very wicked to put in the dock and tried for one of these days."

"Just that, my dear. It was arranged that they should have a little business transacted to-day, and then I was to have called on you."

"But, Lady Linlithgow——"

"I know all about that. Of course, it would be very wicked if it were found out she'd be put in the dock and tried for it. It is just what I expect she'll come to some of these days. I have gone and got up a friendship with some disreputable people, travelling with them. There was a man who calls him George de Bruce Carruthers. I know him, and can remember him as an errand-boy to a disreputable lawyer at Aberdeen. I was false on the part of the countess; I

had never been an errand-boy, and the Aberdeen lawyer,—as provincial Scotch lawyers go,—had been by no means disreputable. “I’m told that the police think that he has got them.”

“How very dreadful!”

“Yes;—it’s dreadful enough. At any rate, men got into Lizzie’s room at night and took away the iron box and diamonds and all. It may be she was asleep at the time;—but she’s one of those who pretty nearly always sleep with one eye open.”

“She can’t be so bad as that, Lady Linlithgow.”

“Perhaps not. We shall see. They had just begun a lawsuit about the diamonds,—to get them back. And then all at once,—they’re stolen. It looks what the men call—fishy. I’m told that all the police in London are up about it.”

On the very next day who should come to Brook Street, but Lizzie Eustace herself. She and her aunt had quarrelled, and they hated each other;—but the old woman had called upon Lizzie, advising her, as the reader will perhaps remember, to give up the diamonds, and now Lizzie returned the visit. “So you’re here, installed in poor Macnulty’s place,” began Lizzie to her old friend, the countess at the moment being out of the room.

“I am staying with your aunt for a few months,—as her companion. Is it true, Lizzie, that all your diamonds have been stolen?” Lizzie gave an account of the robbery, true in every respect, except in regard to the contents of the box. Poor Lizzie had been wronged in that matter by the countess, for the robbery had been quite genuine. The man had opened her room and taken her box, and she had slept through it all. And then the broken box had been found, and was in the hands of the police, and was evidence of the fact.

“People seem to think it possible,” said Lizzie, “that Mr. Camperdown the lawyer arranged it all.” As this suggestion was being made Lady Linlithgow came in, and then Lizzie repeated the whole story of the robbery. Though the aunt and niece were open and declared enemies, the present circumstances were so peculiar and full of interest that conversation, for a time almost amicable, took place between them. “As the diamonds were so valuable, I thought it right, Aunt Susanna, to come and tell you myself.”

“It’s very good of you, but I’d heard it already. I was telling Miss Morris yesterday what very odd things there are being said about it.”

“Weren’t you very much frightened?” asked Lucy.

“You see, my child, I knew nothing about it till it was all over. The man cut the bit out of the door in the most beautiful way, without my ever hearing the least sound of the saw.”

“And you that sleep so light,” said the countess.

"They say that perhaps something was put into the wine at dinner to make me sleep."

"Ah," ejaculated the countess, who did not for a moment give up her own erroneous suspicion ;—"very likely."

"And they do say these people can do things without making the slightest tittle of noise. At any rate, the box was gone."

"And the diamonds?" asked Lucy.

"Oh yes ;—of course. And now there is such a fuss about it! The police keep on coming to me almost every day."

"And what do the police think?" asked Lady Linlithgow. "I'm told that they have their suspicions."

"No doubt they have their suspicions," said Lizzie.

"You travelled up with friends, I suppose."

"Oh yes,—with Lord George de Bruce Carruthers ; and with Mrs. Carbuncle,—who is my particular friend, and with Lucinda Roanoke, who is just going to be married to Sir Griffin Tewett. We were quite a large party."

"And Macnulty?"

"No. I left Miss Macnulty at Portray with my darling. They thought he had better remain a little longer in Scotland."

"Ah yes ;—perhaps Lord George de Bruce Carruthers does not care for babies. I can easily believe that. I wish Macnulty had been with you."

"Why do you wish that?" said Lizzie, who already was beginning to feel that the countess intended, as usual, to make herself disagreeable.

"She's a stupid, dull, pig-headed creature ; but one can believe what she says."

"And don't you believe what I say?" demanded Lizzie.

"It's all true, no doubt, that the diamonds are gone."

"Indeed it is."

"But I don't know much about Lord George de Bruce Carruthers."

"He's the brother of a marquis, anyway," said Lizzie, who thought that she might thus best answer the mother of a Scotch earl.

"I remember when he was plain George Carruthers, running about the streets of Aberdeen, and it was well with him when his shoes weren't broken at the toes and down at heel. He earned his bread then, such as it was ; nobody knows how he gets it now. Why does he call himself de Bruce, I wonder."

"Because his godfathers and godmothers gave him that name when he was made a child of Christ, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," said Lizzie, ever so pertly.

"I don't believe a bit of it."

"—see. Aunt Susanna ; and therefore I can't swa

to it. That's his name in all the peerages, and I suppose they ought to know."

"And what does Lord George de Bruce say about the diamonds?"

Now it had come to pass that Lady Eustace herself did not feel altogether sure that Lord George had not had a hand in this robbery. It would have been a trick worthy of a genuine Corsair to arrange and carry out such a scheme for the appropriation of so rich a spoil. A watch or a brooch would, of course, be beneath the notice of a good genuine Corsair,—of a Corsair who was written down in the peerage as a marquis's brother;—but diamonds worth ten thousand pounds are not to be had every day. A Corsair must live, and if not by plunder rich as that,—how then? If Lord George had concocted this little scheme, he would naturally be ignorant of the true event of the robbery till he should meet the humble executors of his design, and would, as Lizzie thought, have remained unaware of the truth till his arrival in London. That he had been ignorant of the truth during the journey was evident to her. But they had now been three days in London, during which she had seen him once. At that interview he had been sullen, and almost cross,—and had said next to nothing about the robbery. He made but one remark about it. "I have told the chief man here," he said, "that I shall be ready to give any evidence in my power when called upon. Till then I shall take no further steps in the matter. I have been asked questions that should not have been asked." In saying this he had used a tone which prevented further conversation on the subject, but Lizzie, as she thought of it all, remembered his jocular remark, made in the railway carriage, as to the suspicion which had already been expressed on the matter in regard to himself. If he had been the perpetrator, and had then found he had only stolen the box, how wonderful would be the mystery! "He hasn't got anything to say," replied Lizzie to the question of the countess.

"And who is your Mrs. Carbuncle?" asked the old woman.

"A particular friend of mine with whom I am staying at present. You don't go about a great deal, Aunt Linlithgow, but surely you must have met Mrs. Carbuncle."

"I'm an ignorant old woman, no doubt. My dear, I'm not at all surprised at your losing your diamonds. The pity is that they weren't your own."

"They were my own."

"The loss will fall on you, no doubt, because the Eustace people will make you pay for them. You will have to give up half your jointure for your life. That's what it will come to. To think of your travelling about with those things in a box!"

"They were my own, and I had a right to do what I liked with them. Nobody accuses you of taking them."

"That's quite true. Nobody will accuse me. I suppose Lord George has left England for the benefit of his health. It would not at all surprise me if I were to hear that Mrs. Carbuncle had followed him ;—not in the least."

"You're just like yourself, Aunt Susanna," said Lizzie, getting up and taking her leave. "Good-bye, Lucy,—I hope you're happy and comfortable here. Do you ever see a certain friend of ours now?"

"If you mean Mr. Greystock, I haven't seen him since I left Fawn Court," said Lucy with dignity.

When Lizzie was gone, Lady Linlithgow spoke her mind freely about her niece. "Lizzie Eustace won't come to any good. When I heard that she was engaged to that prig, Lord Fawn, I had some hopes that she might be kept out of harm. That's all over, of course. When he heard about the necklace he wasn't going to put his neck into that scrape. But now she's getting among such a set that nothing can save her. She has taken to hunting, and rides about the country like a mad woman."

"A great many ladies hunt," said Lucy.

"And she's got hold of this Lord George, and of that horrid American woman that nobody knows anything about. They've got the diamonds between them, I don't doubt. I'll bet you sixpence that the police find out all about it, and that there is some terrible scandal. The diamonds were no more hers than they were mine, and she'll be made to pay for them."

The necklace, the meanwhile, was still locked up in Lizzie's desk, —with a patent Bramah key,—in Mrs. Carbuncle's house, and *was* a terrible trouble to our unhappy friend.

CHAPTER XLVII.

MATCHING PRIORY.

BEFORE the end of January everybody in London had heard of the great robbery at Carlisle,—and most people had heard also that there was something very peculiar in the matter,—something more than a robbery. Various rumours were afloat. It had become widely known that the diamonds were to be the subject of litigation between the young widow and the trustees of the Eustace estate; and it was known also that Lord Fawn had engaged himself to marry the widow, and had then retreated from his engagement simply on account of this litigation. There were strong parties formed in the matter,—whom we may call Lizzieites and anti-Lizzieites. The

Lizzieites were of opinion that poor Lady Eustace was being very ill-treated ;—that the diamonds did probably belong to her, and that Lord Fawn, at any rate, clearly ought to be her own. It was worthy of remark that these Lizzieites were all of them Conservatives. Frank Greystock had probably set the party on foot ;—and it was natural that political opponents should believe that a noble young Under-Secretary of State on the liberal side,—such as Lord Fawn, had misbehaved himself. When the matter at last became of such importance as to demand leading articles in the newspapers, those journals which had devoted themselves to upholding the conservative politicians of the day were very heavy indeed upon Lord Fawn. The whole force of the Government, however, was anti-Lizzieite ; and as the controversy advanced, every good Liberal became aware that there was nothing so wicked, so rapacious, so bold, or so cunning but that Lady Eustace might have done it, or caused it to be done, without delay, without difficulty, and without scruple. Lady Glencora Palliser for a while endeavoured to defend Lizzie in liberal circles,—from generosity rather than from any real belief, and instigated, perhaps, by a feeling that any woman in society who was capable of doing anything extraordinary ought to be defended. But even Lady Glencora was forced to abandon her generosity, and to confess, on behalf of her party, that Lizzie Eustace was a very wicked young woman, indeed. All this, no doubt, grew out of the diamonds, and chiefly arose from the robbery ; but there had been enough of notoriety attached to Lizzie before the affair at Carlisle to make people fancy that they had understood her character long before that.

The party assembled at Matching Priory, a country house belonging to Mr. Palliser in which Lady Glencora took much delight, was not large, because Mr. Palliser's uncle, the Duke of Omnium, who was with them, was now a very old man, and one who did not like very large gatherings of people. Lord and Lady Chiltern were there,—that Lord Chiltern who had been known so long and so well in the hunting-counties of England, and that Lady Chiltern who had been so popular in London as the beautiful Violet Effingham ; and Mr. and Mrs. Grey were there, very particular friends of Mr. Palliser's. Mr. Grey was now sitting for the borough of Silverbridge, in which the Duke of Omnium was still presumed to have a controlling influence, in spite of all Reform bills, and Mrs. Grey was in some distant way connected with Lady Glencora. And Madame Max Goesler was there,—a lady whose society was still much affected by the old duke ; and Mr. and Mrs. Bonteen,—who had been brought there, not, perhaps, altogether because they were greatly loved, but in order that the gentleman's services might be made available by Mr. Palliser in reference to some great reform about to be introduced

in monetary matters. Mr. Palliser, who was now Chancellor of the Exchequer, was intending to alter the value of the penny. Unless the work should be too much for him, and he should die before he had accomplished the self-imposed task, the future penny was to be made, under his auspices, to contain five farthings, and the shilling ten pennies. It was thought that if this could be accomplished, the arithmetic of the whole world would be so simplified that henceforward the name of Palliser would be blessed by all school-boys, clerks, shopkeepers, and financiers. But the difficulties were so great that Mr. Palliser's hair was already grey from toil, and his shoulders bent by the burthen imposed upon them. Mr. Bonteen, with two private secretaries from the Treasury, was now at Matching to assist Mr. Palliser;—and it was thought that both Mr. and Mrs. Bonteen were near to madness under the pressure of the five-farthing penny. Mr. Bonteen had remarked to many of his political friends that those two extra farthings that could not be made to go into the shilling would put him into his cold grave before the world would know what he had done,—or had rewarded him for it with a handle to his name, and a pension. Lord Fawn was also at Matching,—a suggestion having been made to Lady Glencora by some leading Liberals that he should be supported in his difficulties by her hospitality.

The mind of Mr. Palliser himself was too deeply engaged to admit of its being interested in the great necklace affair; but, of all the others assembled, there was not one who did not listen anxiously for news on the subject. As regarded the old duke, it had been found to be quite a godsend; and from post to post as the facts reached Matching they were communicated to him. And, indeed, there were some there who would not wait for the post, but had the news about poor Lizzie's diamonds down by the wires. The matter was of the greatest moment to Lord Fawn, and Lady Glencora was, perhaps, justified, on his behalf, in demanding a preference for her affairs over the messages which were continually passing between Matching and the Treasury respecting those two ill-conditioned farthings.

"Duke," she said, entering rather abruptly the small warm luxurious room in which her husband's uncle was passing his morning, "duke, they say now that after all the diamonds were not in the box when it was taken out of the room at Carlisle." The duke was reclining in an easy-chair, with his head leaning forward on his breast, and Madame Goesler was reading to him. It was now three o'clock, and the old man had been brought down to this room after his breakfast. Madame Goesler was reading the last famous new novel, and the duke was dozing. That, probably, was the fault neither of the reader nor of the novelist; as the duke was wont to doze in the days. But Lady Glencora's tidings awakened him completely. S

had the telegram in her hand,—so that he could perceive that the very latest news was brought to him.

“The diamonds not in the box!” he said,—pushing his head a little more forward in his eagerness, and sitting with the extended fingers of his two hands touching each other.

“Barrington Erle says that Major Mackintosh is almost sure the diamonds were not there.” Major Mackintosh was an officer very high in the police force, whom everybody trusted implicitly, and as to whom the outward world believed that he could discover the perpetrators of any iniquity, if he would only take the trouble to look into it. Such was the pressing nature of his duties that he found himself compelled in one way or another to give up about sixteen hours a day to them ;—but the outer world accused him of idleness. There was nothing he couldn’t find out ;—only he would not give himself the trouble to find out all the things that happened. Two or three newspapers had already been very hard upon him in regard to the Eustace diamonds. Such a mystery as that, they said, he ought to have unravelled long ago. That he had not unravelled it yet was quite certain.

“The diamonds not in the box!” said the duke.

“Then she must have known it,” said Madame Goesler.

“That doesn’t quite follow, Madame Max,” said Lady Glencora.

“But why shouldn’t the diamonds have been in the box?” asked the duke. As this was the first intimation given to Lady Glencora of any suspicion that the diamonds had not been taken with the box, and as this had been received by telegraph, she could not answer the duke’s question with any clear exposition of her own. She put up her hands and shook her head. “What does Plantagenet think about it?” asked the duke. Plantagenet Palliser was the full name of the duke’s nephew and heir. The duke’s mind was evidently much disturbed.

“He doesn’t think that either the box or the diamonds were ever worth five farthings,” said Lady Glencora.

“The diamonds not in the box!” repeated the duke. “Madame Max, do you believe that the diamonds were not in the box?” Madame Goesler shrugged her shoulders and made no answer ; but the shrugging of her shoulders was quite satisfactory to the duke, who always thought that Madame Goesler did everything better than anybody else. Lady Glencora stayed with her uncle for the best part of an hour, and every word spoken was devoted to Lizzie and her necklace ; but as this new idea had been broached, and as they had no other information than that conveyed in the telegram, very little light could be thrown upon it. But on the next morning there came a letter from Barrington Erle to Lady Glencora, which told so much, and hinted so much more, that it will be well to give it to the reader.

"*Travellers*". 29th Jan. 186—

"MY DEAR LADY GLENCORA,

"I hope you got my telegram yesterday. I had just seen Mackintosh,—on whose behalf, however, I must say that he told me as little as he possibly could. It is leaking out, however, on every side, that the police believe that when the box was taken out of the room at Carlisle, the diamonds were not in it. As far as I can learn, they ground this suspicion on the fact that they cannot trace the stones. They say that, if such a lot of diamonds had been through the thieves' market in London, they would have left some track behind them. As far as I can judge, Mackintosh thinks that Lord George has them, but that her ladyship gave them to him; and that this little game of the robbery at Carlisle was planned to put John Eustace and the lawyers off the scent. If it should turn out that the box was opened before it left Portray, that the door of her ladyship's room was cut by her ladyship's self, or by his lordship with her ladyship's aid, and that the fragments of the box were carried out of the hotel by his lordship in person, it will altogether have been so delightful a plot, that all concerned in it ought to be canonised,—or, at least, allowed to keep their plunder. One of the old detectives told me that the opening of the box under the arch of the railway, in an exposed place, could hardly have been executed so neatly as was done;—that no thief so situated would have given the time necessary to it; and that, if there had been thieves at all at work, they would have been traced. Against this, there is the certain fact,—as I have heard from various men engaged in the inquiry,—that certain persons among the community of thieves are very much at logger-heads with each other,—the higher, or creative department in thieftom, accusing the lower or mechanical department with gross treachery in having appropriated to its own sole profit plunder, for the taking of which it had undertaken to receive a certain stipulated price. But then it may be the case that his lordship and her ladyship have set such a rumour abroad for the sake of putting the police off the scent. Upon the whole, the little mystery is quite delightful; and has put the ballot, and poor Mr. Palliser's five-farthinged penny, quite out of joint. Nobody now cares for anything except the Eustace diamonds. Lord George, I am told, has offered to fight everybody or anybody, beginning with Lord Fawn, and ending with Major Mackintosh. Should he be innocent, which, of course, is possible, the thing must be annoying. I should not at all wonder myself, if it should turn out that her ladyship left them in Scotland. The place there, however, has been searched, in compliance with an order from the police and by her ladyship's consent.

"Don't let Mr. Palliser quite kill himself. I hope the Bonteen plan answers. I never knew a man who could find more farthings

in a shilling than Mr. Bonteen. Remember me very kindly to the duke, and pray enable poor Fawn to keep up his spirits. If he likes to arrange a meeting with Lord George, I shall be only too happy to be his friend. You remember our last duel. Chiltern is with you, and can put Fawn up to the proper way of getting over to Flanders,—and of returning, should he chance to escape.

“Yours always most faithfully,

“BARRINGTON ERLE.

“Of course, I’ll keep you posted in everything respecting the necklace until you come to town yourself.”

The whole of this letter Glencora read to the duke, to Lady Chiltern, and to Madame Goesler;—and the principal contents of it she repeated to the entire company. It was certainly the general belief at Matching that Lord George had the diamonds in his possession,—either with or without the assistance of their late fair possessor.

The duke was struck with awe when he thought of all the circumstances. “The brother of a marquis!” he said to his nephew’s wife. “It’s such a disgrace to the peerage!”

“As for that, duke,” said Lady Glencora, “the peerage is used to it by this time.”

“I never heard of such an affair as this before.”

“I don’t see why the brother of a marquis shouldn’t turn thief as well as anybody else. They say he hasn’t got anything of his own;—and I suppose that is what makes men steal other people’s property. Peers go into trade, and peeresses gamble on the Stock Exchange. Peers become bankrupt and the sons of peers run away;—just like other men. I don’t see why all enterprises should not be open to them. But to think of that little purring cat, Lady Eustace, having been so very—very clever! It makes me quite envious.”

All this took place in the morning;—that is, about two o’clock; but after dinner the subject became general. There might be some little reticence in regard to Lord Fawn’s feelings,—but it was not sufficient to banish a subject so interesting from the minds and lips of the company. “The Tewett marriage is to come off, after all,” said Mrs. Bonteen. “I’ve a letter from dear Mrs. Rutter, telling me so as a fact.”

“I wonder whether Miss Roanoke will be allowed to wear one or two of the diamonds at the wedding,” suggested one of the private secretaries.

“Nobody will dare to wear a diamond at all next season,” said Lady Glencora. “As for my own part I shan’t think of having them out. I should always feel that I was being inspected.”

“Unless they unravel the mystery,” said Madame Goesler.

"I hope they won't do that," said Lady Glencora. "The play is too good to come to an end so soon. If we hear that Lord George is engaged to Lady Eustace, nothing, I suppose, can be done to stop the marriage."

"Why shouldn't she marry if she pleases?" asked Mr. Palliser.

"I've not the slightest objection to her being married. I hope she will, with all my heart. I certainly think she should have her husband after buying him at such a price. I suppose Lord Fawn won't forbid the banns." These last words were only whispered to her next neighbour, Lord Chiltern; but poor Lord Fawn saw the whisper, and was aware that it must have had reference to his condition.

On the next morning there came further news. The police had asked permission from their occupants to search the rooms in which lived Lady Eustace and Lord George, and in each case the permission had been refused. So said Barrington Erle in his letter to Lady Glencora. Lord George had told the applicant, very roughly, that nobody should touch an article belonging to him without a search warrant. If any magistrate would dare to give such a warrant, let him do it. "I am told that Lord George acts the indignant madman uncommonly well," said Barrington Erle in his letter. As for poor Lizzie, she had fainted when the proposition was made to her. The request was renewed as soon as she had been brought to herself; and then she refused,—on the advice, as she said, of her cousin, Mr. Greystock. Barrington Erle went on to say that the police were very much blamed. It was believed that no information could be laid before a magistrate sufficient to justify a search-warrant;—and, in such circumstances, no search should have been attempted. Such was the public verdict, as declared in Barrington Erle's last letter to Lady Glencora.

Mr. Palliser was of opinion that the attempt to search the lady's house was iniquitous. Mr. Bonteen shook his head, and rather thought that, if he were Home Secretary, he would have had the search made. Lady Chiltern said that, if policemen came to her, they might search everything she had in the world. Mrs. Grey reminded them that all they really knew of the unfortunate woman was, that her jewel-box had been stolen out of her bedroom at her hotel. Madame Goesler was of opinion that a lady who could carry such a box about the country with her, deserved to have it stolen. Lord Fawn felt himself obliged to confess that he agreed altogether with Madame Goesler. Unfortunately, he had been acquainted with the lady, and now was constrained to say that her conduct had been such as to justify the suspicions of the police. "Of course, we all suspect her," said Lady Glencora; "and, of course, we suspect Lord George too, and Mrs. Carbuncle and Miss Roanoke. But then, you know, if I were to lose my diamonds, people would suspect me just the same,—or perhaps Plantagenet. It is so delightful to think that

a woman has stolen her own property, and put all the police into a state of ferment." Lord Chiltern declared himself to be heartily sick of the whole subject; and Mr. Grey, who was a very just man, suggested that the evidence, as yet, against anybody, was very slight. "Of course, it's slight," said Lady Glencora. "If it were more than slight, it would be just like any other robbery, and there would be nothing in it." On the same morning Mrs. Bonteen received a second letter from her friend Mrs. Rutter. The Tewett marriage had been certainly broken off. Sir Griffin had been very violent, misbehaving himself grossly in Mrs. Carbuncle's house, and Miss Roanoke had declared that, under no circumstances, would she ever speak to him again. It was Mrs. Rutter's opinion, however, that this violence had been "put on" by Sir Griffin, who was desirous of escaping from the marriage because of the affair of the diamonds. "He's very much bound up with Lord George," said Mrs. Rutter, "and is afraid that he may be implicated."

"In my opinion he's quite right," said Lord Fawn.

All these matters were told to the duke by Lady Glencora and Madame Goesler in the recesses of his grace's private room; for the duke was now infirm, and did not dine in company unless the day was very auspicious to him. But in the evening he would creep into the drawing-room, and on this occasion he had a word to say about the Eustace diamonds to every one in the room. It was admitted by them all that the robbery had been a godsend in the way of amusing the duke. "Wouldn't have her boxes searched, you know," said the duke; "that looks uncommonly suspicious. Perhaps, Lady Chiltern, we shall hear to-morrow morning something more about it."

"Poor dear duke," said Lady Chiltern to her husband.

"Doting old idiot!" he replied.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LIZZIE'S CONDITION.

WHEN such a man as Barrington Erle undertakes to send information to such a correspondent as Lady Glencora in reference to such a matter as Lady Eustace's diamonds, he is bound to be full rather than accurate. We may say, indeed, that perfect accuracy would be detrimental rather than otherwise, and would tend to disperse that feeling of mystery which is so gratifying. No suggestion had in truth been made to Lord George de Bruce Carruthers as to the searching of his lordship's boxes and desks. That very eminent detective officer, Mr. Bunfit, had, however, called upon Lord George more than once, and Lord George had declared very plainly that he

did not like it. "If you'll have the kindness to explain to me what it is you want, I'll be much obliged to you," Lord George had said to Mr. Bunfit.

"Well, my lord," said Bunfit, "what we want is these diamonds."

"Do you believe that I've got them?"

"A man in my situation, my lord, never believes anything. We has to suspect, but we never believes."

"You suspect that I stole them?"

"No, my lord;—I didn't say that. But things are very queer; arn't they?" The immediate object of Mr. Bunfit's visit on this morning had been to ascertain from Lord George whether it was true that his lordship had been with Messrs. Harter and Benjamin, the jewellers, on the morning after his arrival in town. No one from the police had as yet seen either Harter or Benjamin in connection with this robbery; but it may not be too much to say that the argus eyes of Major Mackintosh were upon Messrs. Harter and Benjamin's whole establishment, and it was believed that, if the jewels were in London, they were locked up in some box within that house. It was thought more than probable by Major Mackintosh and his myrmidons that the jewels were already at Hamburg; and by this time, as the major had explained to Mr. Camperdown, every one of them might have been reset,—or even recut. But it was known that Lord George had been at the house of Messrs. Harter and Benjamin early on the morning after his return to town, and the ingenuous Mr. Bunfit, who, by reason of his situation, never believed anything and only suspected, had expressed a very strong opinion to Major Mackintosh that the necklace had in truth been transferred to the Jews on that morning. That there was nothing "too hot or too heavy," for Messrs. Harter and Benjamin was quite a creed with the police of the West-end of London. Might it not be well to ask Lord George what he had to say about the visit? Should Lord George deny the visit, such denial would go far to confirm Mr. Bunfit. The question was asked, and Lord George did not deny the visit. "Unfortunately, they hold acceptances of mine," said Lord George, "and I am often there." "We know as they have your lordship's name to paper," said Mr. Bunfit,—thanking Lord George, however, for his courtesy. It may be understood that all this would be unpleasant to Lord George, and that he should be indignant almost to madness.

But Mr. Erle's information, though certainly defective in regard to Lord George de Bruce Carruthers, had been more correct when he spoke of the lady. An interview that was very terrible to poor Lizzie did take place between her and Mr. Bunfit in Mrs. Carbuncle's house on Tuesday, the 30th of January. There had been many interviews between Lizzie and various members of the police force in reference to the diamonds, but the questions put to her had always

been asked on the supposition that she might have mislaid the necklace. Was it not possible that she might have thought that she locked it up, but have omitted to place it in the box? As long as these questions had reference to a possible oversight in Scotland,—to some carelessness which she might have committed on the night before she left her home,—Lizzie upon the whole seemed rather to like the idea. It certainly was possible. She believed thoroughly that the diamonds had been locked by her in the box,—but she acknowledged that it might be the case that they had been left on one side. This had happened when the police first began to suspect that the necklace had not been in the box when it was carried out of the Carlisle hotel, but before it had occurred to them that Lord George had been concerned in the robbery, and possibly Lady Eustace herself. Men had been sent down from London, of course at considerable expense, and Portray Castle had been searched, with the consent of its owner, from the weathercock to the foundation-stone,—much to the consternation of Miss Macnulty, and to the delight of Andy Gowran. No trace of the diamonds was found, and Lizzie had so far fraternised with the police. But when Mr. Bunfit called upon her, perhaps for the fifth or sixth time, and suggested that he should be allowed, with the assistance of the female whom he had left behind him in the hall, to search all her ladyship's boxes, drawers, presses, and receptacles in London, the thing took a very different aspect. "You see, my lady," said Mr. Bunfit, excusing the peculiar nature of his request, "it may have got anywhere among your ladyship's things, unbeknownst." Lady Eustace and Mrs. Carbuncle were at the time sitting together, and Mrs. Carbuncle was the first to protest. If Mr. Bunfit thought that he was going to search her things, Mr. Bunfit was very much mistaken. What she had suffered about this necklace no man or woman knew,—and she meant that there should be an end to it. It was her opinion that the police should have discovered every stone of it days and days ago. At any rate, her house was her own, and she gave Mr. Bunfit to understand that his repeated visits were not agreeable to her. But when Mr. Bunfit, without showing the slightest displeasure at the evil things said of him, suggested that the search should be confined to the rooms used exclusively by Lady Eustace, Mrs. Carbuncle absolutely changed her views, and recommended that he should be allowed to have his way.

At that moment the condition of poor Lizzie Eustace was very sad. He who recounts these details has scorned to have a secret between himself and his readers. The diamonds were at this moment locked up within Lizzie's desk. For the last three weeks they had been there,—if it may not be more truly said that they were lying heavily on her heart. For three weeks had her mind with constant stretch been working on that point,—whither should she take the

diamonds, and what should she do with them? A certain very wonderful strength she did possess, or she could not have endured the weight of so terrible an anxiety; but from day to day the thing became worse and worse with her, as gradually she perceived that suspicion was attached to herself. Should she confide the secret to Lord George, or to Mrs. Carbuncle, or to Frank Greystock? She thought she could have borne it all, if only some one would have borne it with her. But when the moments came in which such confidence might be made, her courage failed her. Lord George she saw frequently, but he was unsympathetic and almost rough with her. She knew that he also was suspected, and she was almost disposed to think that he had planned the robbery. If it were so, if the robbery had been his handiwork, it was not singular that he should be unsympathetic with the owner and probable holder of the prey which he had missed. Nevertheless Lizzie thought that if he would have been soft with her, like a dear, good, genuine Corsair, for half an hour, she would have told him all, and placed the necklace in his hands. And there were moments in which she almost resolved to tell her secret to Mrs. Carbuncle. She had stolen nothing;—so she averred to herself. She had intended only to defend and save her own property. Even the lie that she had told, and the telling of which was continued from day to day, had in a measure been forced upon her by circumstances. She thought that Mrs. Carbuncle would sympathize with her in that feeling which had prevented her from speaking the truth, when first the fact of the robbery was made known to herself in her own bedroom. Mrs. Carbuncle was a lady who told many lies, as Lizzie well knew,—and surely could not be horrified at a lie told in such circumstances. But it was not in Lizzie's nature to trust a woman. Mrs. Carbuncle would tell Lord George,—and that would destroy everything. When she thought of confiding everything to her cousin, it was always in his absence. The idea became dreadful to her as soon as he was present. She could not dare to own to him that she had sworn falsely to the magistrate at Carlisle. And so the burthen had to be borne, increasing every hour in weight, and the poor creature's back was not broad enough to bear it. She thought of the necklace every waking minute, and dreamed of it when she slept. She could not keep herself from unlocking her desk and looking at it twenty times a day, although she knew the peril of such nervous solicitude. If she could only rid herself of it altogether, she was sure now that she would do so. She would throw it into the ocean fathoms deep, if only she could find herself alone upon the ocean. But she felt that, let her go where she might, she would be watched. She might declare to-morrow her intention of going to Ireland,—or, for that matter, to America. But, were she to do so, some horrid policeman would be on her track. The iron box had been a terrible nuisance to her;—but the iron box

had been as nothing compared to the necklace locked up in her desk. From day to day she meditated a plan of taking the thing out into the streets, and dropping it in the dark ; but she was sure that, were she to do so, some one would have watched her while she dropped it. She was unwilling to trust her old friend Mr. Benjamin ; but in these days her favourite scheme was to offer the diamonds for sale to him at some very low price. If he would help her they might surely be got out of their present hiding-place into his hands. Any man would be powerful to help, if there were any man whom she could trust. In furtherance of this scheme she went so far as to break a brooch,—a favourite brooch of her own,—in order that she might have an excuse for calling at the jewellers'. But even this she postponed from day to day. Circumstances, as they had occurred, had taught her to believe that the police could not insist on breaking open her desk unless some evidence could be brought against her. There was no evidence, and her desk was so far safe. But the same circumstances had made her understand that she was already suspected of some intrigue with reference to the diamonds,—though of what she was suspected she did not clearly perceive. As far as she could divine the thoughts of her enemies, they did not seem to suppose that the diamonds were in her possession. It seemed to be believed by those enemies that they had passed into the hands of Lord George. As long as her enemies were on a scent so false, might it not be best that she should remain quiet ?

But all the ingenuity, the concentrated force, and trained experience of the police of London would surely be too great and powerful for her in the long-run. She could not hope to keep her secret and the diamonds till they should acknowledge themselves to be baffled. And then she was aware of a morbid desire on her own part to tell the secret,—of a desire that amounted almost to a disease. It would soon burst her bosom open, unless she could share her knowledge with some one. And yet, as she thought of it all, she told herself that she had no friend so fast and true as to justify such confidence. She was ill with anxiety, and,—worse than that,—Mrs. Carbuncle knew that she was ill. It was acknowledged between them that this affair of the necklace was so terrible as to make a woman ill. Mrs. Carbuncle at present had been gracious enough to admit so much as that. But might it not be probable that Mrs. Carbuncle would come to suspect that she did not know the whole secret ? Mrs. Carbuncle had already, on more than one occasion, said a little word or two which had been unpleasant.

Such was Lizzie's condition when Mr. Bunfit came, with his authoritative request to be allowed to inspect Lizzie's boxes,—and when Mrs. Carbuncle, having secured her own privacy, expressed her opinion that Mr. Bunfit should be allowed to do as he desired.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Orissa. By W. W. HUNTER. 2 Vols. Smith & Elder.

MR. HUNTER has produced in this book (the sequel of his "Annals of Rural Bengal"), so far as its quality can be judged in ignorance of the matter, a model of what official research and scholarly zeal ought to do. It is the result of a special mission, under Lord Mayo's initiative, and should have, beyond the immediate official governmental value of the data which it collects, tabulates, and comments, a further and wider value, as bringing home to the English reading public the nature of the interests and problems which concern our Indian administrators, with a vividness and an accuracy with which scarcely any existing book could pretend to do it. Mr. Hunter's forcible and excellent literary style is a gift of the utmost importance in this sense, and makes his work as fascinating as it is full and laborious. He begins with a summary history of efforts made by Indian governments for a century's space, always with imperfect success, to authorise and collect proper statistical and historical surveys of separate provinces of the empire. He proceeds to a geographical account, having partly the nature of a descriptive tour, of this most interesting and much-suffering district of Lower Bengal, which seems to have been from time immemorial the select theatre of the whole peninsula for natural and other devastations. Here are included the causes of the inundations of the Chilka Lake, and the conceivable modes of preventing or utilising them. The next two chapters are taken up with the description of the province from the religious side, as the holy land of Hinduism, of the sacred city of Puri, and the cult of Vishna—Jagganāth and its history. Then three full chapters of history, the first involving much fascinating and obscure matter with reference to the primitive races, and by-and-by much interesting discussions of Buddhist monuments, caves and rock temples; the second carrying the history of the district on through the periods of Mogul and Mahratta domination; the third following the course of English rule in it. Then a section on those calamities by which our subject population is from time to time swept away wholesale, and to which the English public is not quite able to stop its ears; and, finally, a chapter on the growth of village communities and systems of territorial custom, and the senses in which these have been modified under English administration. The formal administrative statistics of the three main districts and nineteen tributary states of Orissa follow in appendix, with other statistics, geological, botanical, philological, and complete a book of striking grasp, interest, and completeness.

The Auspicious Day. By AUGUSTA WEBSTER. Macmillan.

THIS play is quite worthy of Mrs. Webster's reputation as the writer of some of the most serious and intellectual poetry of the day, out of the very first class; but will not, I think, advance it into any new phase. For a drama of the historical kind, there could scarcely be a more suggestive choice of incident than is here made. Everything turns on the witchcraft mania. There is a heroine of

high lineage, daughter to a self-willed and studious Lord Wendulph, with whom are in love two friends, the Knights Sir Percival Dufresne and Sir Roger Esdaile. She loves the first and is betrothed to him. She has a friend, a humble kinswoman, Amy, who also loves Sir Percival: and there are besides a liberal-minded priest, Father Gabriel; a vulgar purse-proud neighbour, Lambert Miller, who courts Amy while he is hampered with an old love, the waiting-maid Priscilla; a secretary, a page, a vicar, a nurse, and a large crowd of supernumeraries, including the boisterous and superstitious mob of the feudal town Wendulphstown—at the gates. The contrast between the serene and steadfast idealist character of the Lady Dorothy Wendulph, and the softer, less self-possessed, fascinations of her friend Amy is admirably worked; and the action hinges on this, that Dorothy's lover, Percival, slips unawares and without meaning harm into a half-passion for Amy, which breaks out when he finds her one day distressed by the persecutions of rude Lambert Miller. Then scandal—Lord Wendulph's heiress slighted for her penniless kinswoman—that is monstrous and unheard-of—the girl, says some evil tongue, must have bewitched Lord Percival. He himself believes it. Witchcraft, echo they all: and Dorothy herself, her high faith in her lover refusing to conceive any other cause of his fault to her, at first icily accepts and presses the charge. Amy is seized; Father Gabriel gets into disgrace for declaring her guiltless; she is handed to justice, tortured, must die; till too late Dorothy, becoming herself again, and with a new light in her conscience, will unsay her accusation, reproach herself, renounce all possibility of happy love with the guilt of that blood between her and her lover (who has come back to her after the momentary slip); by-and-by even tries to thrust herself into the victim's place. But the chapter of accidents is too fatal; the fury of the mob against a criminal of the class that is condemned as soon as denounced, the force of fate and of superstition, frustrate Dorothy's repentant self-devotion, overbear a rescue attempted by Sir Roger; the cry next goes that Dorothy herself is Amy's accomplice; there is only one way for her to prove herself no witch, by marrying Sir Percival before the people there and then. And so to save her lover's life and her own, to save her father and his castle from the townsmen's frenzy, she is compelled to go out to the wedding with Percival, with her friend's blood fresh upon their heads, and with mockery in the flung flowers and the marriage bells.

There is much movement and dramatic vigour in all this, and a true attempt of the imagination to realise the cruel workings of an unchallenged superstition in a given set of human motives and complications. I think there are weak joints; the processes of Dorothy's mind towards repentance are left for us to guess; the hurried combinations of the last act do not quite produce their effect in reading. I think, too, certain laxities and carelessnesses of the Elizabethan grammar and style have been imitated where they had better have been avoided; and the masque at the beginning is weak. But it is a good play and a fair poem, having an excellent ground-idea, as the Germans say, a fine strain of feeling, both in drawing the exalted characters like Dorothy and Father Gabriel, and the debased ones like Lambert; a dramatic skill and insight which in some scenes, like the critical one between Percival and Amy, are very conspicuous indeed; a true gift for that somewhat over-intellectualised acceptance of poetry, of which Mrs. Browning has been the chief exponent.

On Mankind ; their Origin and Destiny. By an M.A. of Balliol College, Oxford.
780 pp. Longmans.

HERE is one of those portentous volumes of unlearned learning to which our country too often gives birth. Seven hundred and eighty pages of chaotic matter, every page bristling with references (some of them apparently misquoted and unintelligible, but many of them evidently first-hand references) to the most amazing and recondite authorities, Talmudical, patristic, Syrian, Persian, Arabian, Greek and Latin, Egyptian, Chaldaean—heaven knows what—for the explanation of the mystic inner meanings of ancient religious sacred writings and cosmogonies, for an account of the origin of ideas of immortality and the like. Since the days of Pico and Ficino never was such an adventurous plunge taken, never such a wild attempt at reconciliation of arbitrarily handled authorities—a stranger than neoplatonic mode of treating knowledge in days when the accumulations of knowledge have arrived at quite another stage—an eccentric philology and topsy-turvy research over immeasurable fields, which will make the student ask himself whether he has gone out of his mind—and all winding up with a long quotation from Akenside! Immense care has been evidently taken with the type and get-up of the book, and for one rational thing it contains most carefully executed illustrations. The conclusion—if conclusion the book has—is the trite one that “nature-worship” is the origin of all the creeds and the cosmogonies.

Over Volcanoes. By J. KINGSMAN. H. S. King.

MR. KINGSMAN and a party travelled in Spain while the war was raging between France and Germany. He went to some out-of-the-way places, and has thought his experiences interesting enough for a book. It is rather a common-place book, not much relieved by the artificial vivacity arising from perpetual dialogues with vulgar and other travellers; and, on the whole, scarcely worth the small pains its composition must have cost.

The Growth of the English Constitution from the Earliest Times. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., Hon. D.C.L. Macmillan.

THIS is the brilliant Parergon of one of our foremost workers, and consists of the matter of two lectures expanded into three chapters, and fortified with elaborate notes and verifications. Mr. Freeman begins with the *Landesgemeinden* of the remote Swiss cantons, as examples of the primitive Teutonic deliberative assemblage flourishing in the nineteenth century; and thence goes rapidly over the whole ground with an oratorical spirit and picturesqueness not quite resembling anything to which we are accustomed in his more systematic works. The first two chapters are essentially narrative in form; and the more characteristic of the two is the opening one, in which Mr. Freeman re-traverses the field that is his own (not failing to insist on some of his usual points where other narrators have been guilty of heresy and need setting right). The third is one of peculiar interest, and of special value for a popular auditory, as showing vividly the bearings of ancient history upon modern politics properly considered; its point is to take cases and crises of modern constitutional legislation in which we have “advanced by the process of going back,” or in other words, “gone back from the cumbrous and oppressive devices of feudal and royalist lawyers, to the sounder, freer, and simpler principles of the days of our earliest freedom.”

Man, in the Past, Present, and Future. By DR. E. L. BÜCHNER. Translated by W. G. DALLAS, F.L.S. Asher.

ENGLISH readers who wish to know what the latest and most systematic form of German philosophical Materialism is like can turn to no better source than this translation of the comprehensive popular treatise of the author of "*Kraft und Stoff*." One of the merits of the treatise is that it sets in a light so clear as to be undeniable to prejudice itself the radical separability of philosophical and practical materialism, and shows how the philosophical materialist may be one with the practical, the social, idealist. Dr. Büchner holds enthusiastically almost all the points of the most advanced social creed, and deduces them from his interpretation of the facts which the constitution of things presents to science. His exposition under the heading "Whither we are going" ranges, necessarily in a very summary way, over the whole field of social phenomena. The previous sections give a brilliant enough exposition of the results reached by the physicists and biologists, formulating the theory of physical evolution (without recognition extended to the Unknowable) in a more dogmatic and decisive way than we are accustomed to in England, though naturally with abundant reference to English explorers in individual fields. In a preface, dated the other day, the author acknowledges his speculations on ape-genealogy to be superseded by the last work of Mr. Darwin. The translation is a work of really admirable accuracy and spirit, the book printed with great care and clearness.

A Colonist on the Colonial Question. By JEHU MATTHEWS. Longmans.

MR. MATTHEWS expounds, in ten detailed and considerate chapters, the imperial view of England's relation to her colonies, and of what that relation should tend towards. It is the most momentous of all possible questions for the English race, and one which should if possible be decided upon some other principle than that of drift. Drifting is our present position, and the drift has recently taken the direction of the opinions of the two English thinkers, who, having made themselves most heard on the subject, are the strongest advocates of the policy opposed to that which is here supported—Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. John Stuart Mill. It is rightly pointed out that between the Separatist policy of Emancipation and the Imperial policy of Federation there cannot be much longer balance or compromise—that either the British Islands and the British dependencies must dissolve into isolation, or renew their coherency with the cement of a formal federal system encircling the world. Many of Mr. Matthews' ideas on the subject were heard at last year's Colonial Congress; but this little volume sets them forth in a compendious form, and gives, as clearly and quietly as they can be given, the Federalist's answers to the contentions of Mr. Mill and Mr. Goldwin Smith, and his practical proposals, carried coherently into the details of the future, for a working body of federal and imperial representatives, whose functions shall be confined to concerns of federal and imperial interest, and shall not jar with the local legislation or impair the essential supremacy of Great Britain.

Three to One. By G. W. DASENT. Chapman & Hall.

A NOVEL which is quite readable without being in the least sensational is a triumph in its way; and Dr. Dasant's new novel, though it has not nearly the

brilliant qualities of the *Annals of an Eventful Life*—though it is lighter than light, and fills its three volumes with the most trivial trivialities of polite society written out at full length is of a touch—a gaiety, a shrewdness, which make it, if one may so say, at least irresistibly readable. The “One” of the title-page is a well-to-do young barrister, of remarkable though somewhat unexplained fascinations; and the “Three” are a talented widow, Lady Sweetapple; a pleasant girl of the wealthy sort, Florence Carlton; and a poor governess, Edith Price; by the attachment of all three of whom the hero is in a greater or less degree beset. The governess turns out the one whom he makes his prize. The book is sparkling, as I have said, though going to very little depth, and pleasantly humorous in the main, though sometimes the fun wants point, and often the young ladies talk more vulgarly and flirt more demonstratively and exclusively than young ladies need.

My Wife and I in Queensland. By C. H. EDEN. Longmans.

THIS is a pleasantish gossiping book of experiences, that scarcely anywhere rise to the height of adventure, but are not impossible to read for their own sakes, and must be invaluable to read for the intending colonist to this particular colony. Towards the close of the volume, we get, what seem some really useful facts and inferences about a really political question—the Polynesian Labour Act and its working. Mr. Eden's account of his various trials in shepherding, sheep-farming, gold-digging, and the vicissitudes of an experimental colonist, receives a pleasant colour from the simple warmth with which he everywhere writes of his wife, who seems to have shared them all gallantly.

Experiences of a Diplomatist. By JOHN WARD, C.B. Macmillan.

THERE is much material of reasonable interest in modern history and biography to be found in this closely-packed and unpretending volume. Mr. Ward is evidently one of those Englishmen who has known Germany and distinguished Germans best—first by accident and predilection, next (and as a consequence) by the opportunities of an official diplomatic position. His recollections, compiled from diaries, and in the heedful style which carries conviction of its own trustworthiness, run over two-and-thirty years—from the Belgian revolution and its antecedents, to the war of France and Prussia and its immediate consequences for the Germanic States. The chronological method is kept up, so that literary and political acquaintances and experiences get mixed together. Dinners and visits interrupt the thread of revolutionary announcements; otherwise, the running political comments of the writer are enough to make his book something like a connected narrative of European events. Berlin, Leipzig, and latterly Hamburg, were the three successive seats of Mr. Ward's official residence, and he has been on terms of friendly intercourse and correspondence with almost every notable personage or visitor in all three. One cannot easily put one's finger on any individual contribution of special importance made by him to our knowledge of men and movements. The Sleswig-Holstein question of 1865-6, on which Mr. Ward Germanizes unreservedly, is perhaps that which receives most light from his hands. He winds up with some sensible remarks in depreciation of the diplomatic profession and its importance in modern statecraft. The general German atmosphere of the book is enhanced by what looks like German printing and does not give it a very pleasant appearance.

SIDNEY COLVIN.





